

The Flowers of Evil

volume

3

Shuzo
Oshimi



TO THE OTHER SIDE

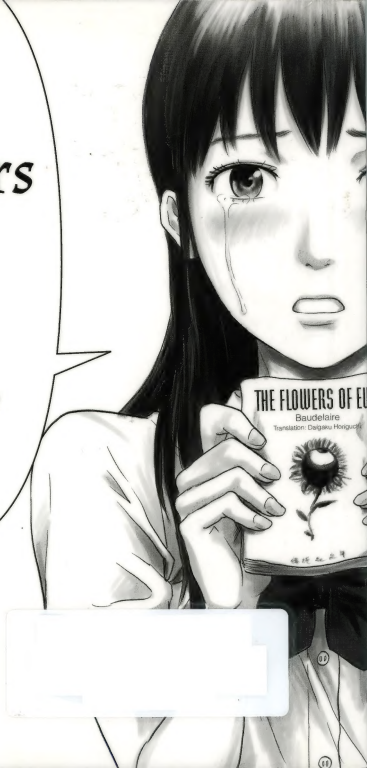
A whorl of the perverse generated by the reject and the bookworm threatens to lure in the class prima donna in this enchanting installment.

"There's a delicate simplicity to Oshimi's art. It's very character focused, but the details come out of the woodwork when they have a basis in reality... There's a strange, familiar intimacy to *The Flowers of Evil* that makes its page-turning tale of sordid middle school blackmail that much more unsettling." —*Otaku USA*

"I didn't think I had the stomach for another story in which a ball-busting girl sexually and psychologically tortured a sad-sack boy. Yet *The Flowers of Evil* proved a far more compelling and honest look at adolescent sexuality than *Sundome*... Recommended." —*The Manga Critic*

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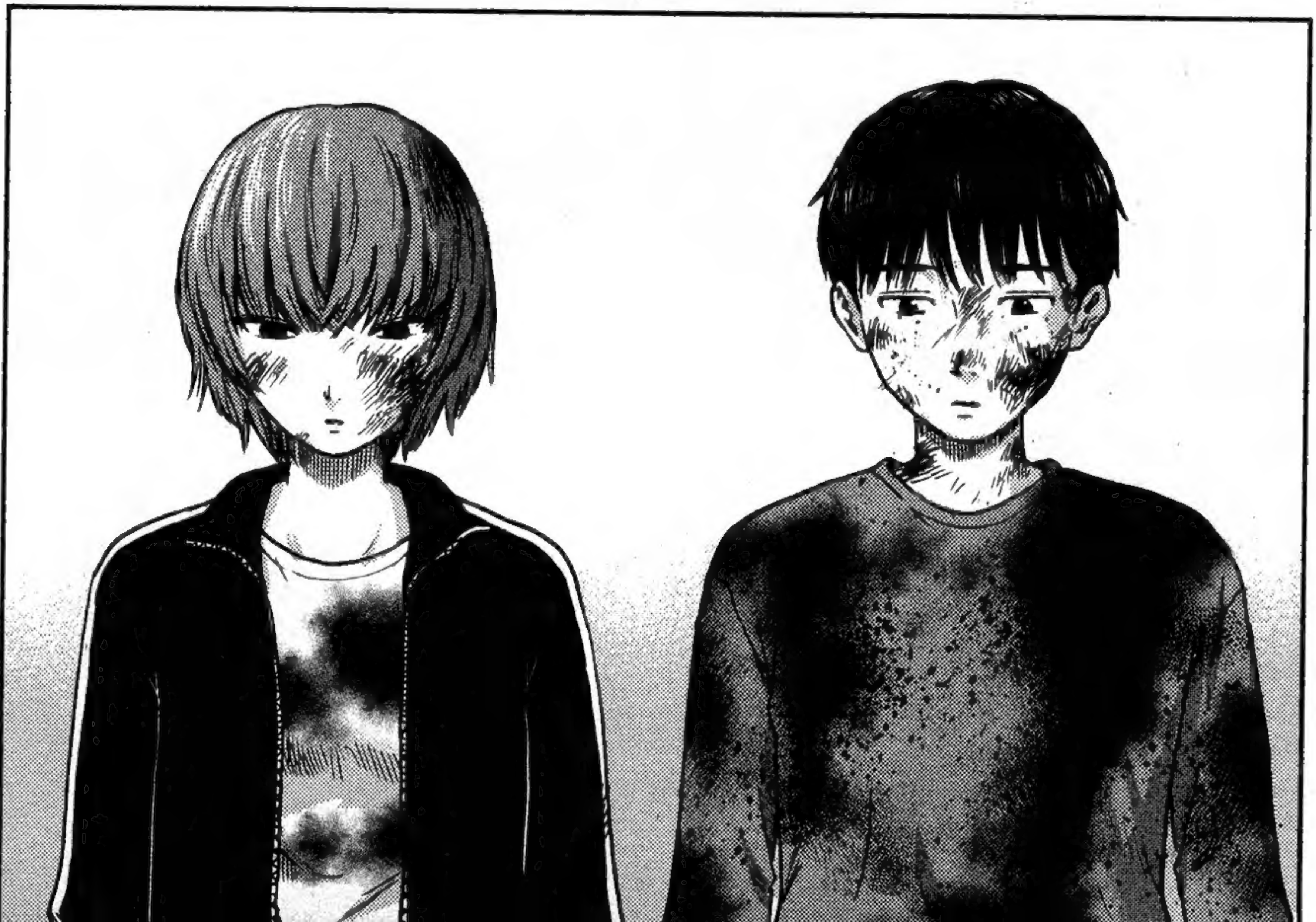
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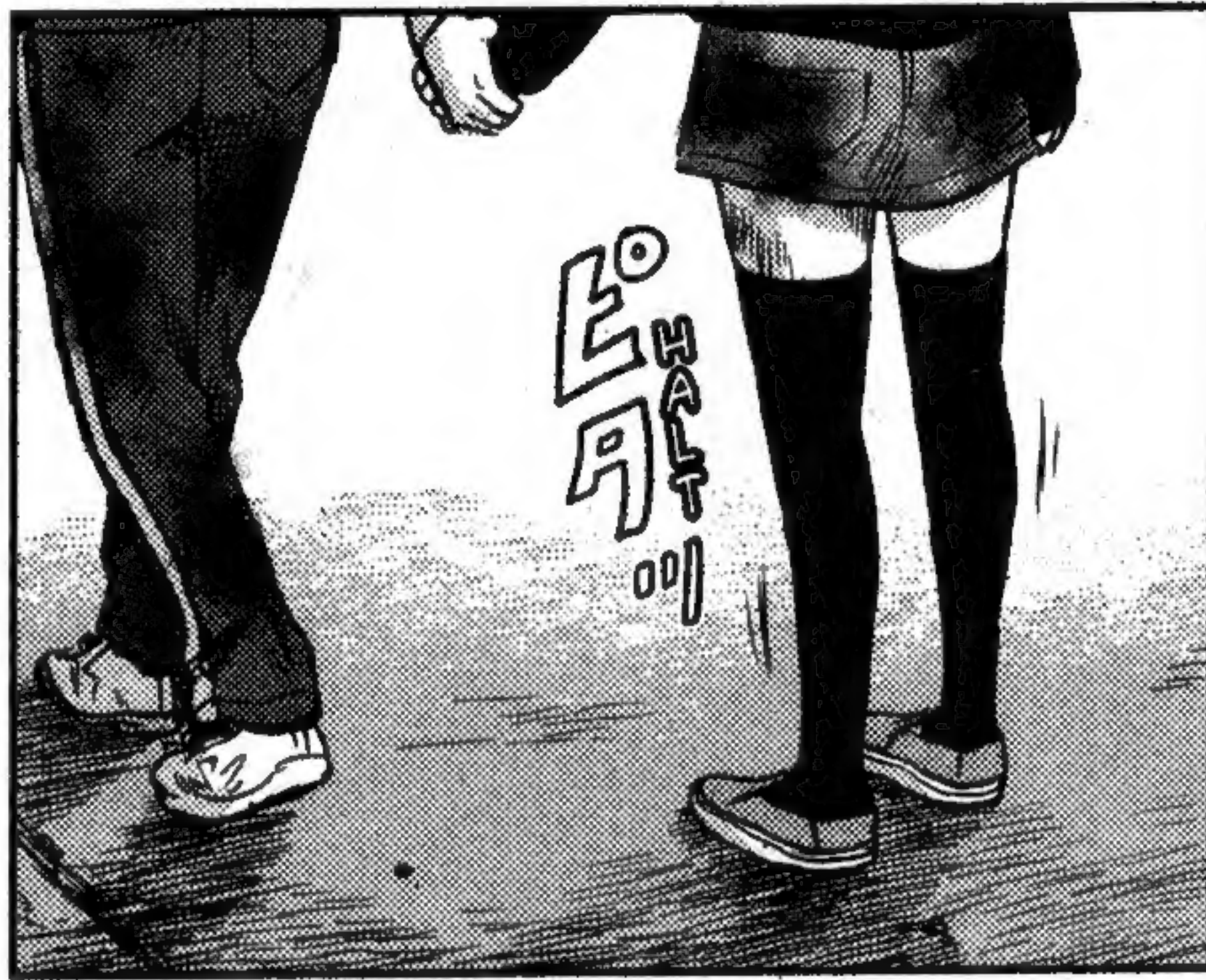
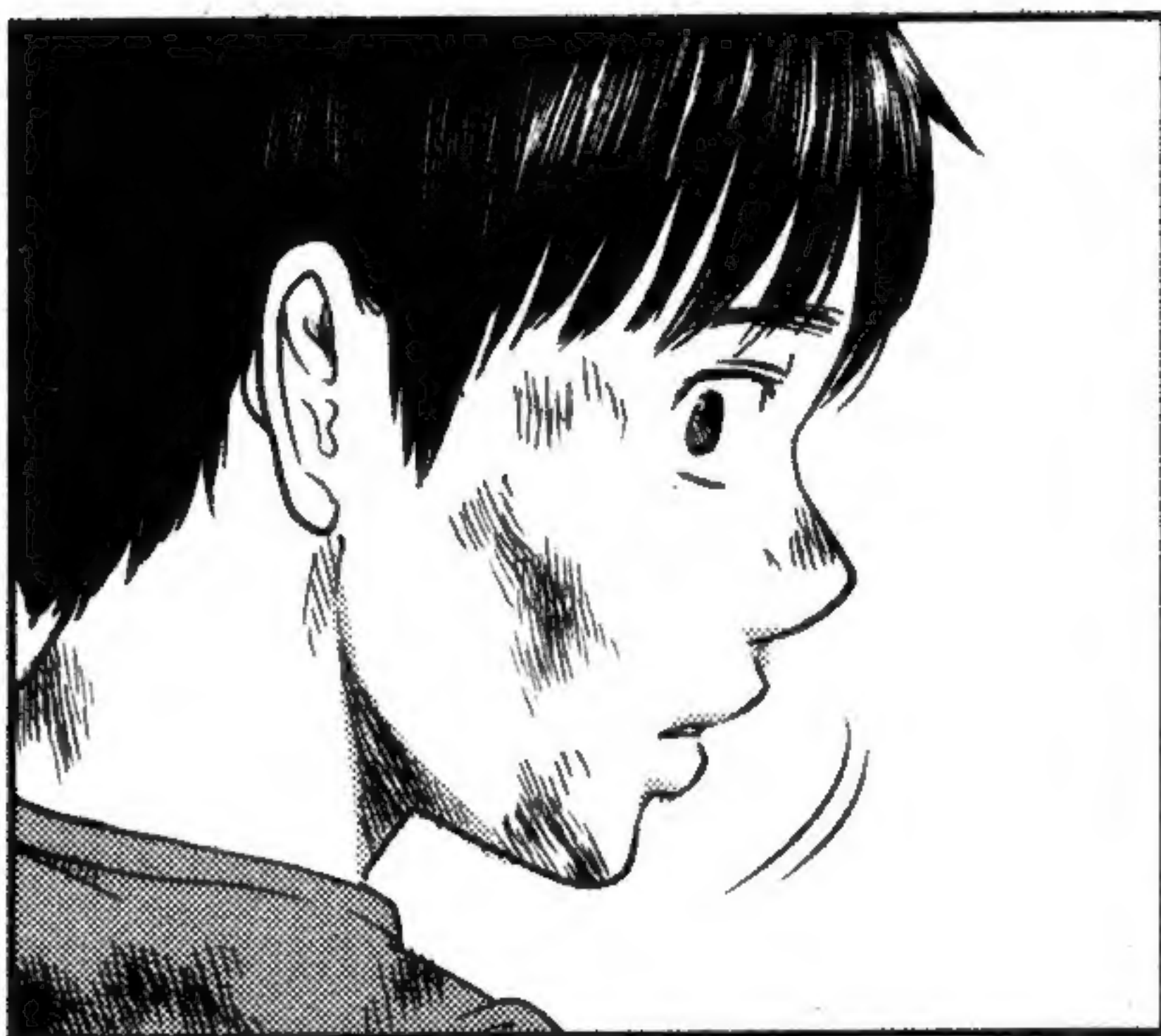
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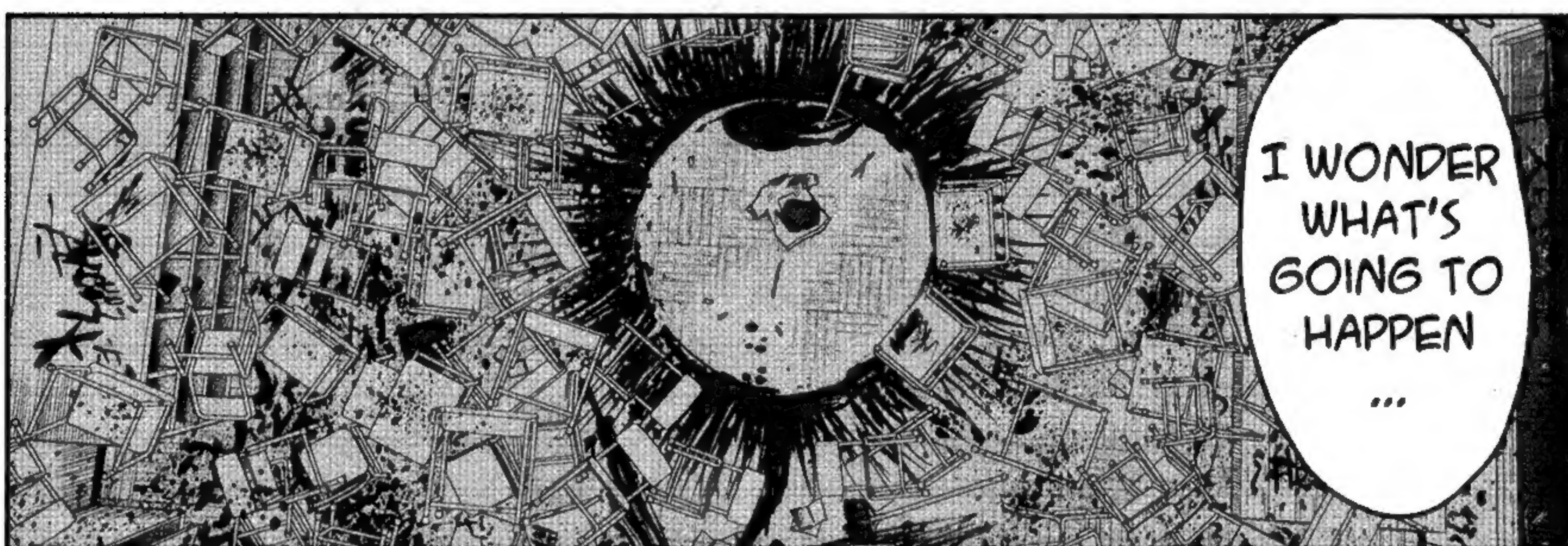


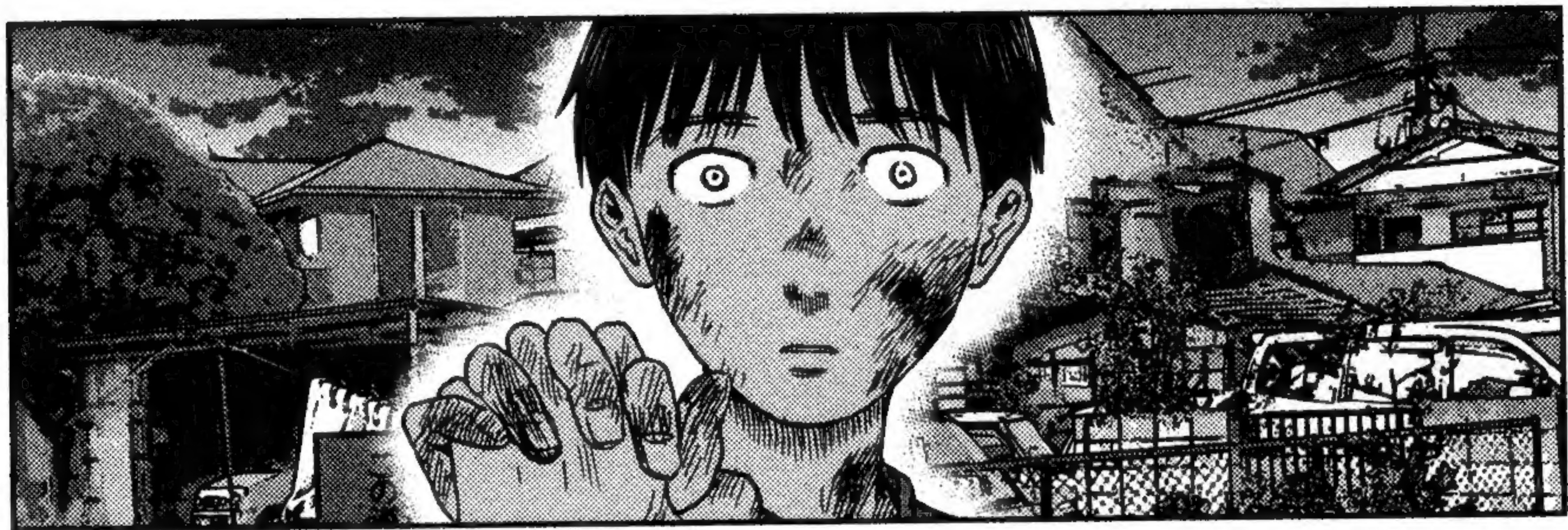
Chapter 13: A Dawn of the Heart

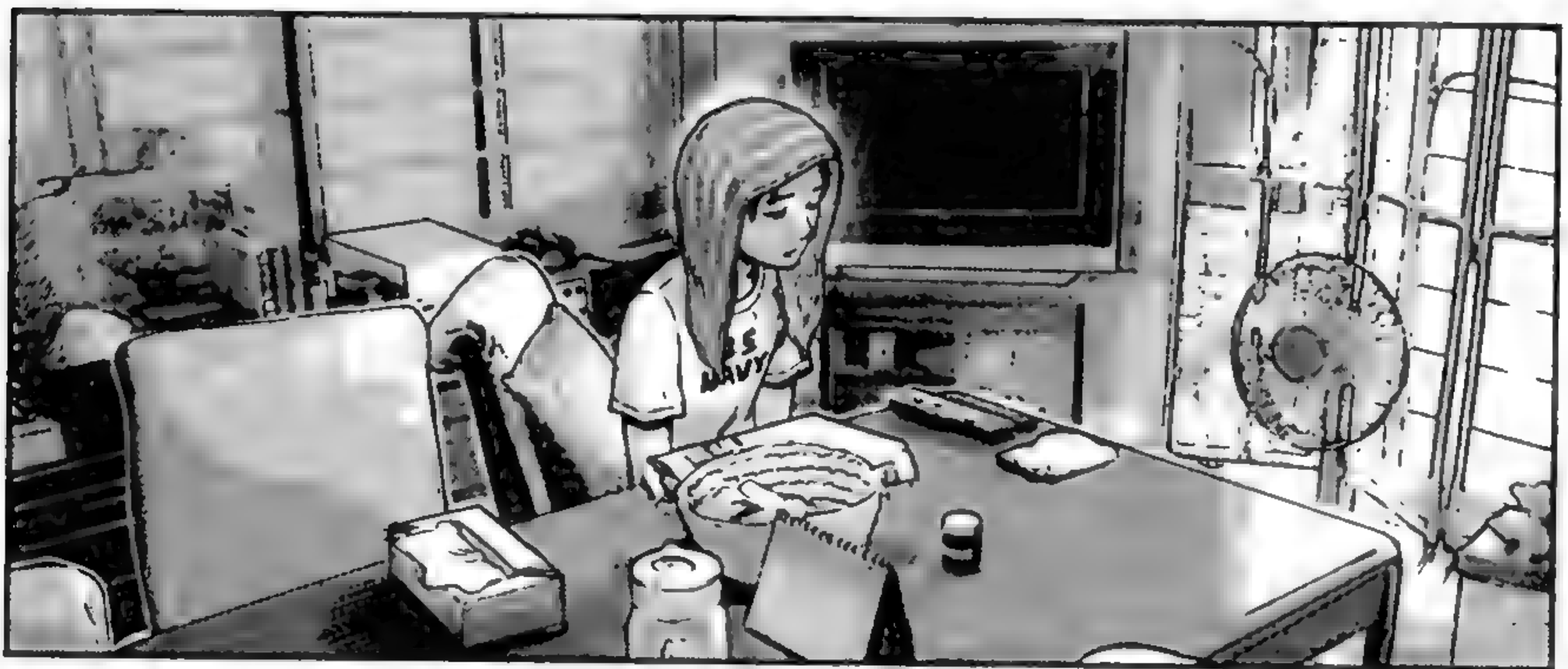
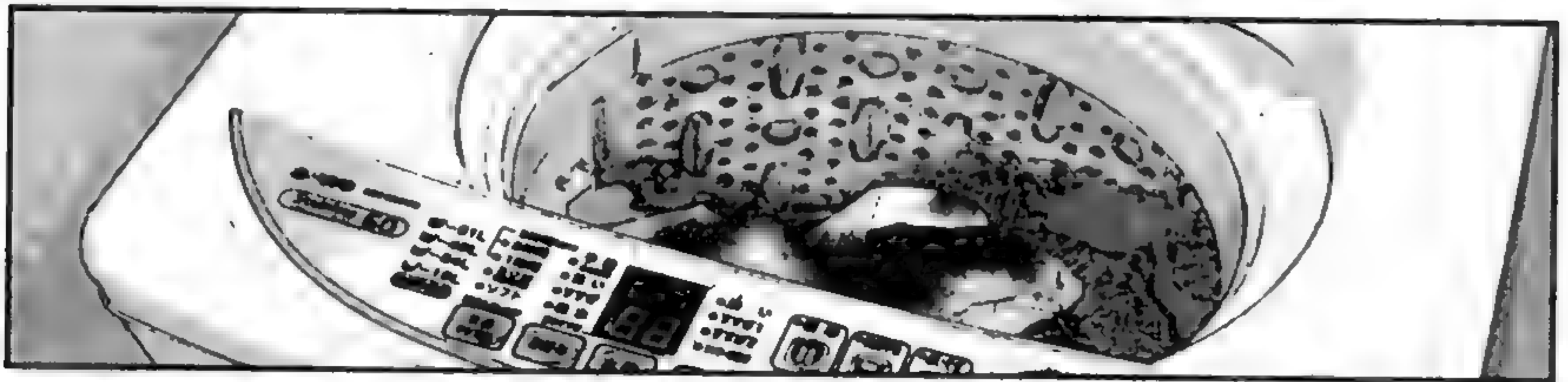


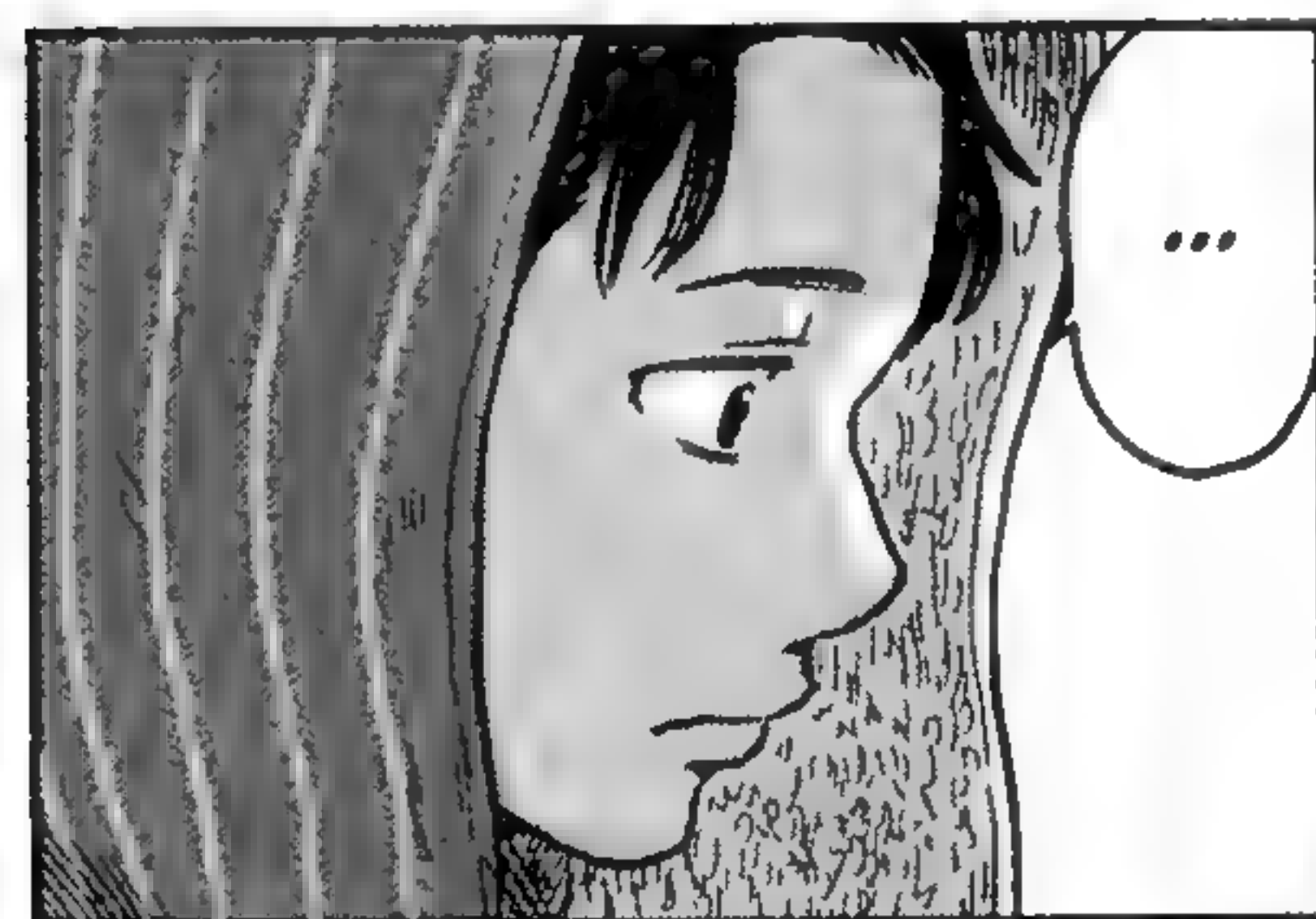
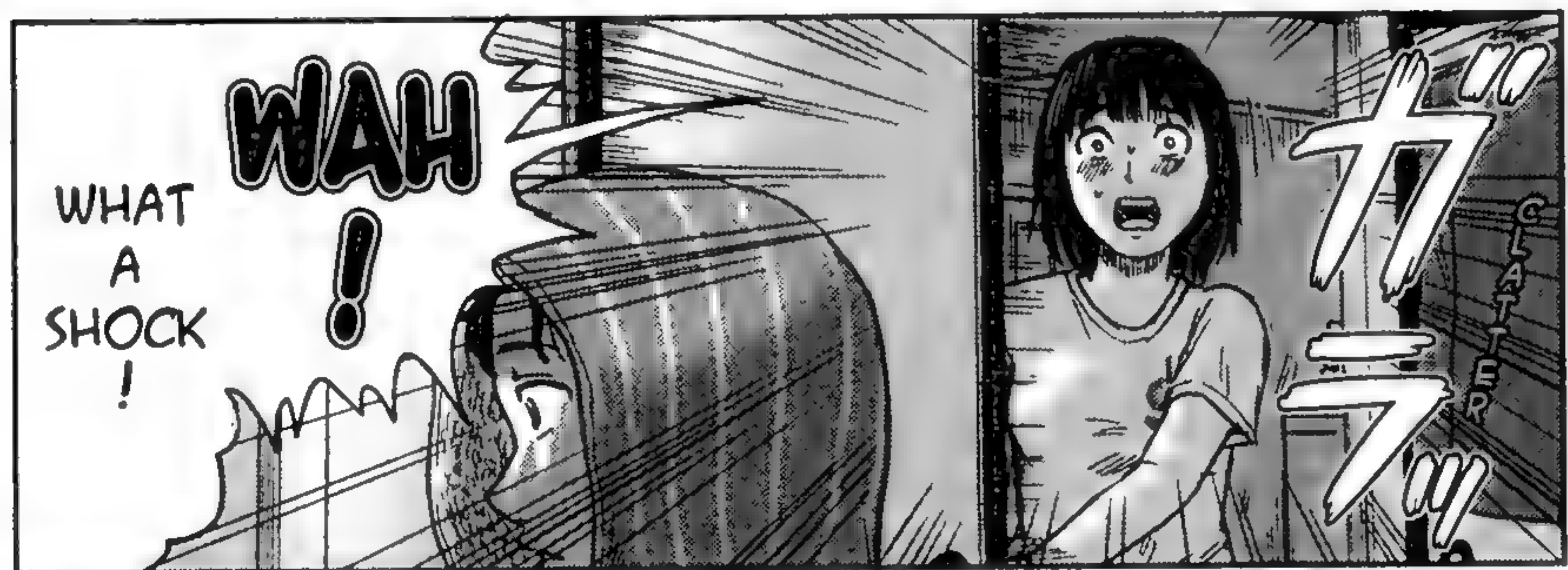


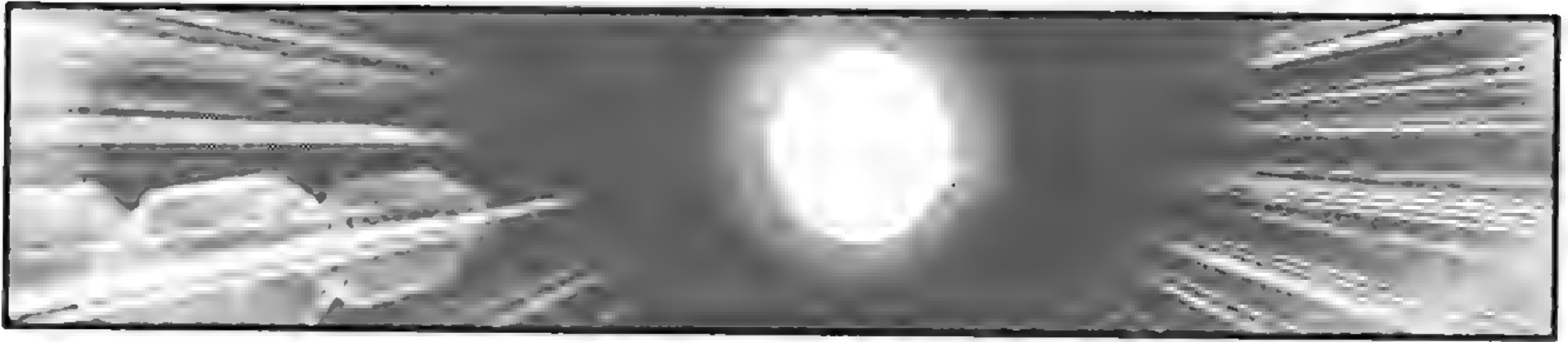














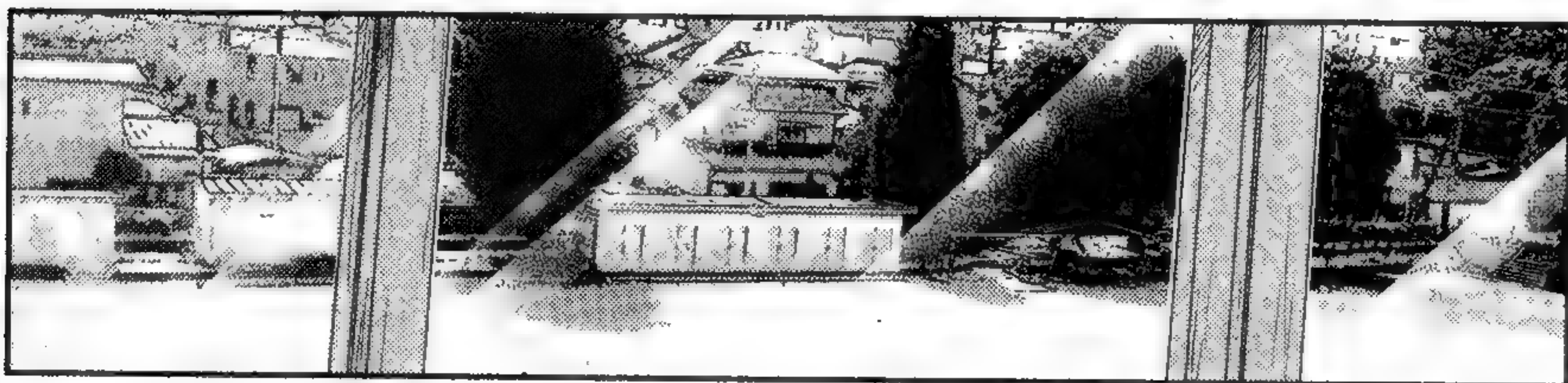
I
OUGHT TO
SET OUT
ON A
JOURNEY!
JUST GO
AWAY!

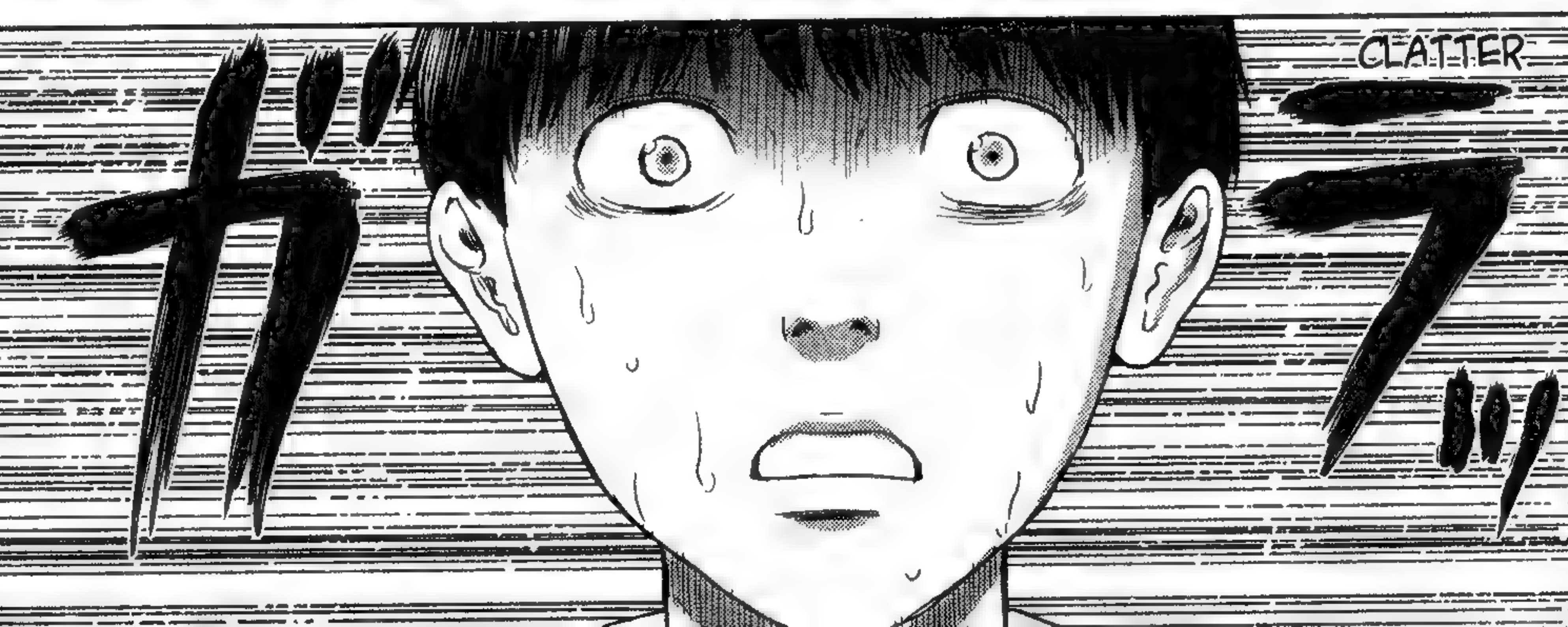
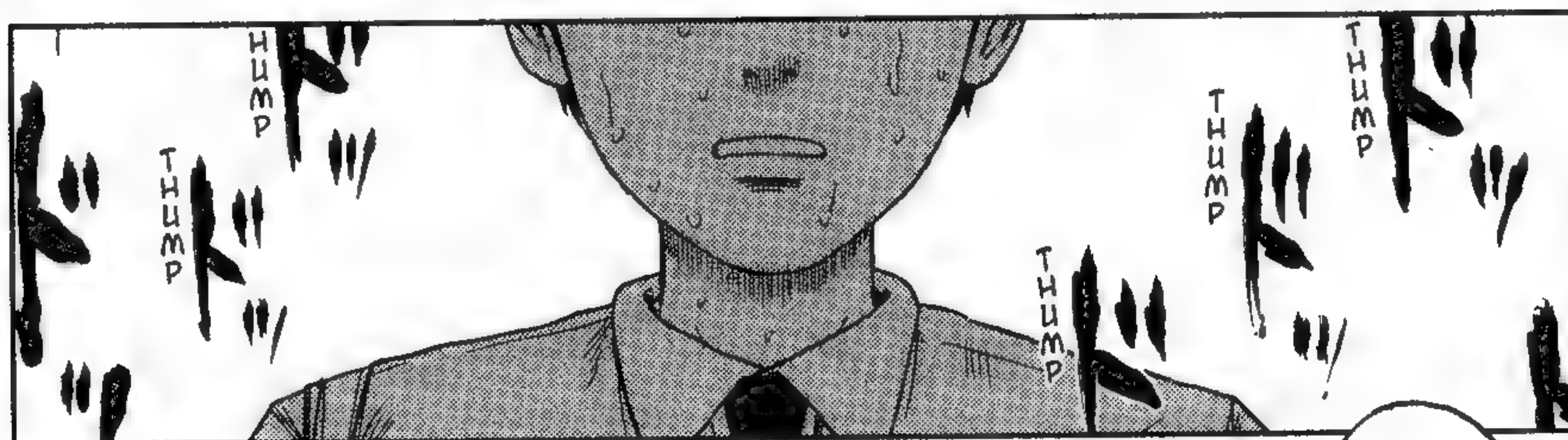
IT'S NO
GOOD!
I CAN'T
DO
THIS!

KASUGA!

GOOD
MORN-
ING!







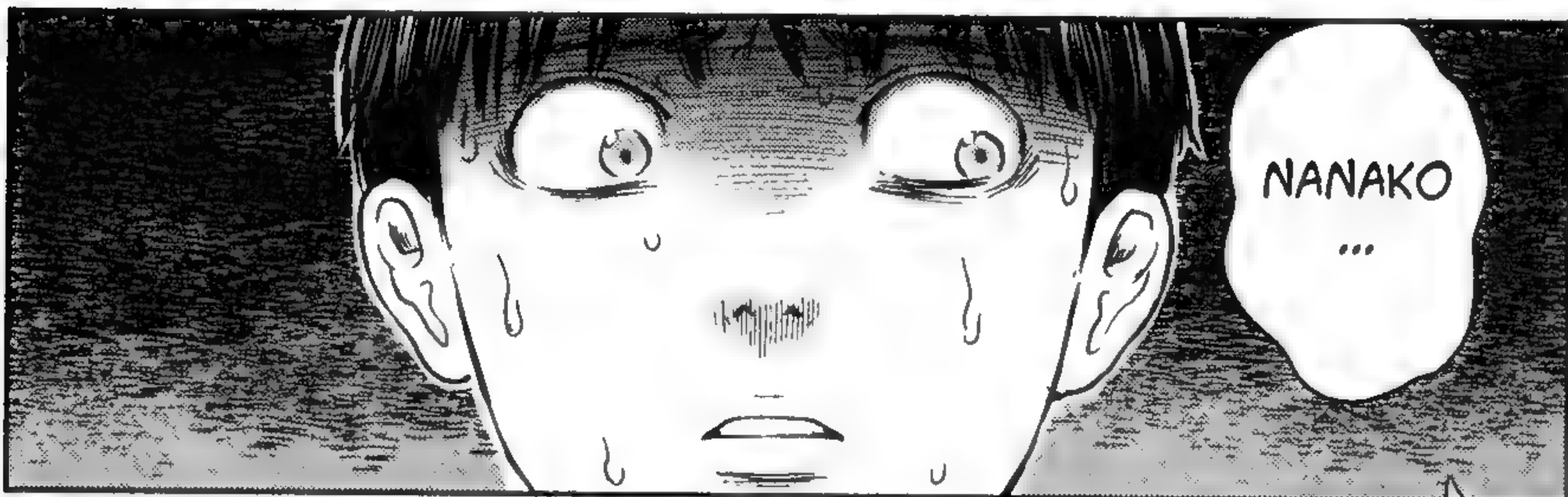




But...
Why?

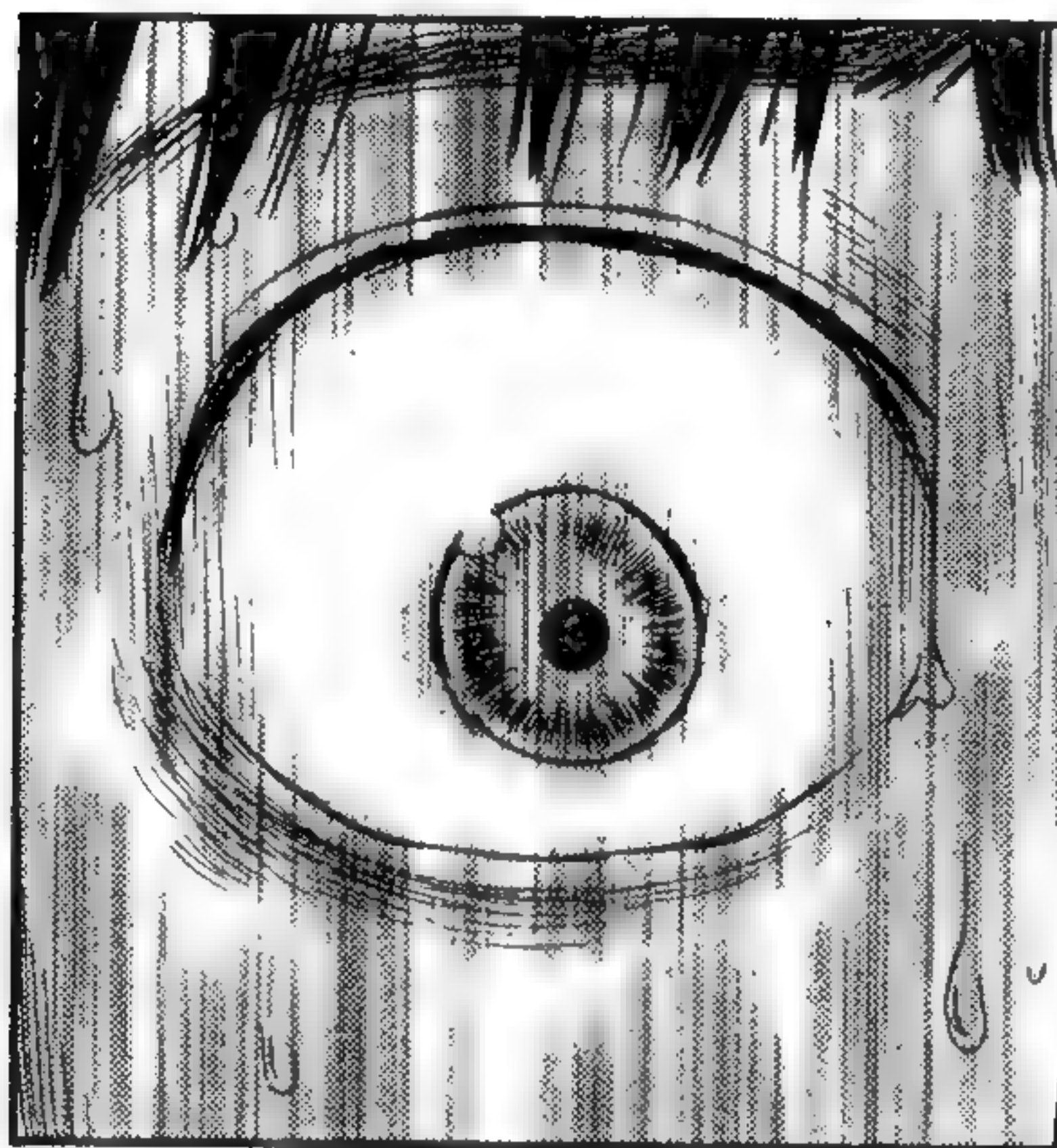
No...
Is this
my...

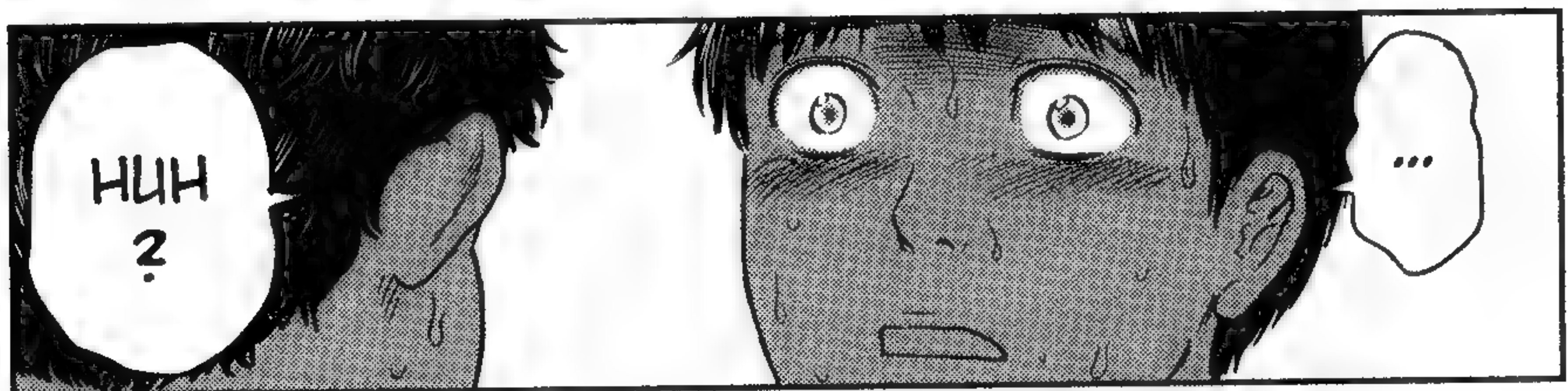
Saeki



NANAKO

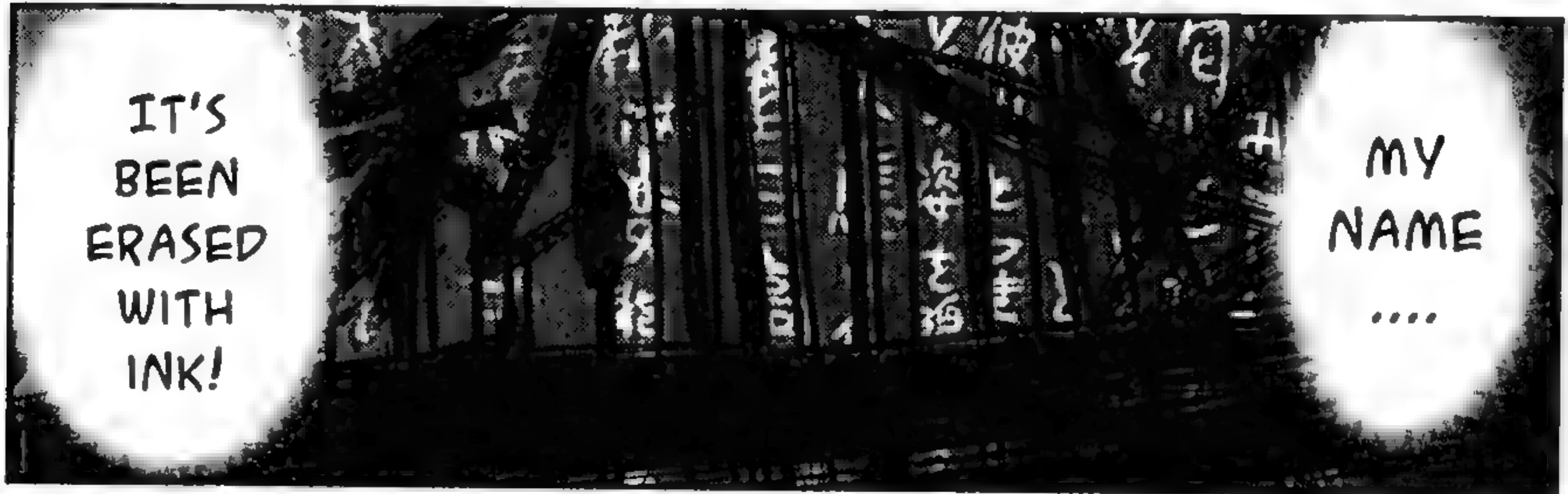
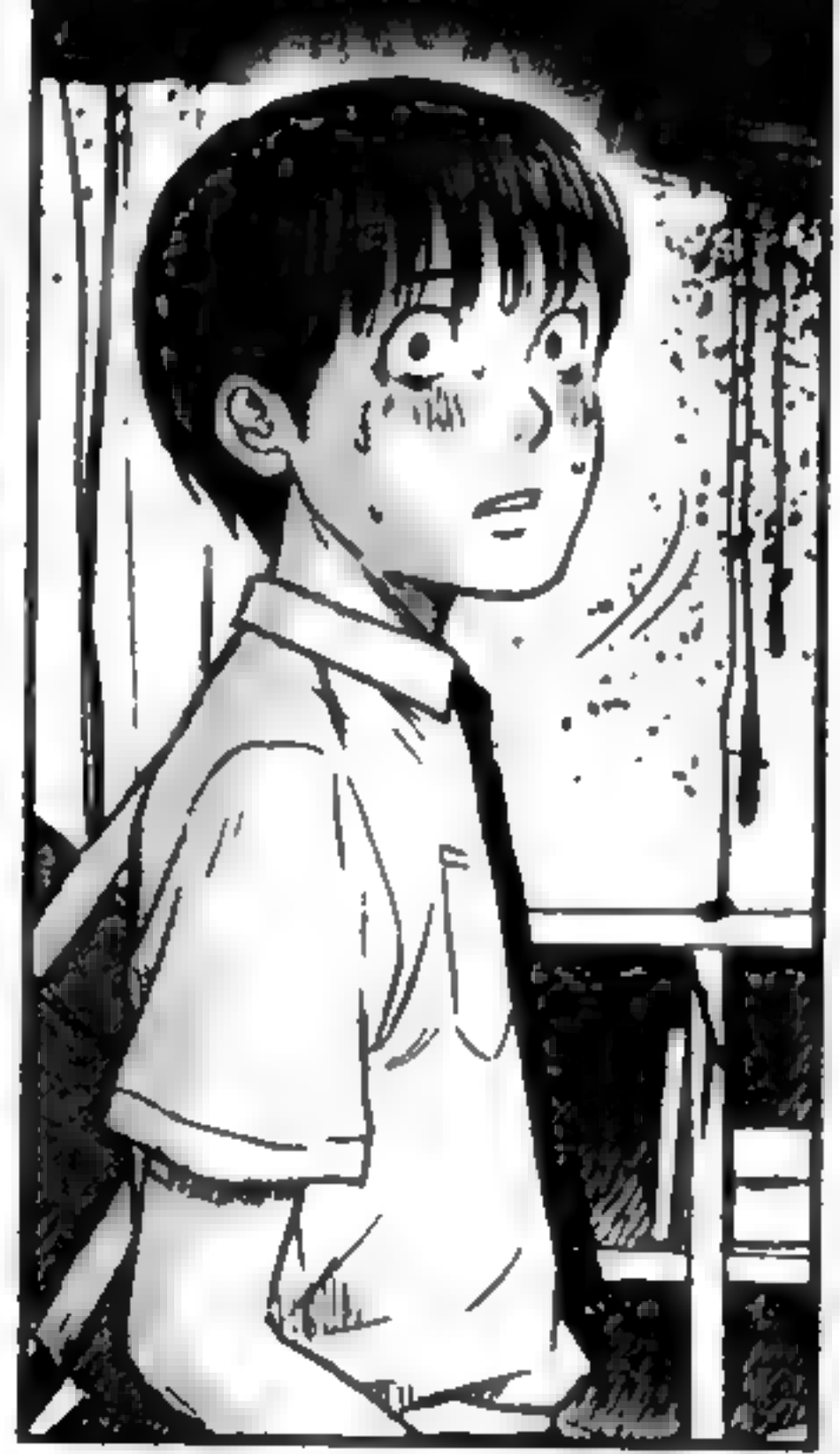
Kasuga
---!







AH
...!



IT'S
BEEN
ERASED
WITH
INK!

MY
NAME
....



ポ
ン
ッ





MAKE
YOUR
WAY
THERE
POST-
HASTE!

WE'RE
GOING
TO HAVE
A SPECIAL
ASSEMBLY
IN THE
GYM!

OKAY,
LISTEN
UP!



NANAOKO
...
CAN
YOU
STAND
UP?

CLAMOR

CLAMOR

A
SPECIAL
ASSEM-
BLY!

OH
MY
GOD
!

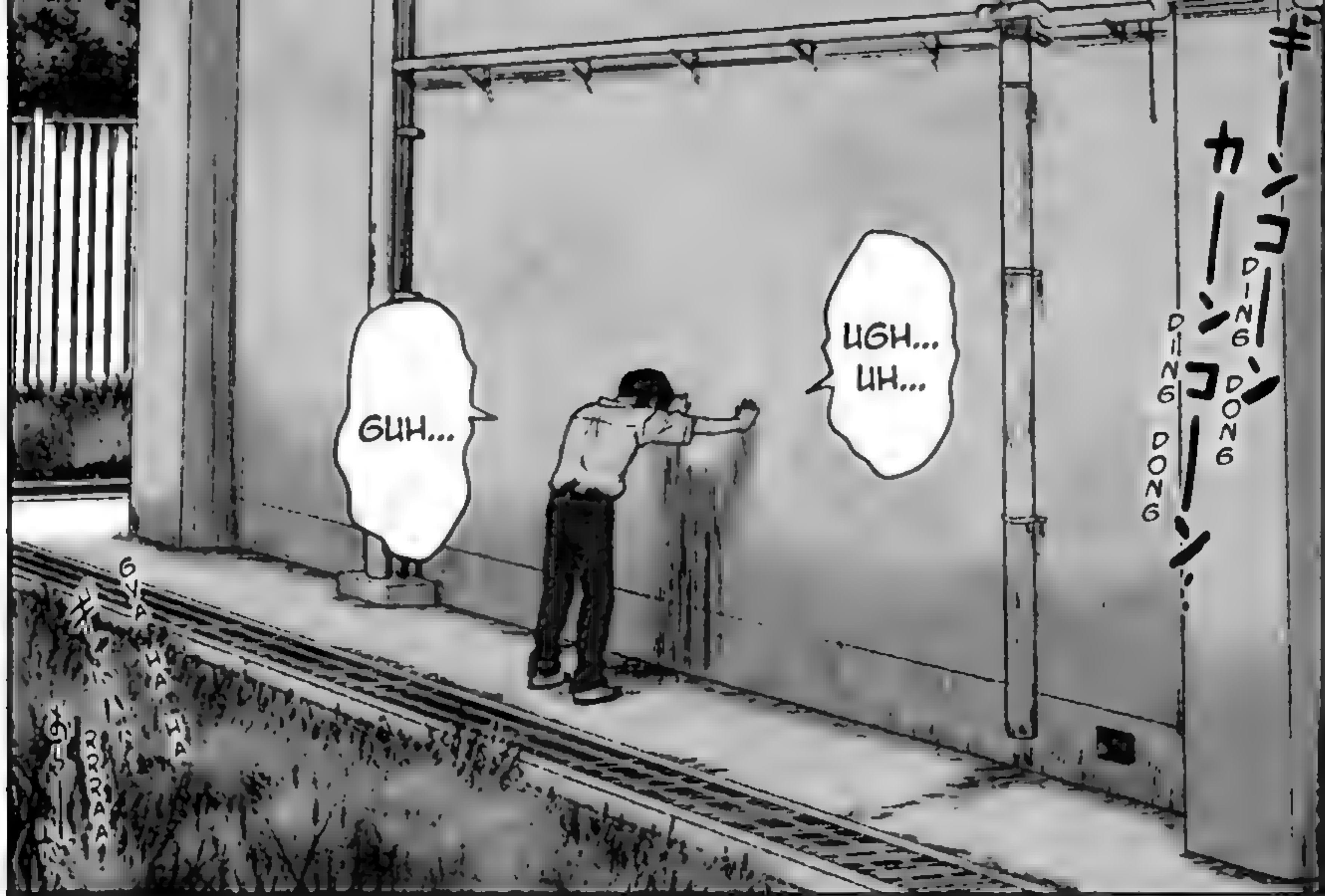


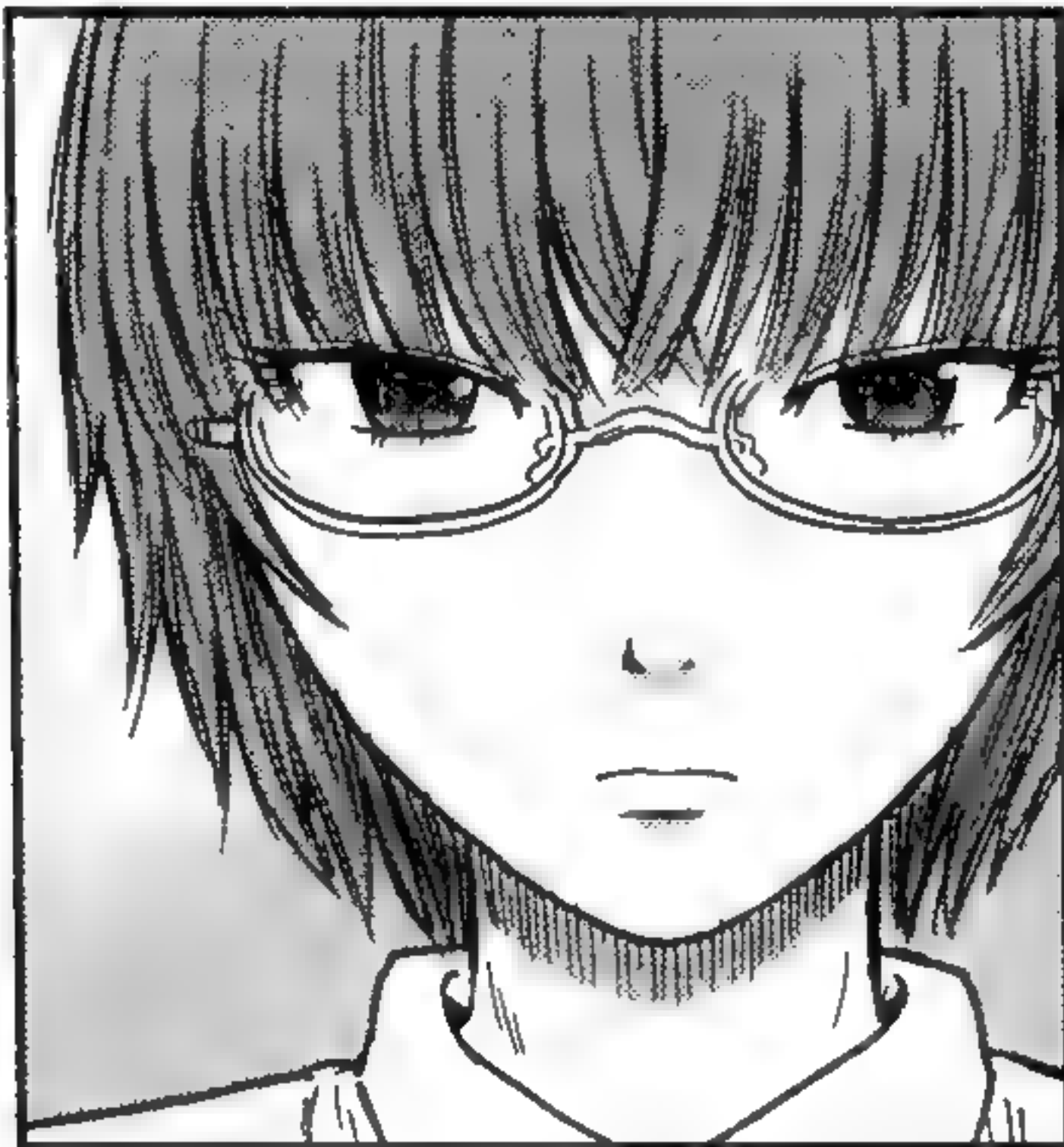
AH,
YEAH
...

ARE
YOU
OKAY
?











DID YOU
SEE? DID
YOU SEE
THEIR
FACES?
HA HA!

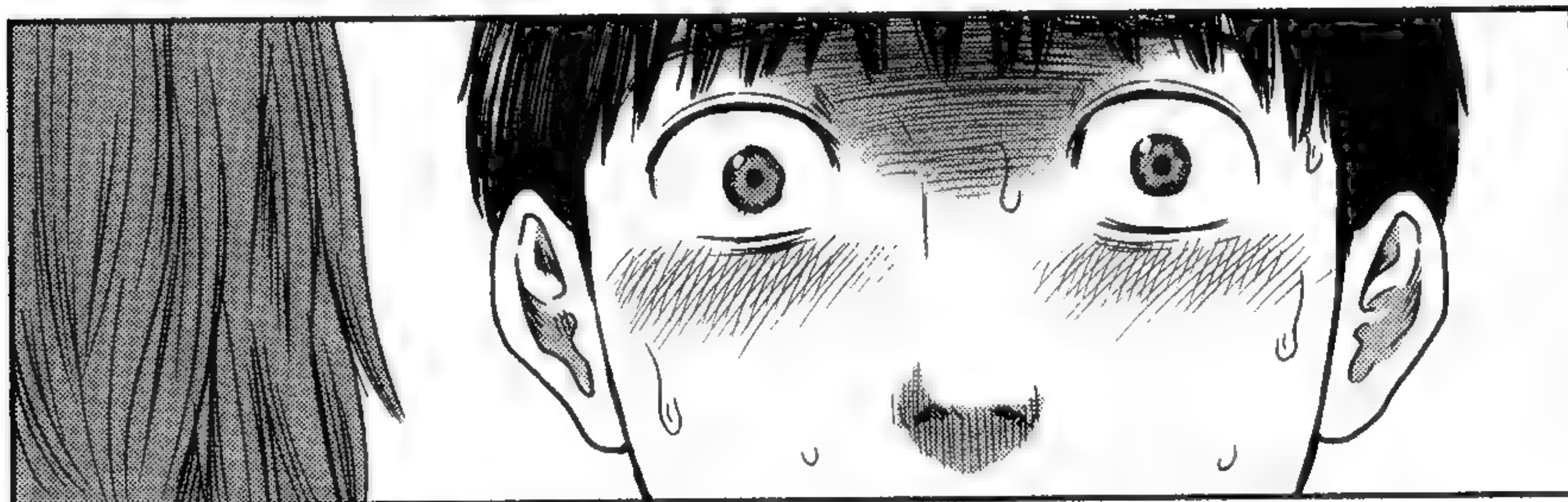
I
HAVEN'T
FELT SO
GOOD
IN A
WHILE!

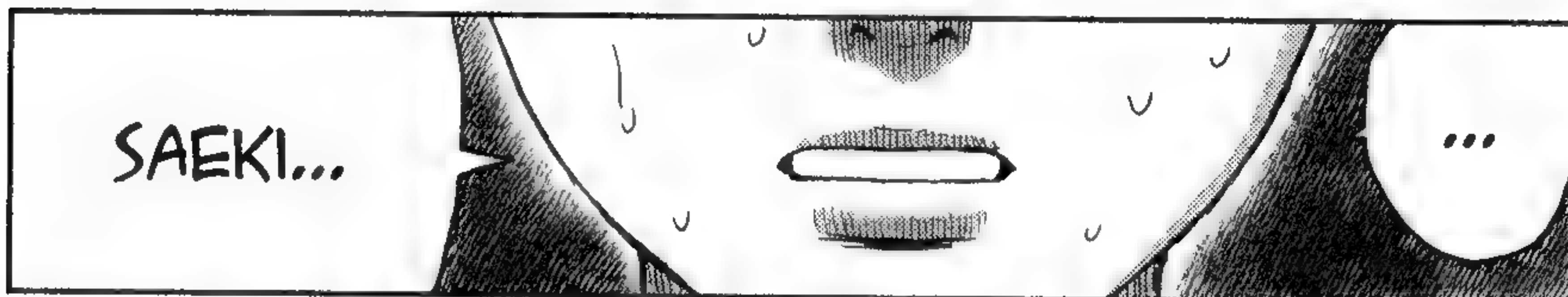
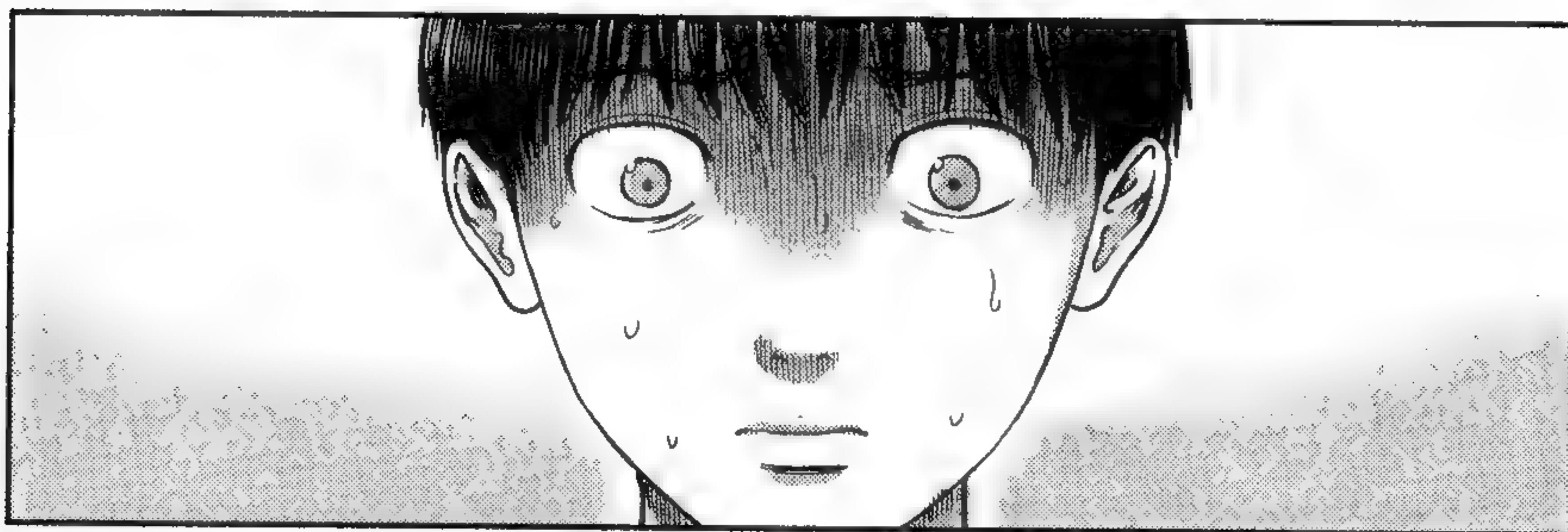
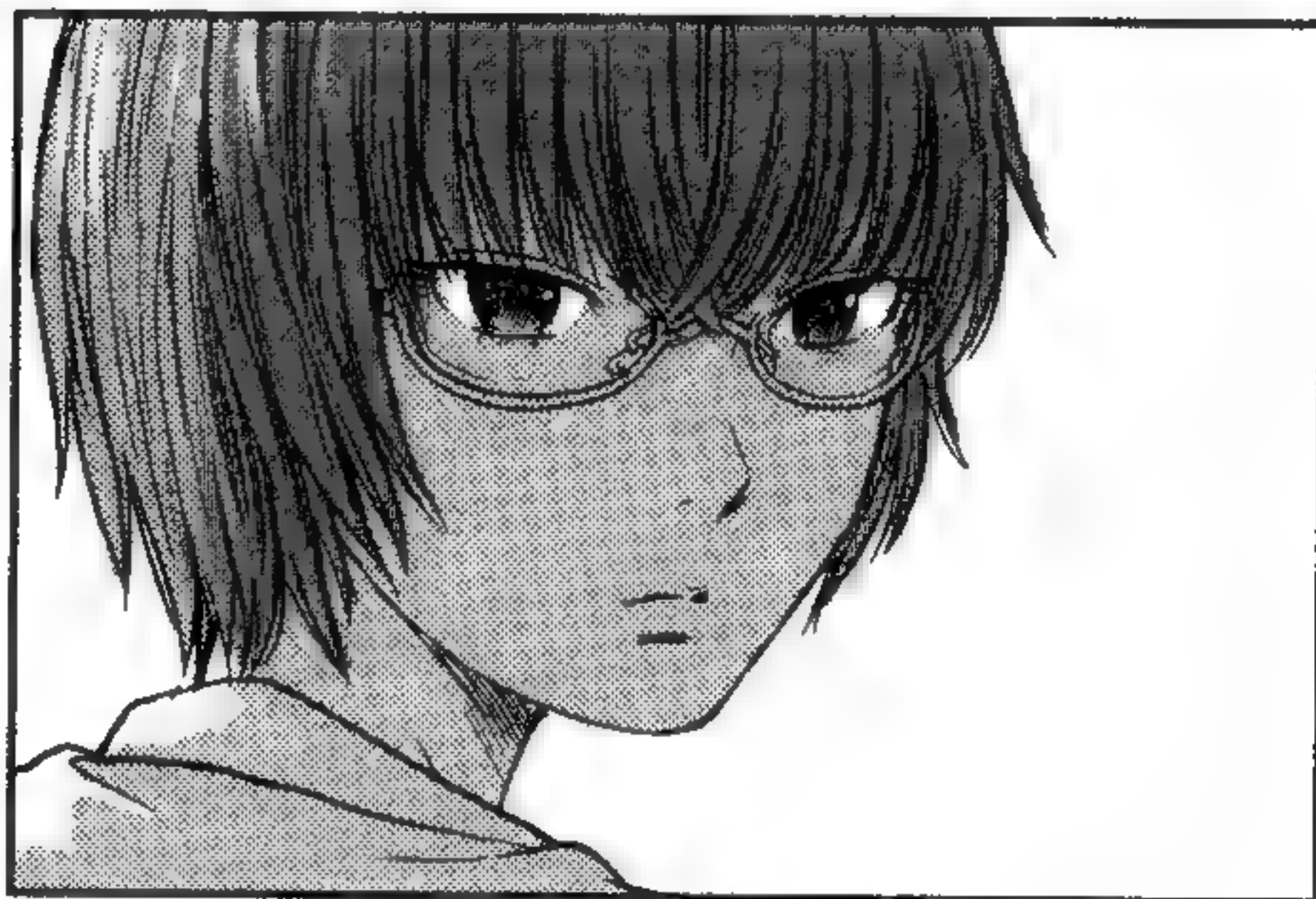
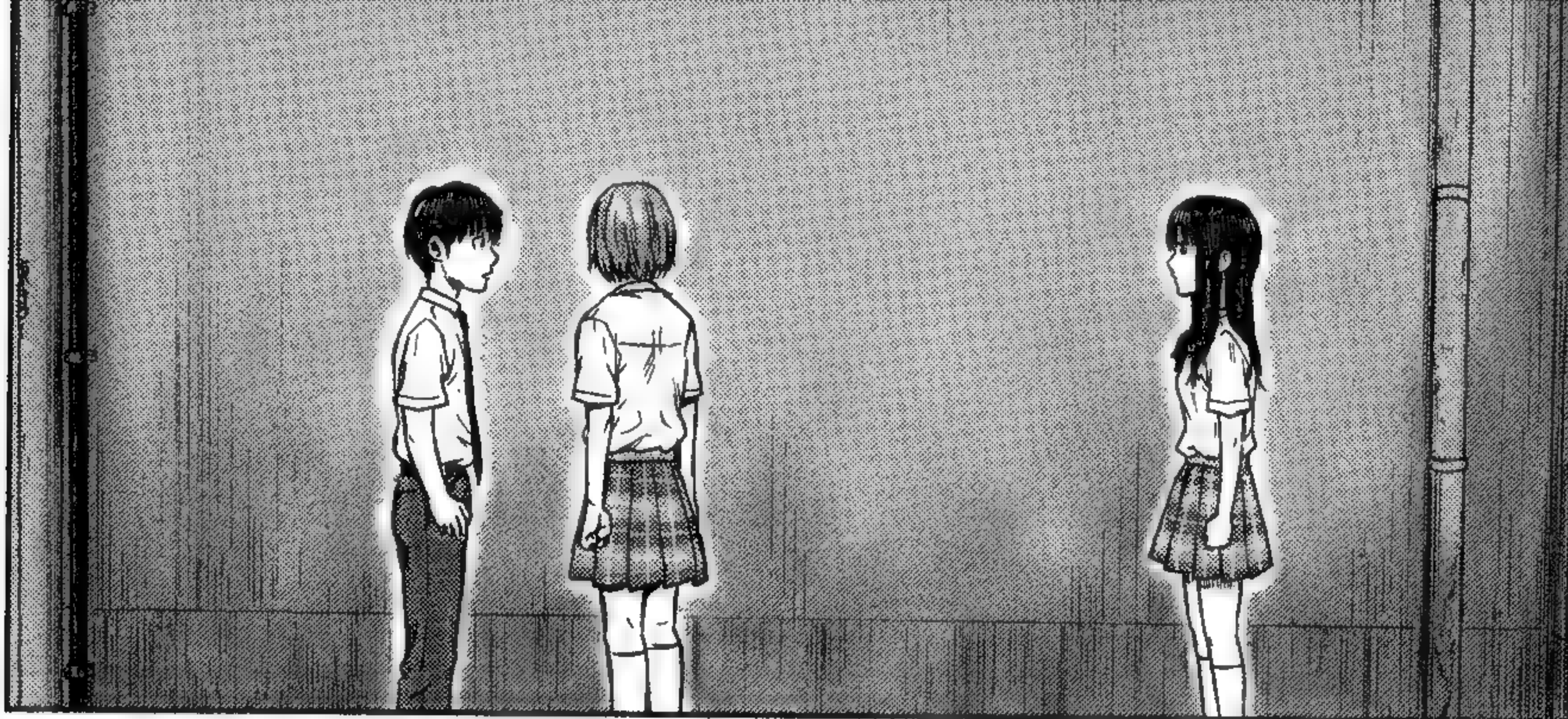


ONE
LAYER
OF SKIN
HAS
COME
OFF AT
LAST.

YOU
CAN
BE
PROUD.

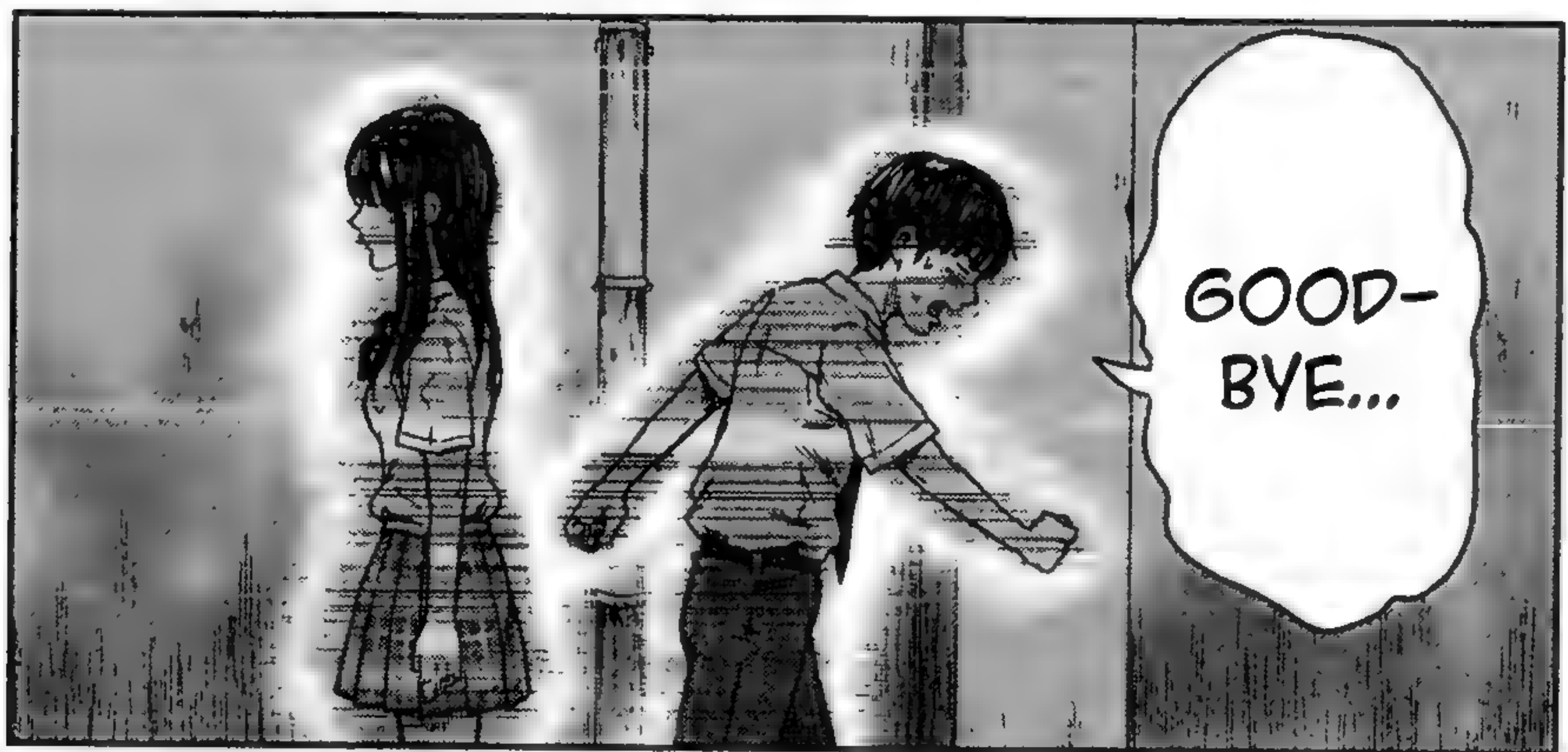


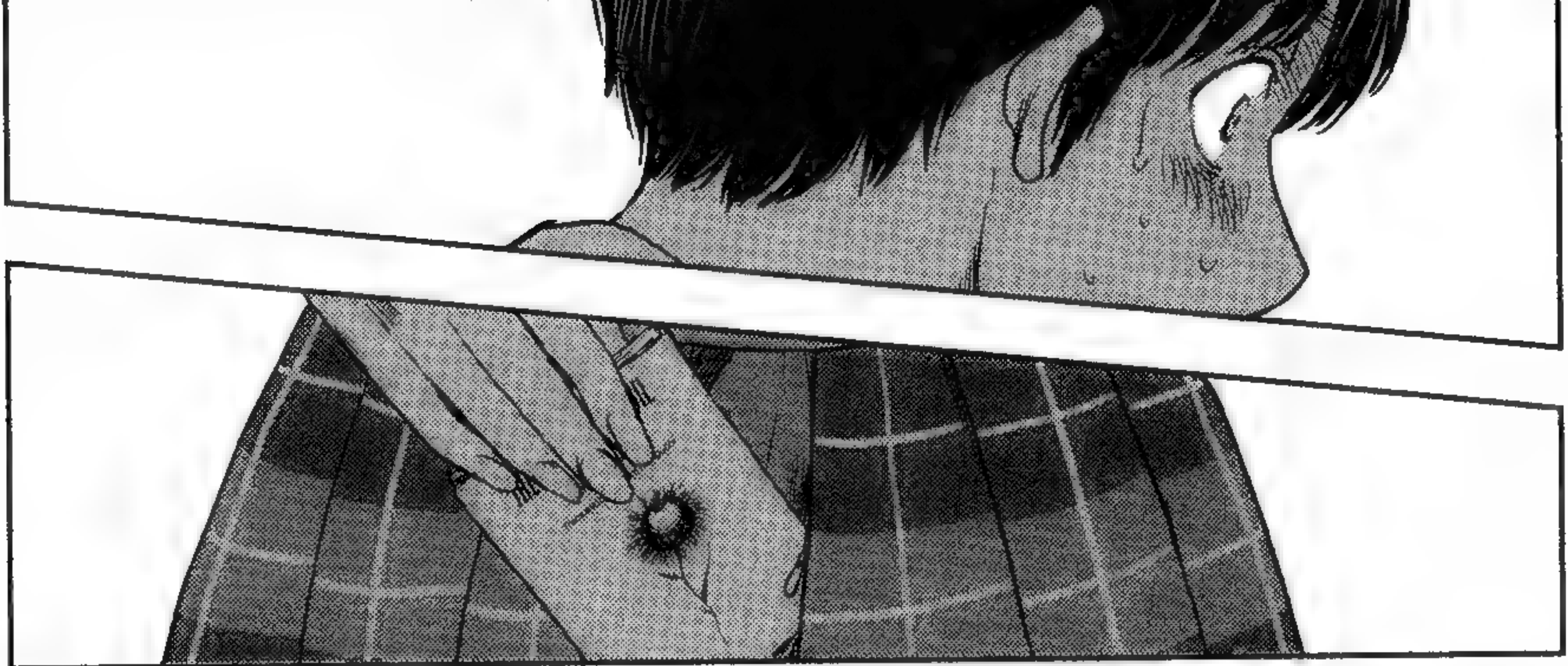




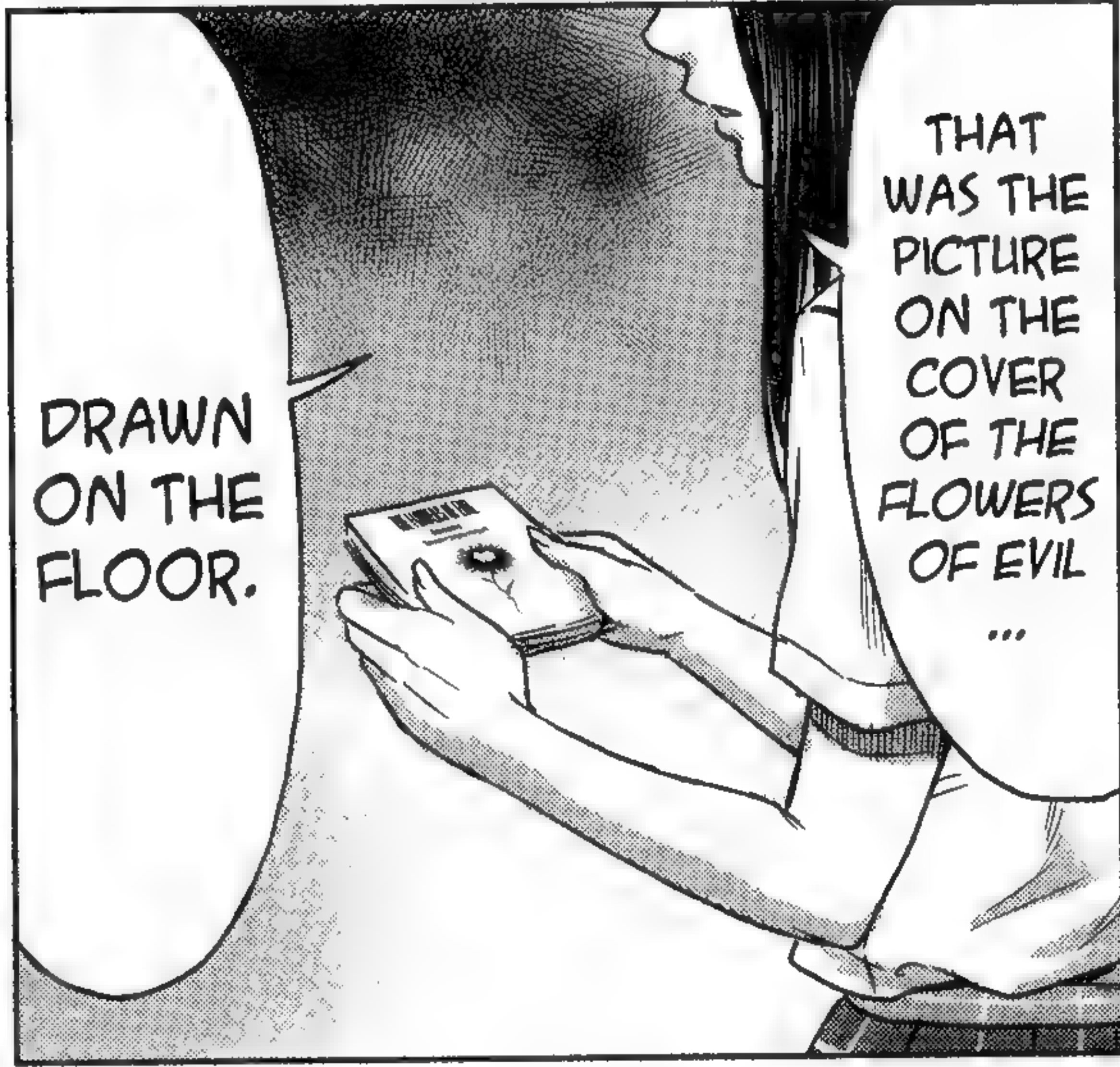


LET'S
BREAK
UP.





SO
IT WAS
YOU,
KASUGA
...



DRAWN
ON THE
FLOOR.

THAT
WAS THE
PICTURE
ON THE
COVER
OF THE
FLOWERS
OF EVIL
...



**It was
all you,
wasn't
it?**

THAT
CLASS-
ROOM
...
MY...
GYM
CLOTHES
TOO
...



I'D
NEVER
BREAK
UP
WITH
YOU.

EVEN
THEN

...

I
WON'T
BREAK
UP
WITH
YOU.

Afterword 1

There's a movie called *Don't Deliver Us from Evil*.

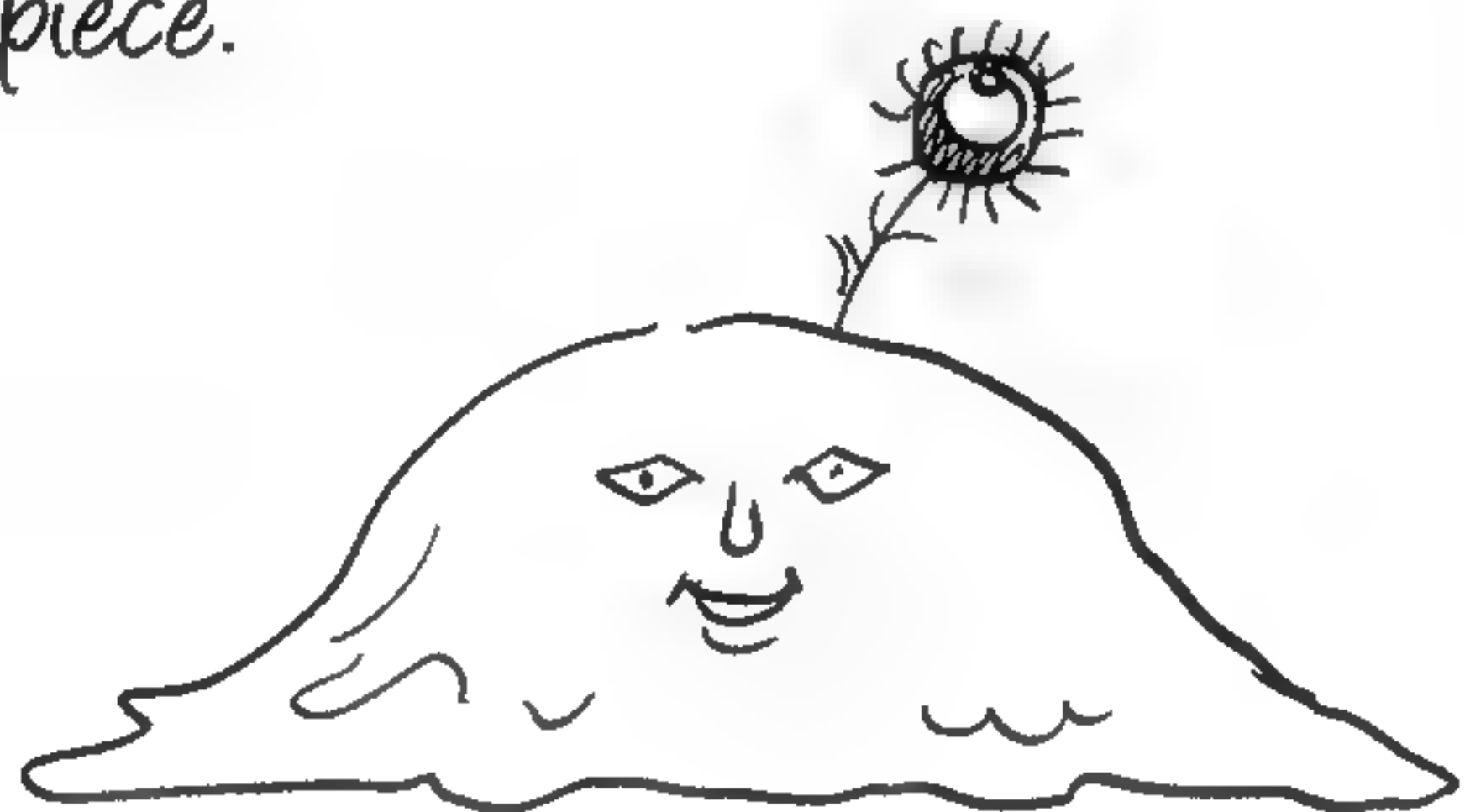
It's a 1971 French film from director Joel Séria. I learned about it from film critic Tomohiro Machiyama, who wrote a short comment on the cover of Vol. 2 of this series.

I was unacquainted with the film when I was writing this manga, and I wasn't particularly conscious of it at the time, but now that I think about it, I see that I was pretty thoroughly influenced by Mr. Machiyama's spiel.

The girls worship Baudelaire and Lautréamont, create a kingdom of evil all for themselves, and fall into ruin, and I overlaid my own youth on theirs.

When I watched the movie, I was blown away by the nervous rhythm of initial drives on full throttle and the beauty of its last scene. It's a masterpiece.

Erotic, too.





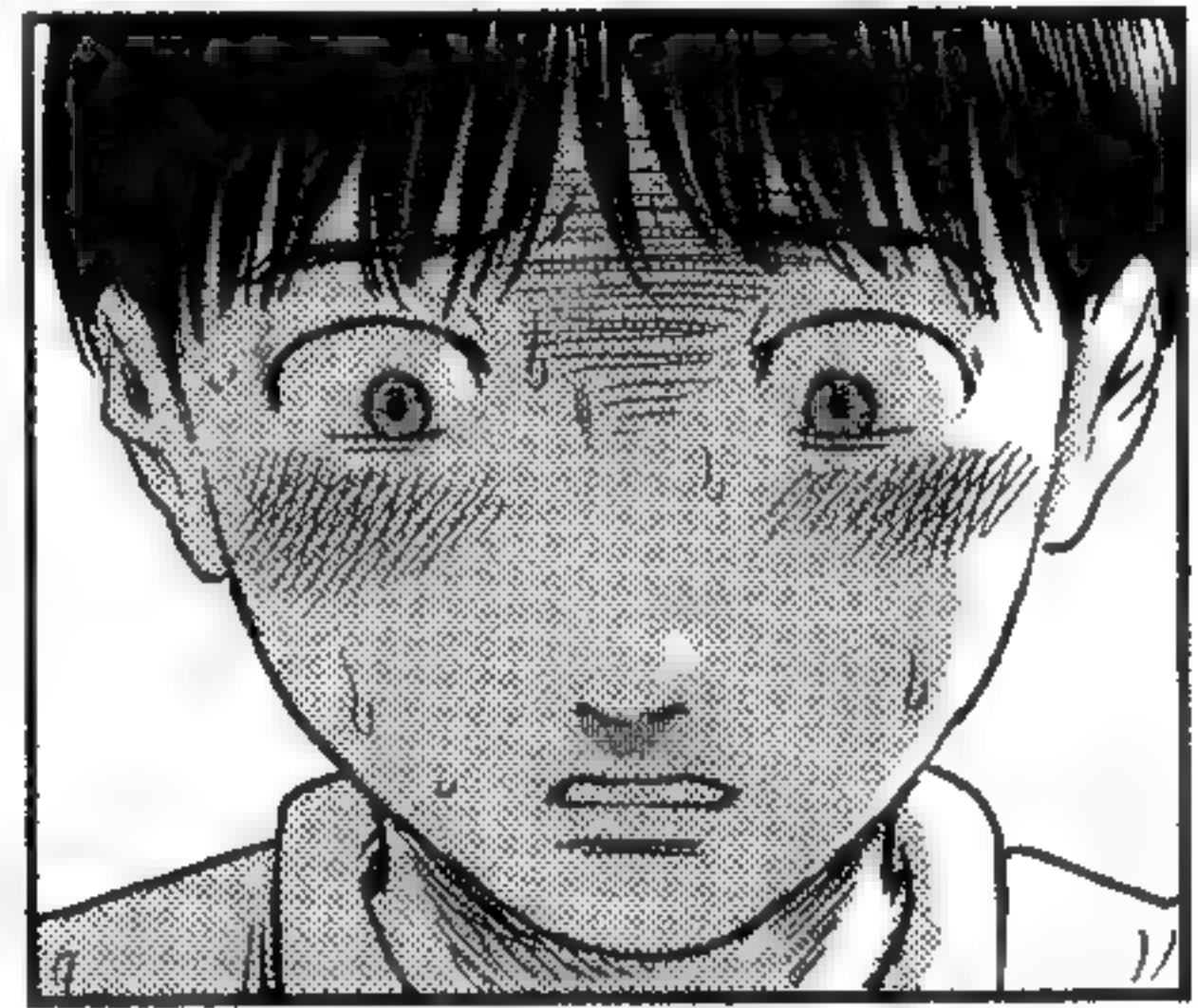
Chapter 14: Melancholy

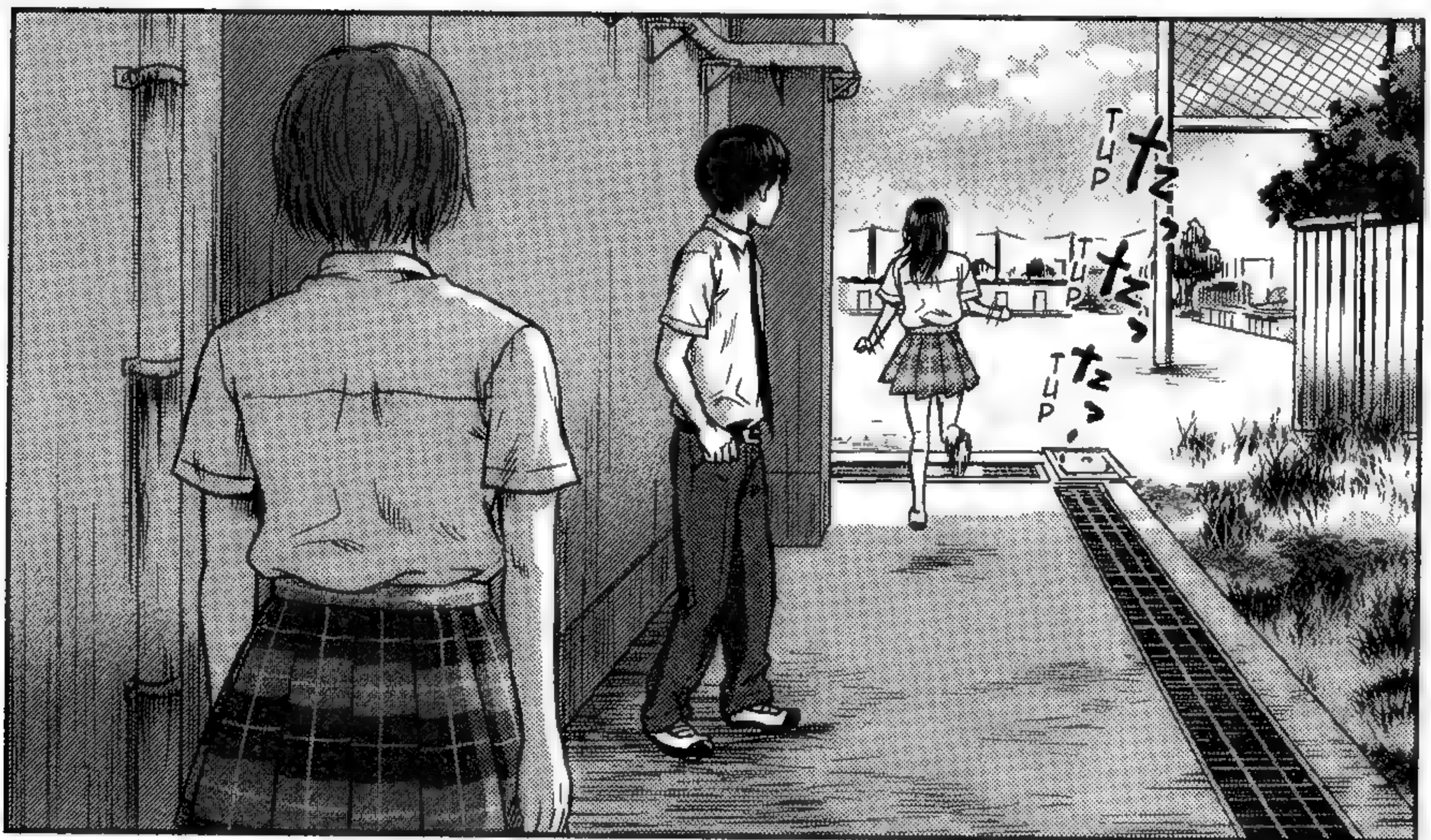
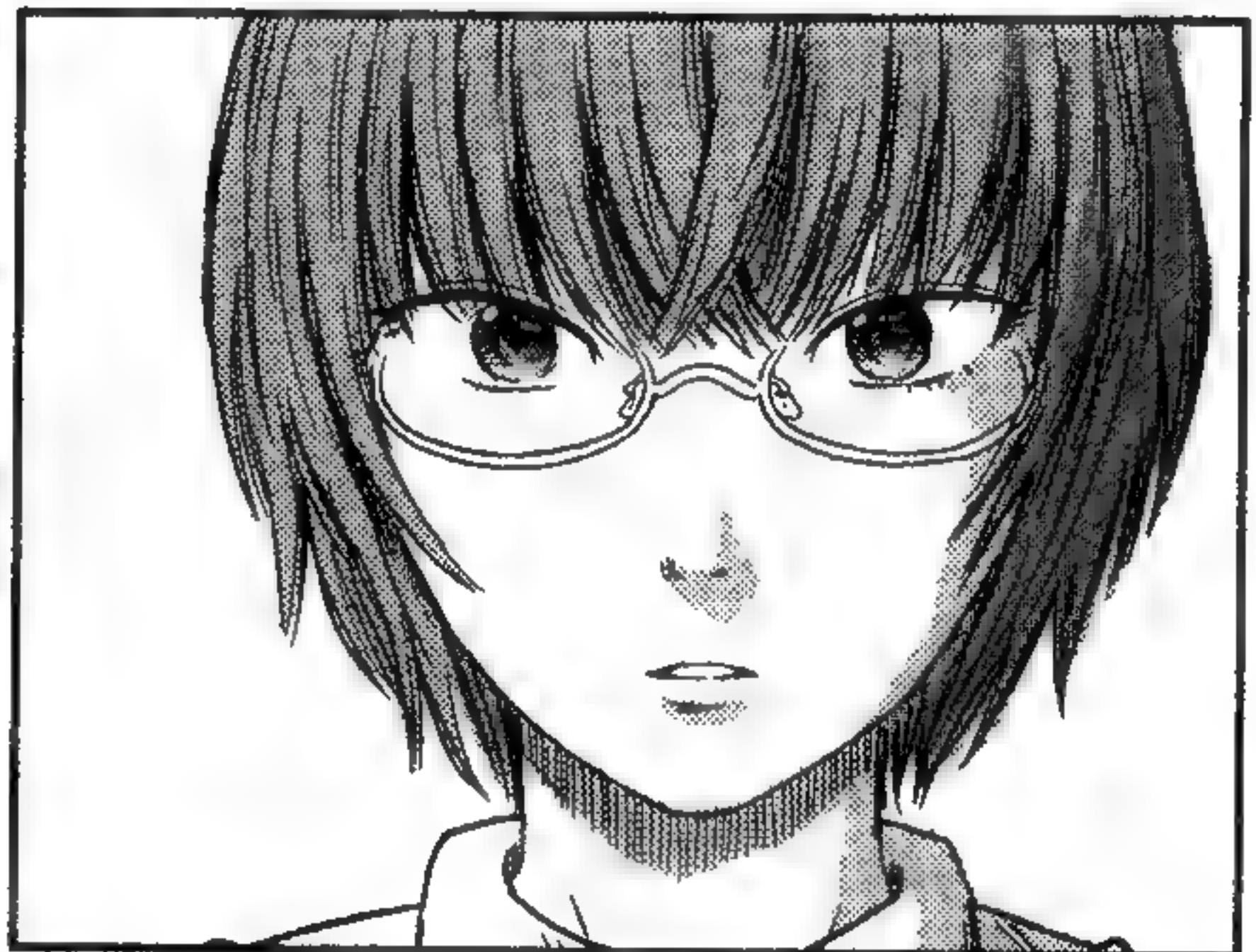


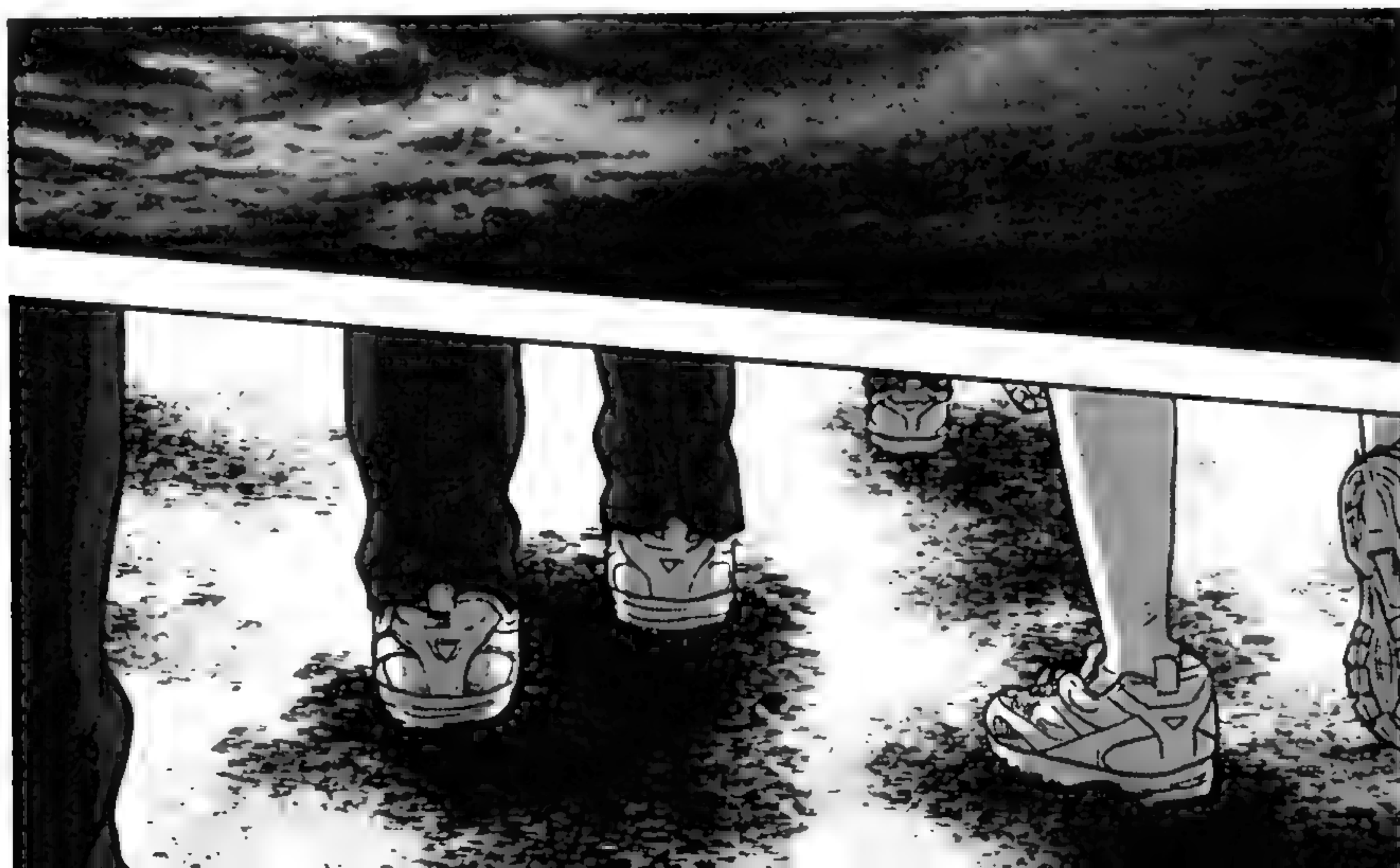
I'D
NEVER
BREAK
UP WITH
YOU.

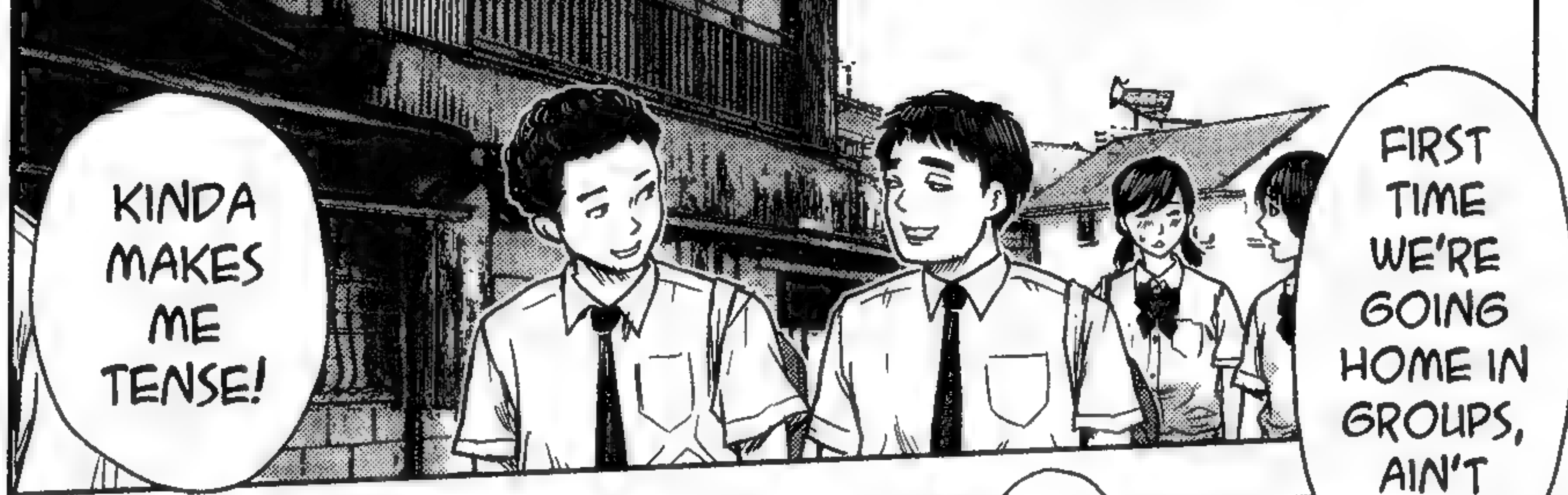
I
WON'T
BREAK
UP WITH
YOU.











KINDA
MAKES
ME
TENSE!

FIRST
TIME
WE'RE
GOING
HOME IN
GROUPS,
AIN'T
IT?

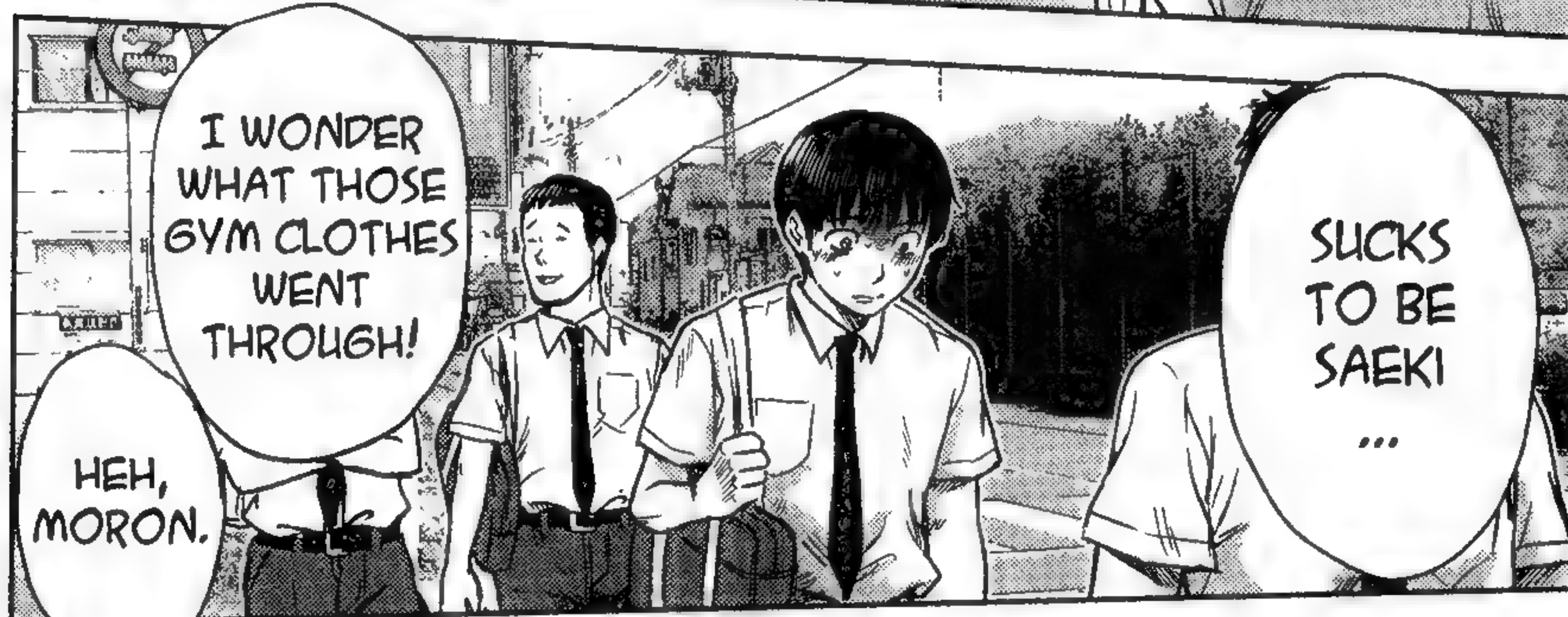


DAMN...
I BET
MINE
WILL,
TOO.

HEY,
STAY ON
THE SIDE-
WALK!

MY
FOLKS
WILL TELL
ME NOT
TO GO
OUT.

GOD,
WHAT
A
PAIN!



I WONDER
WHAT THOSE
GYM CLOTHES
WENT
THROUGH!

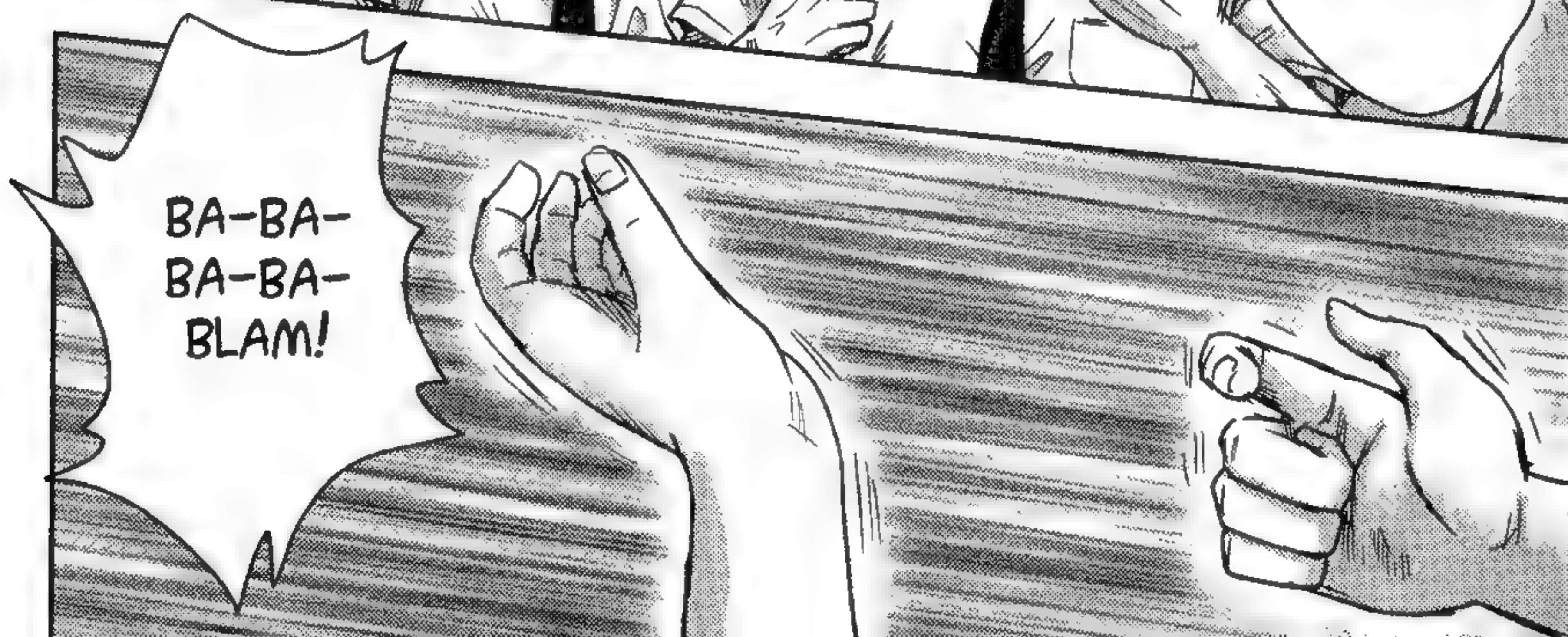
HEH,
MORON.

SUCKS
TO BE
SAEKI
...

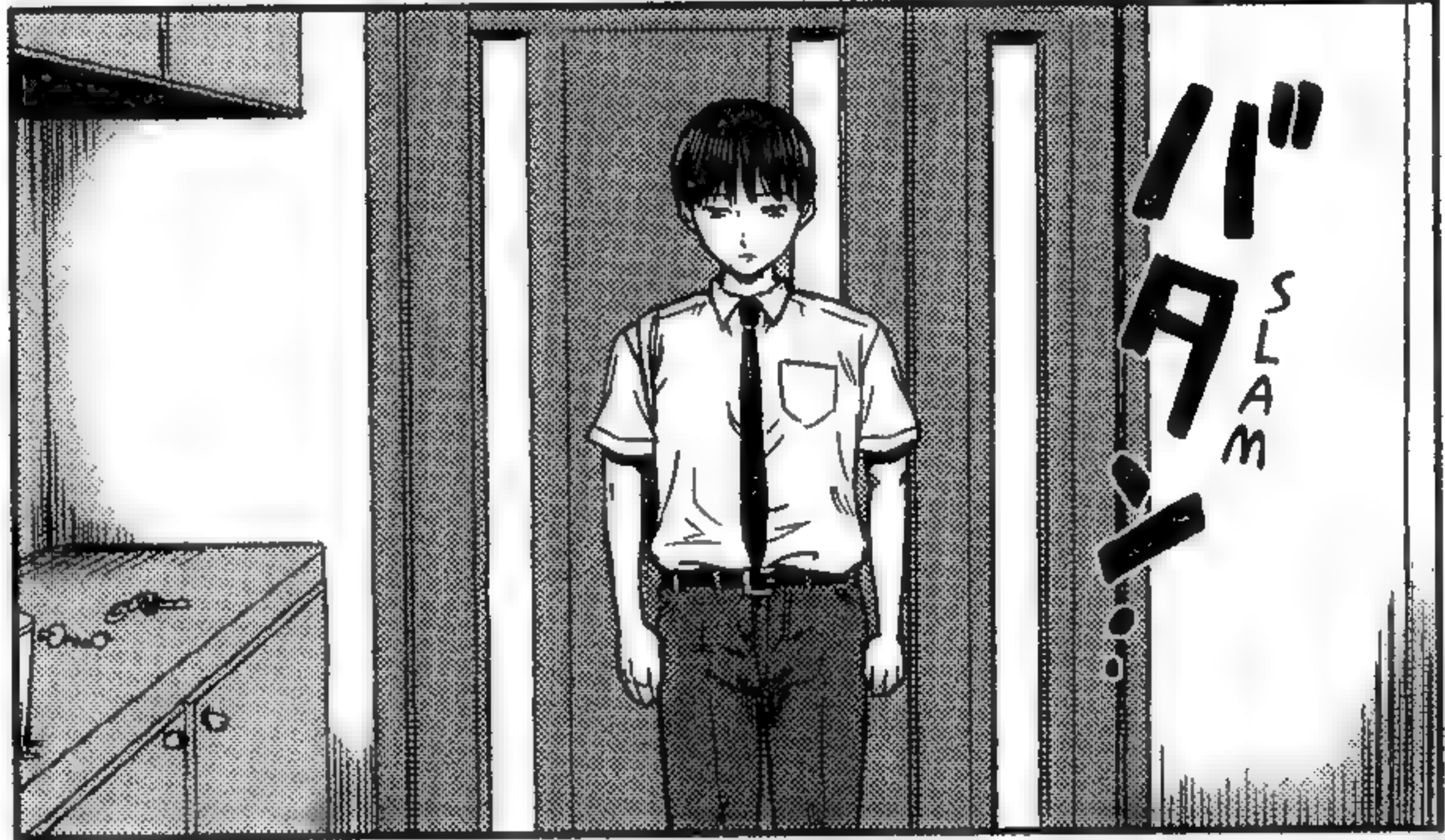
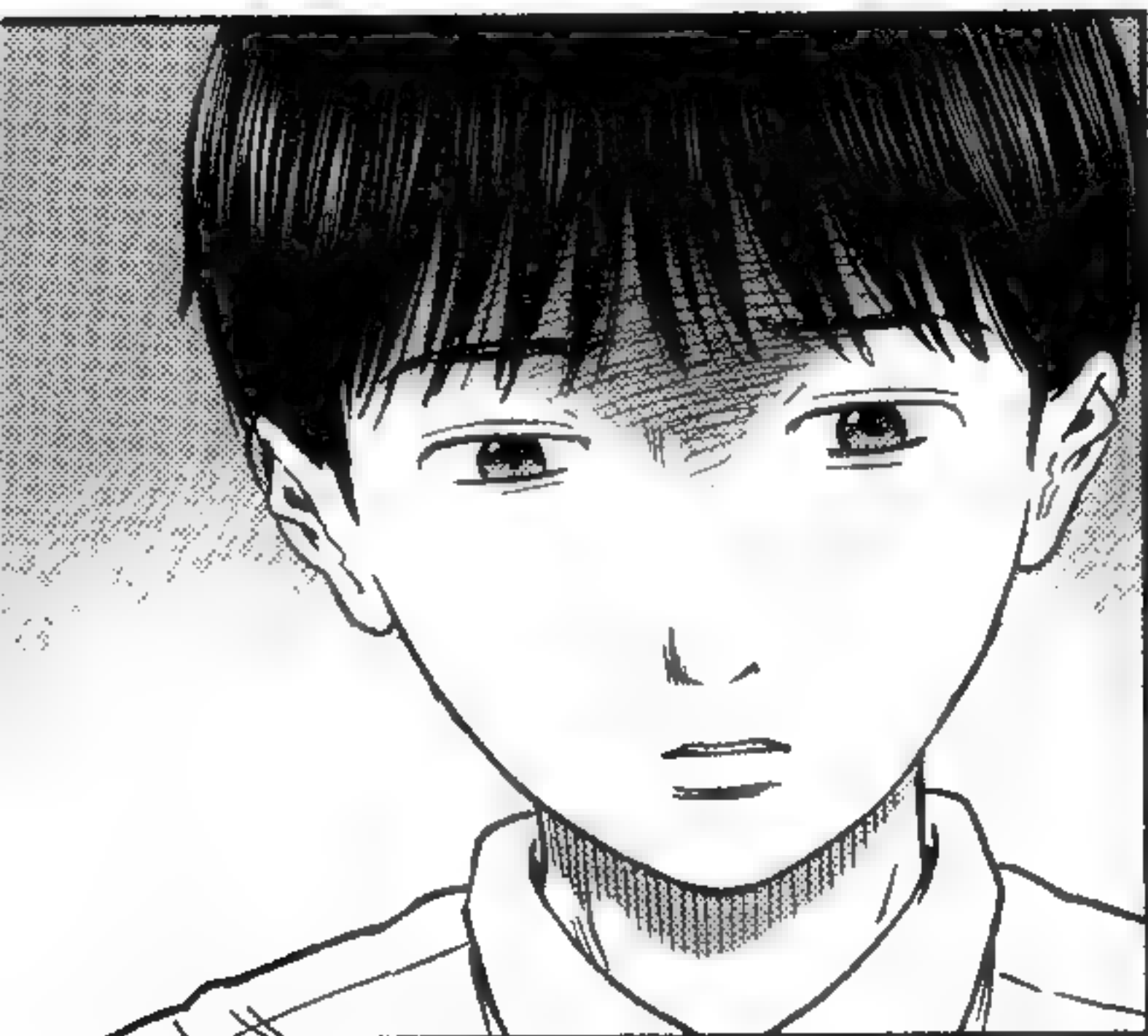


HA HA,
IF YOU
THINK
YOU CAN,
GO RIGHT
AHEAD.

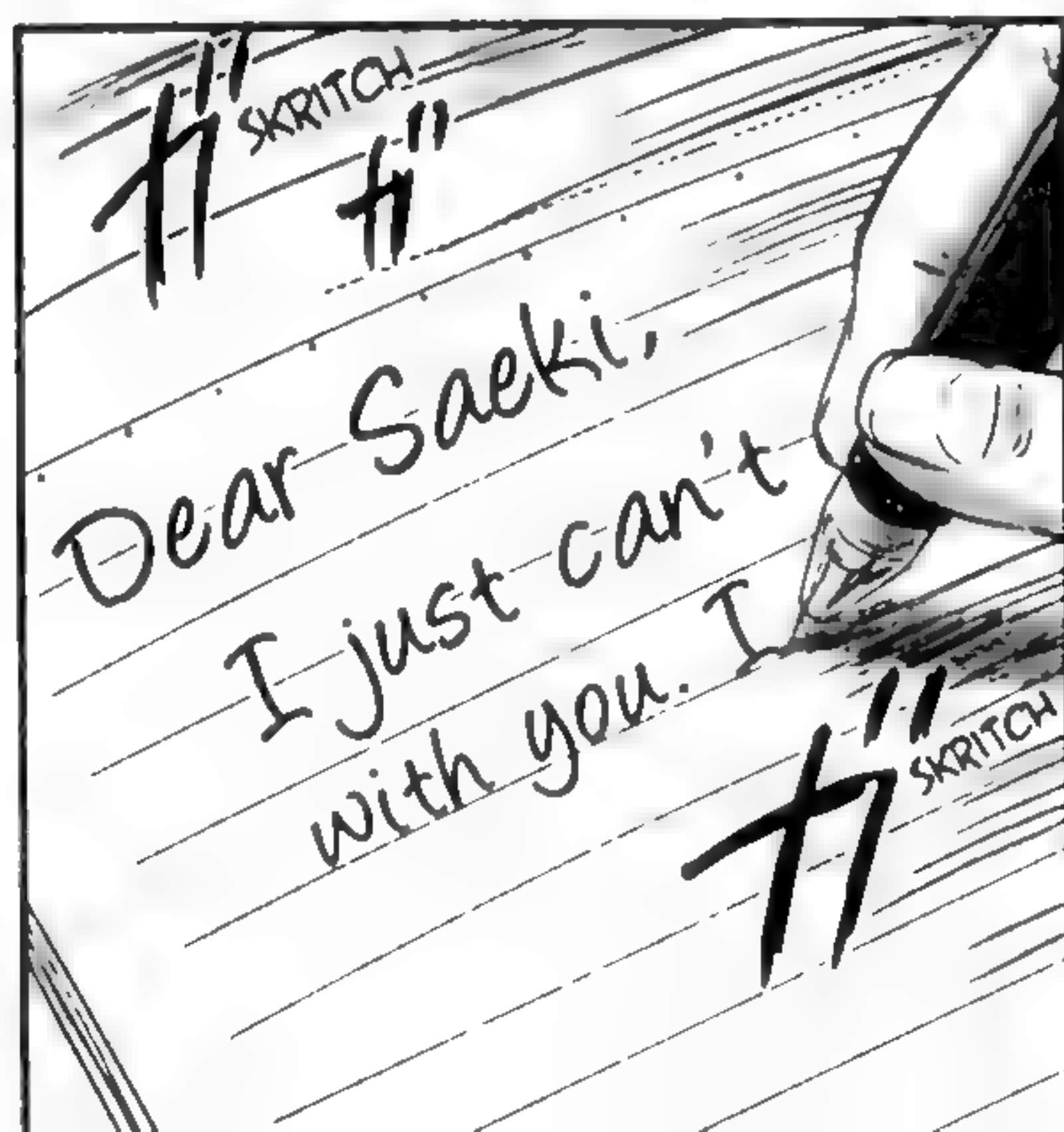
HEY,
SHALL I
RUN HIM
DOWN
WITH MY
AIR GUN?

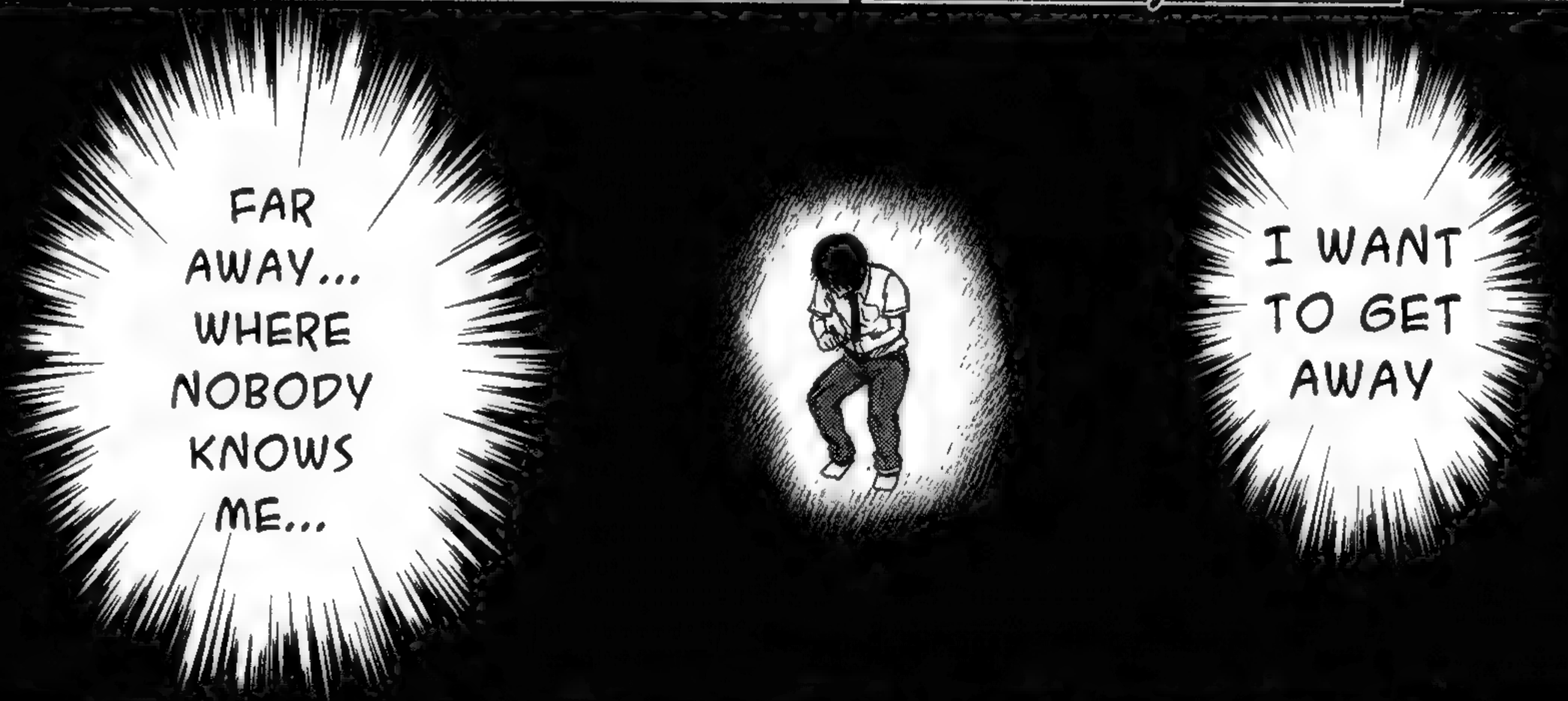


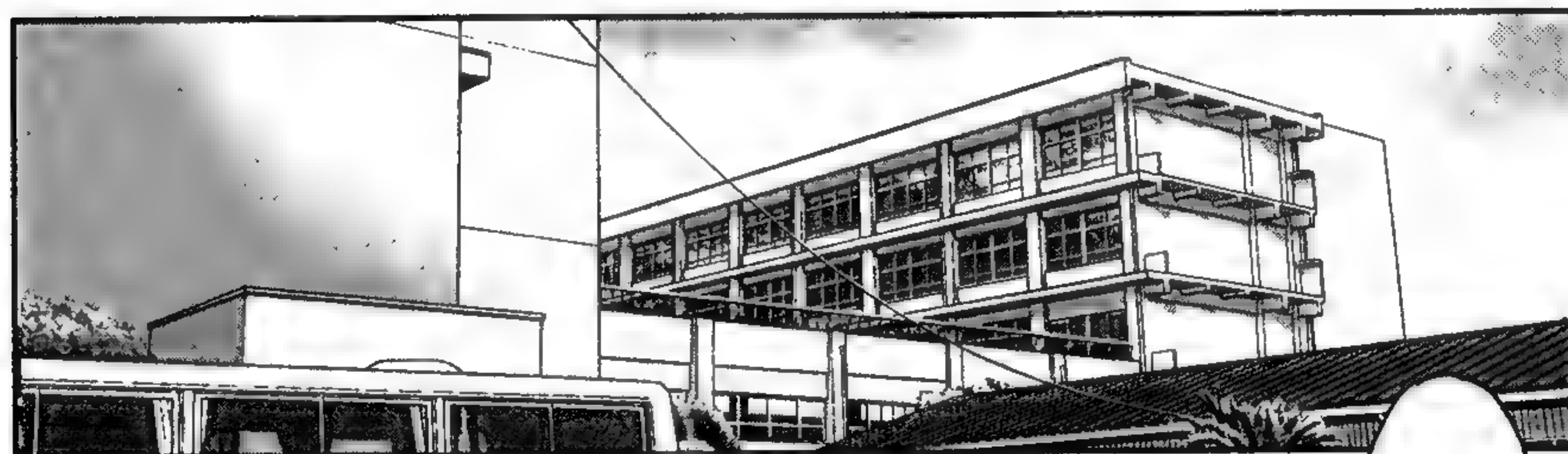
BA-BA-
BA-BA-
BLAM!

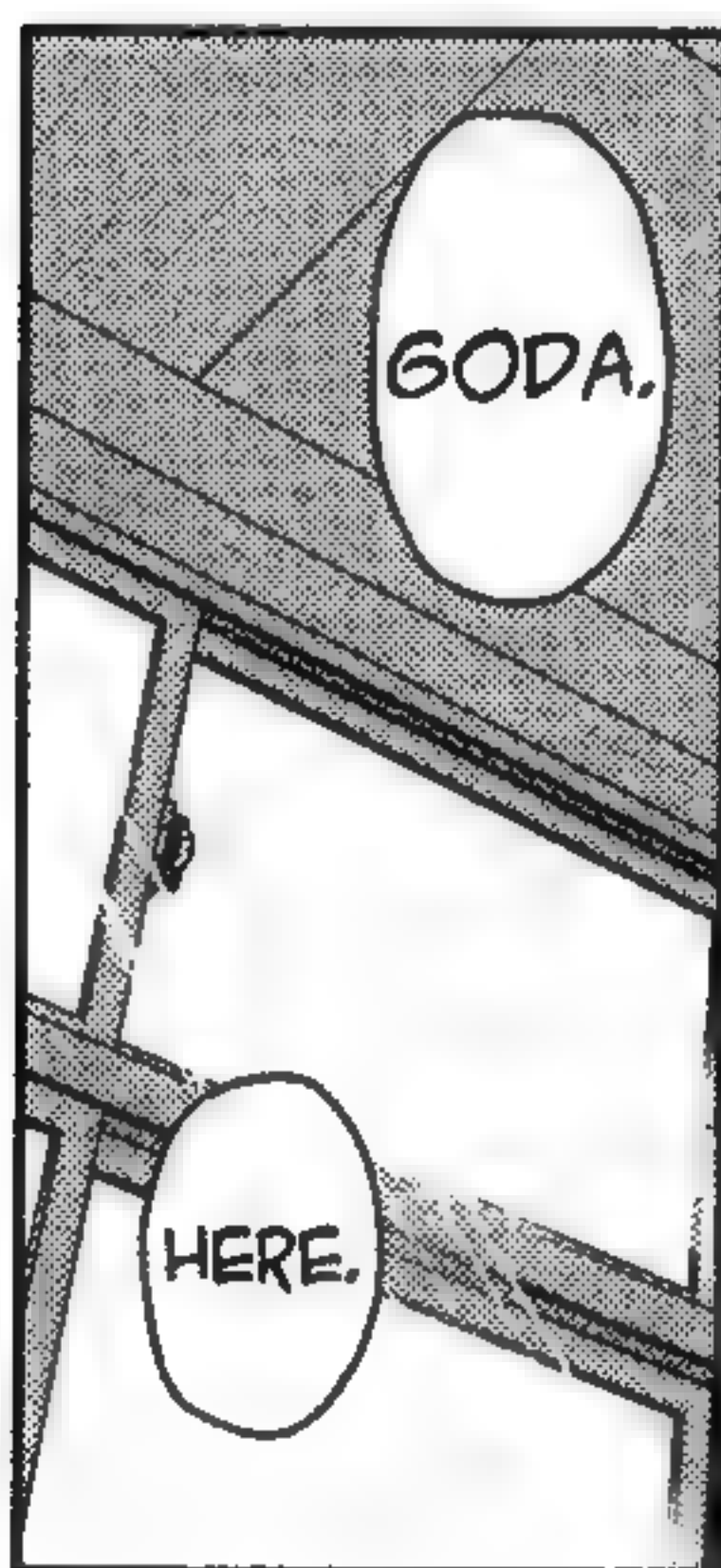
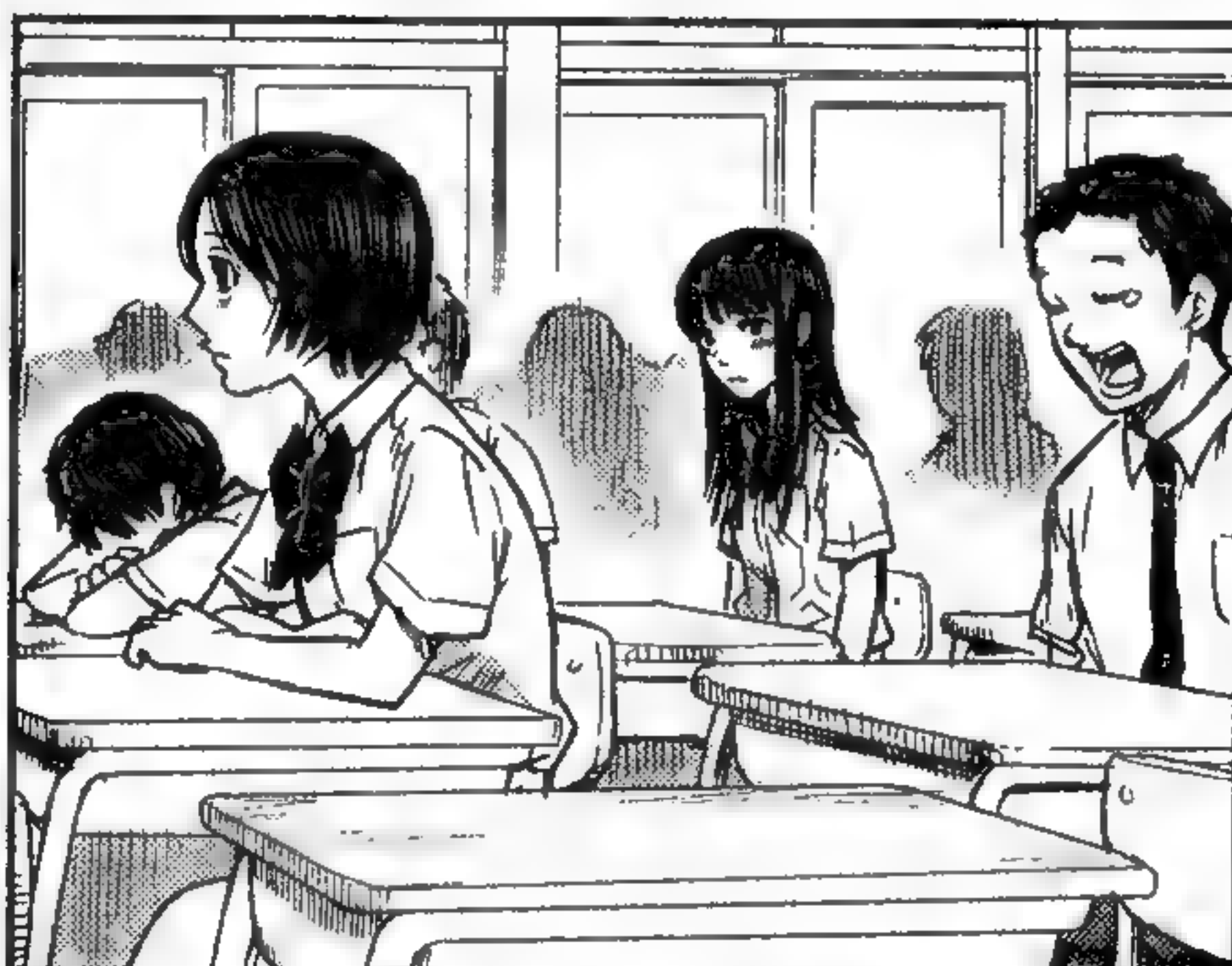
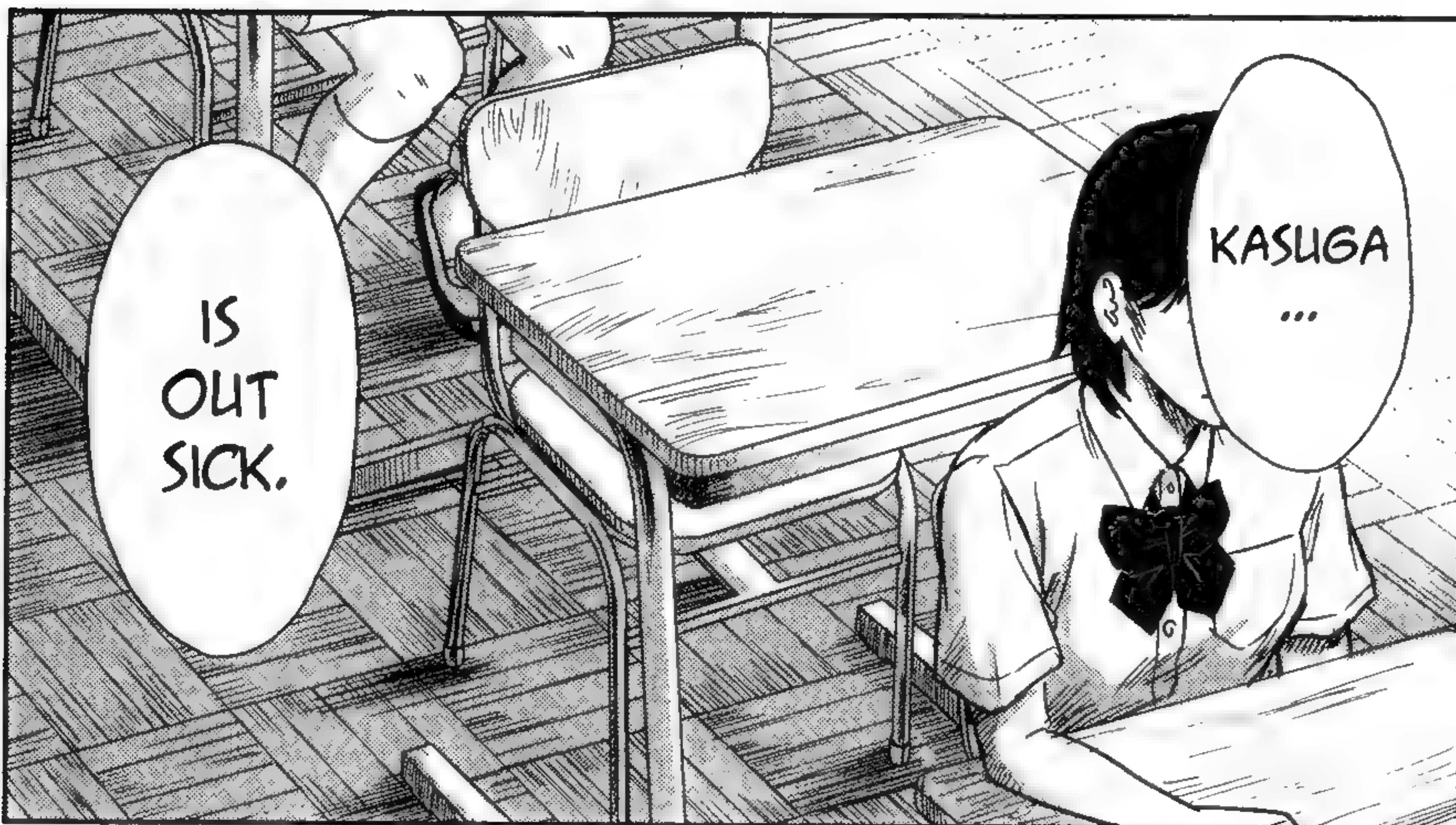


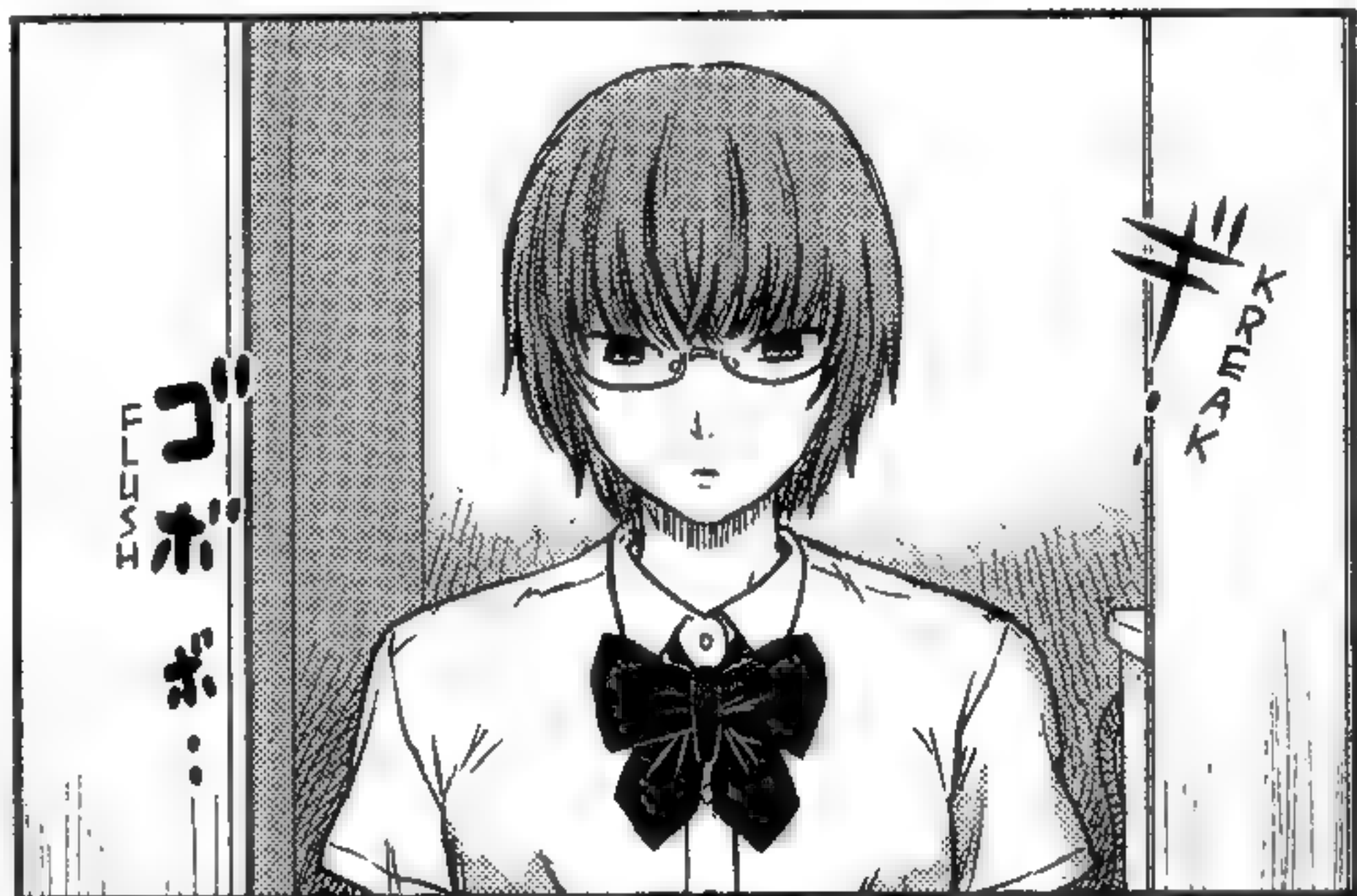
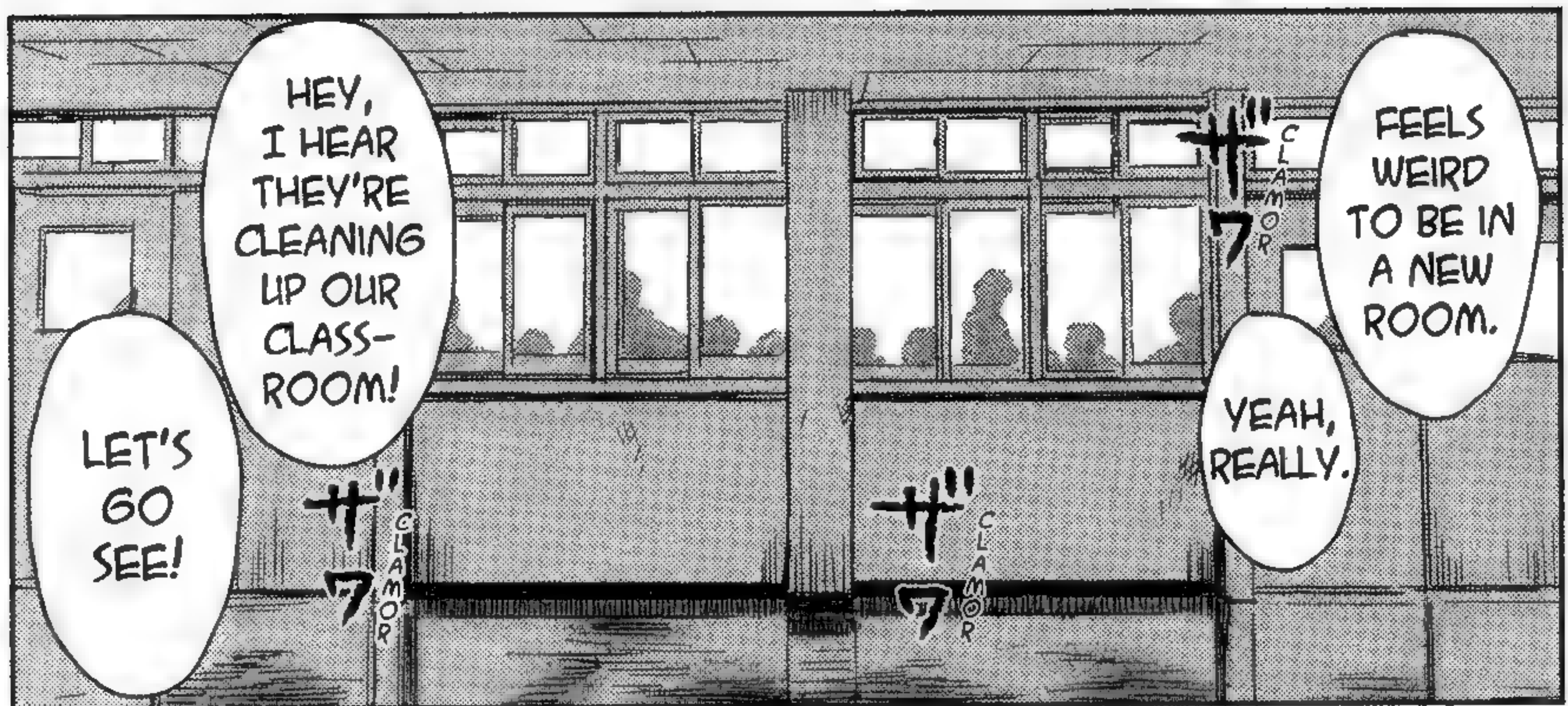


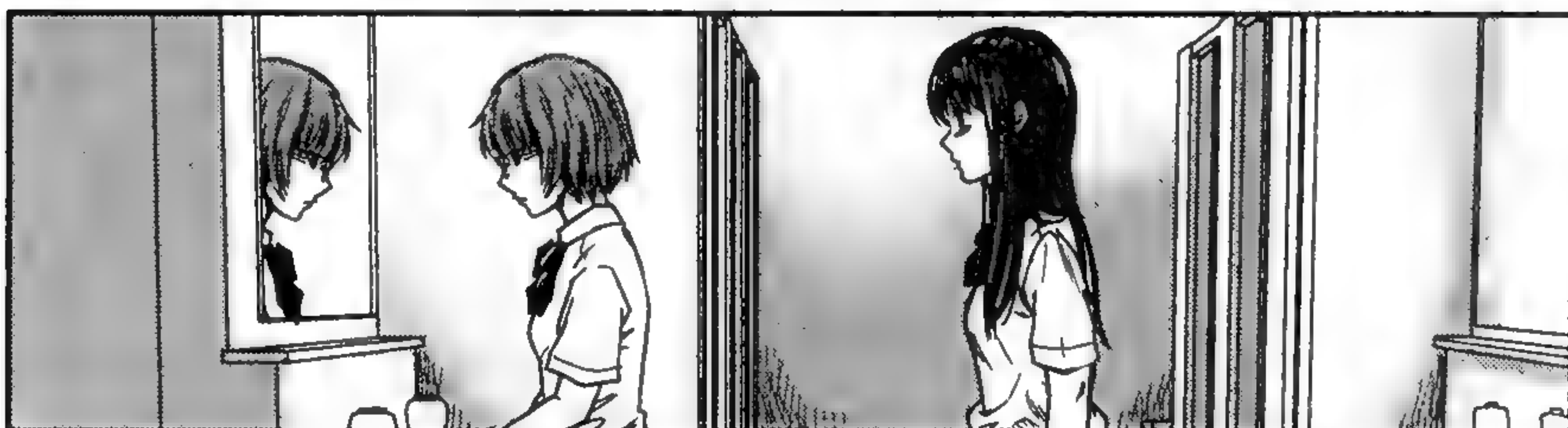


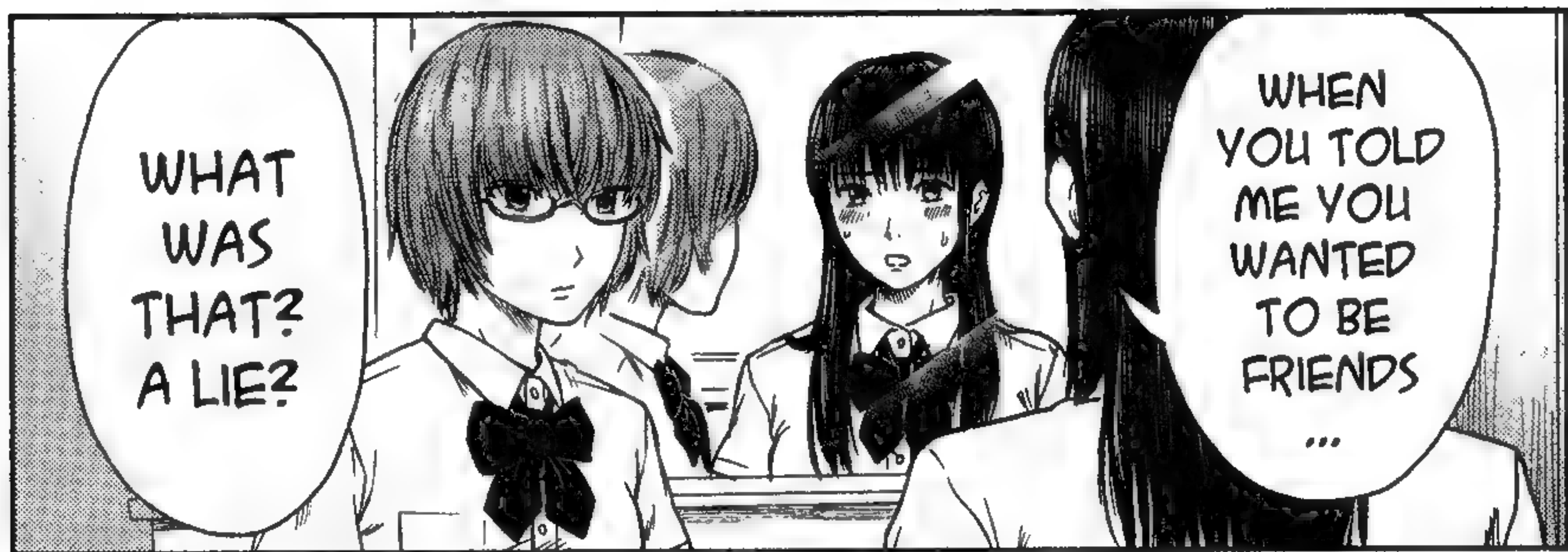


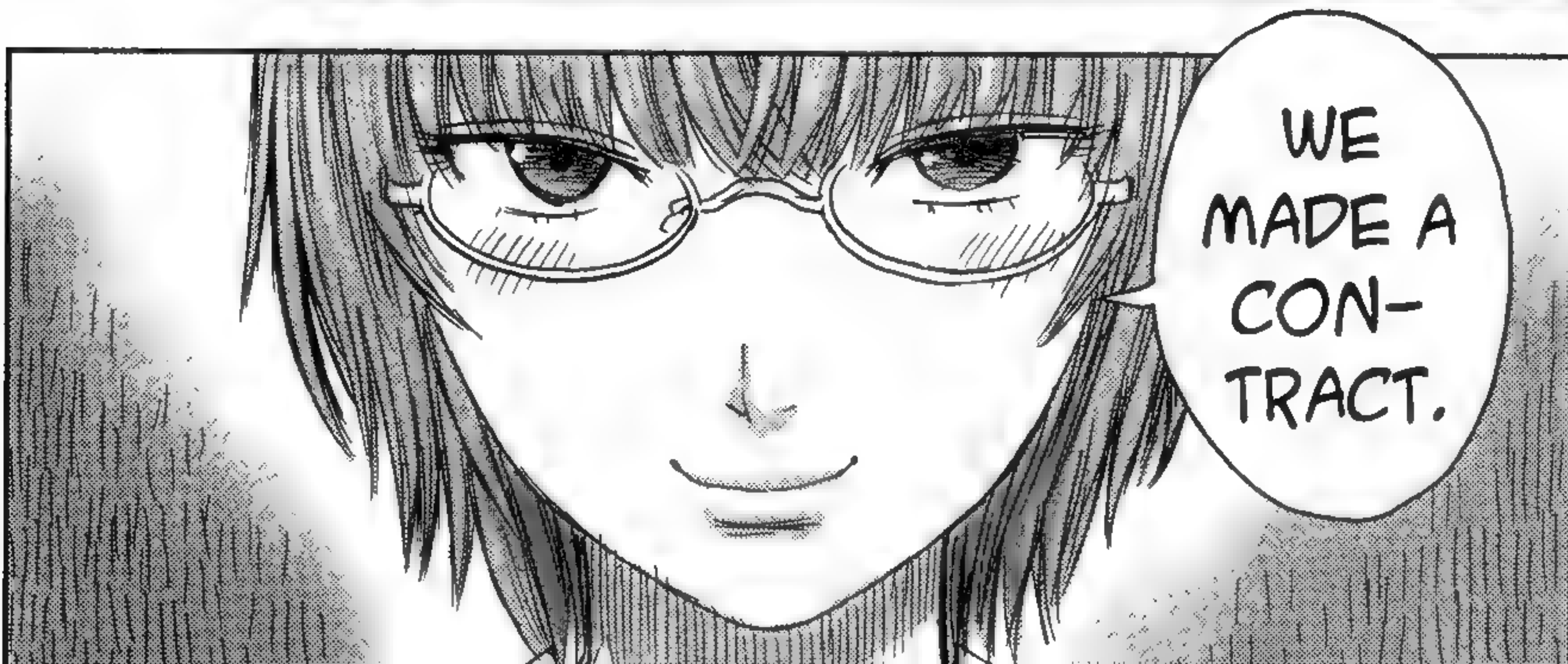
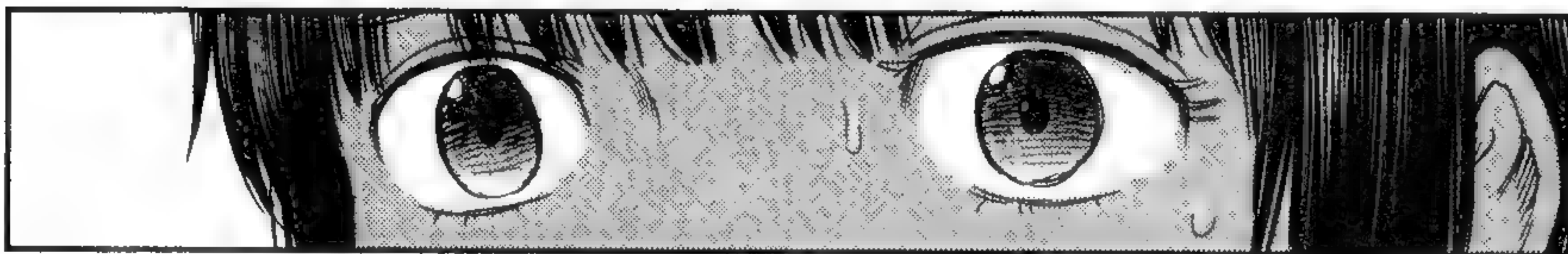








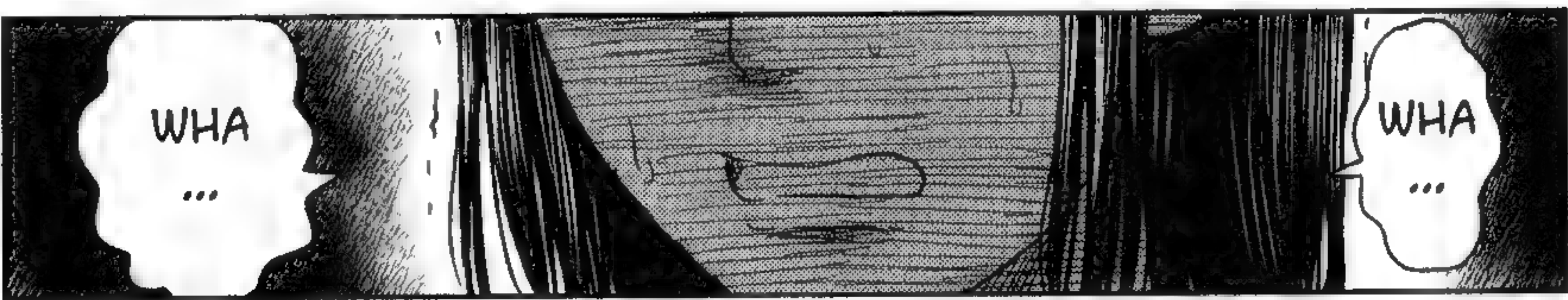






WHAT'S
INSIDE HIM
GETS PEELED
OUT BY ME
IN OUR
CONTRACT!

KASUGA'S
A FILTHY
FUCKING
PERVERT.



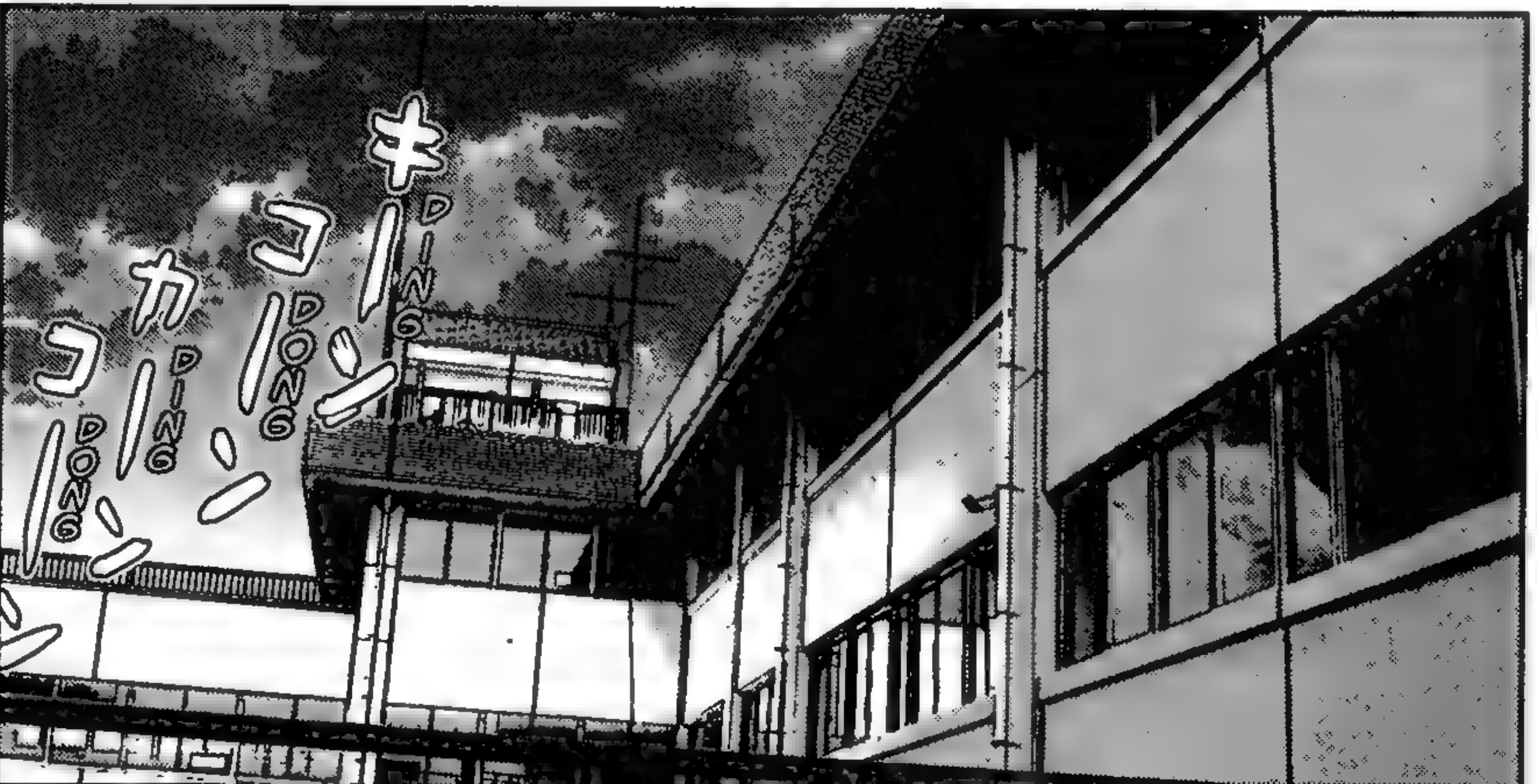
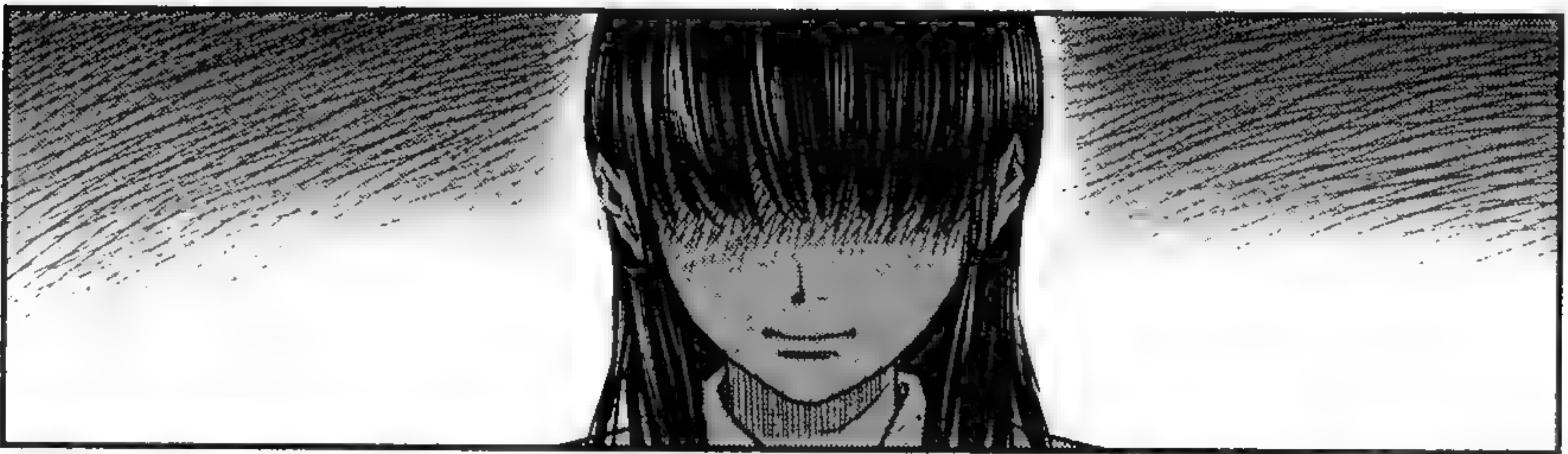
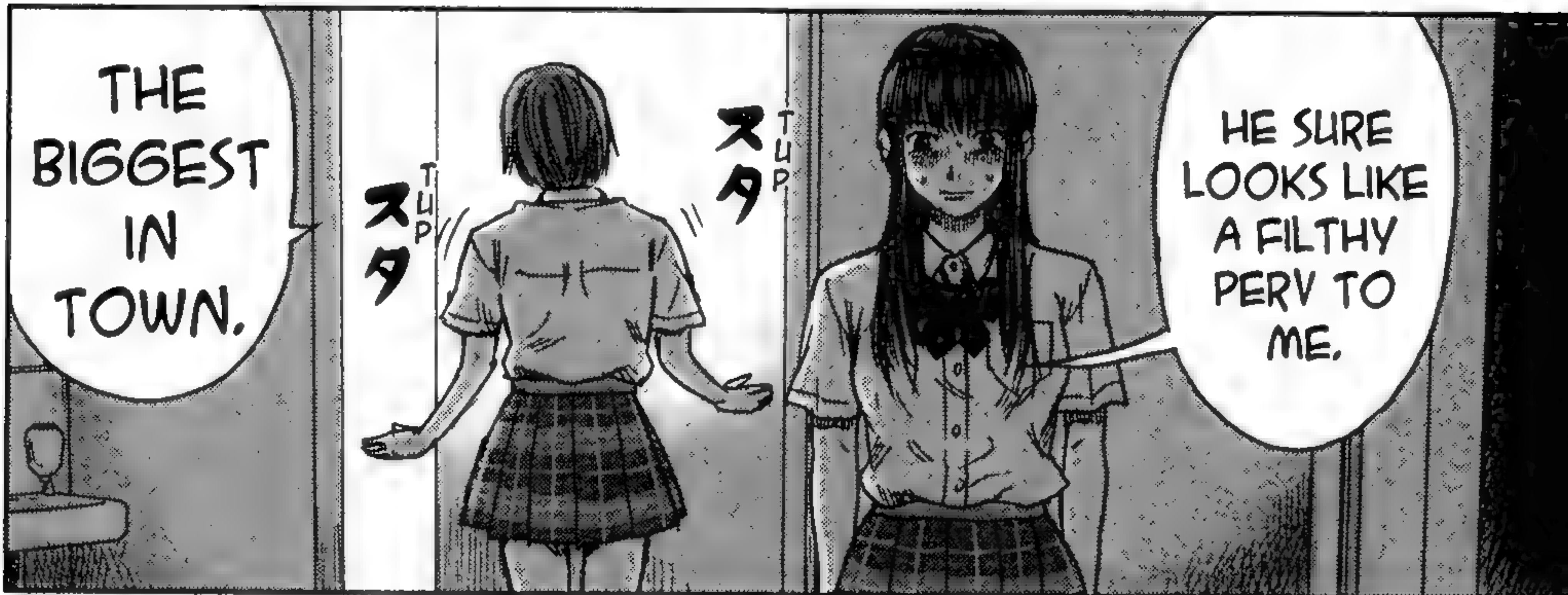
WHA
...

WHA
...

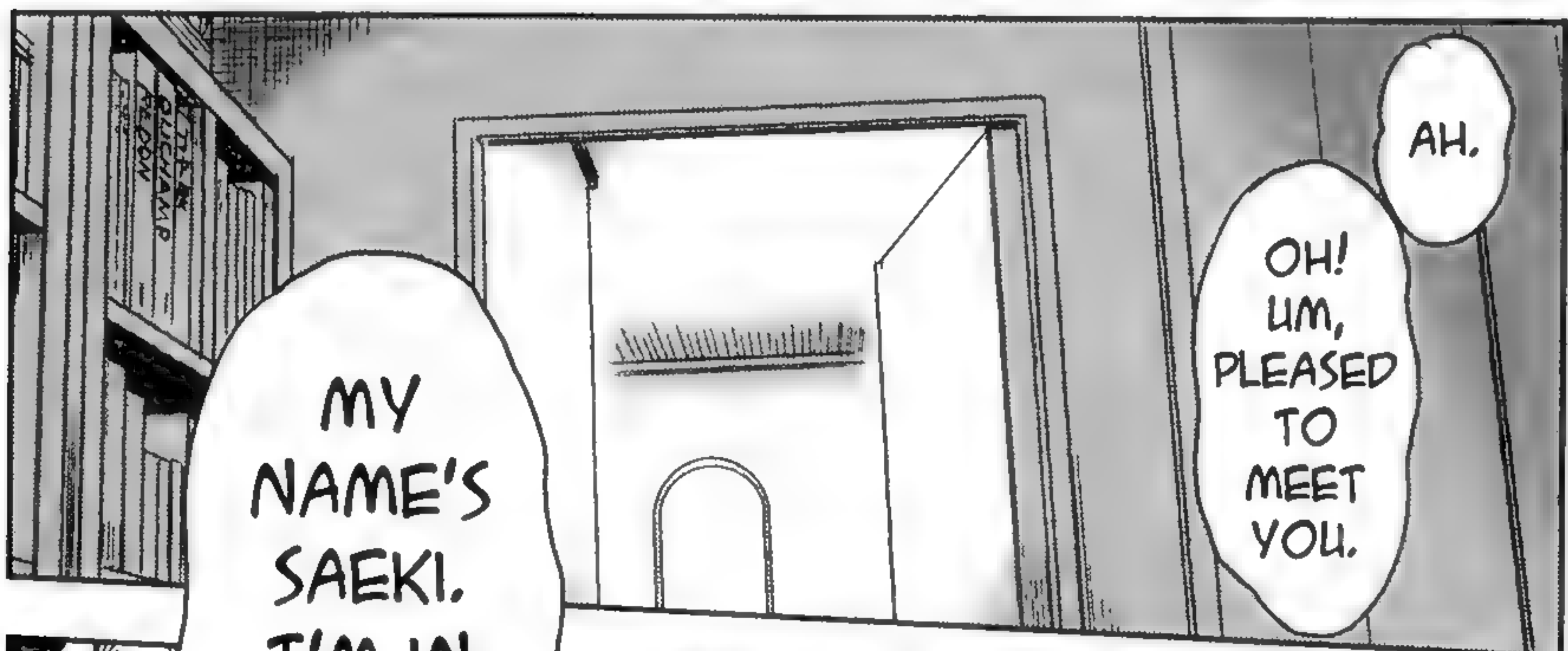


is
nothing
like a
pervert
!

Kasu-
ga







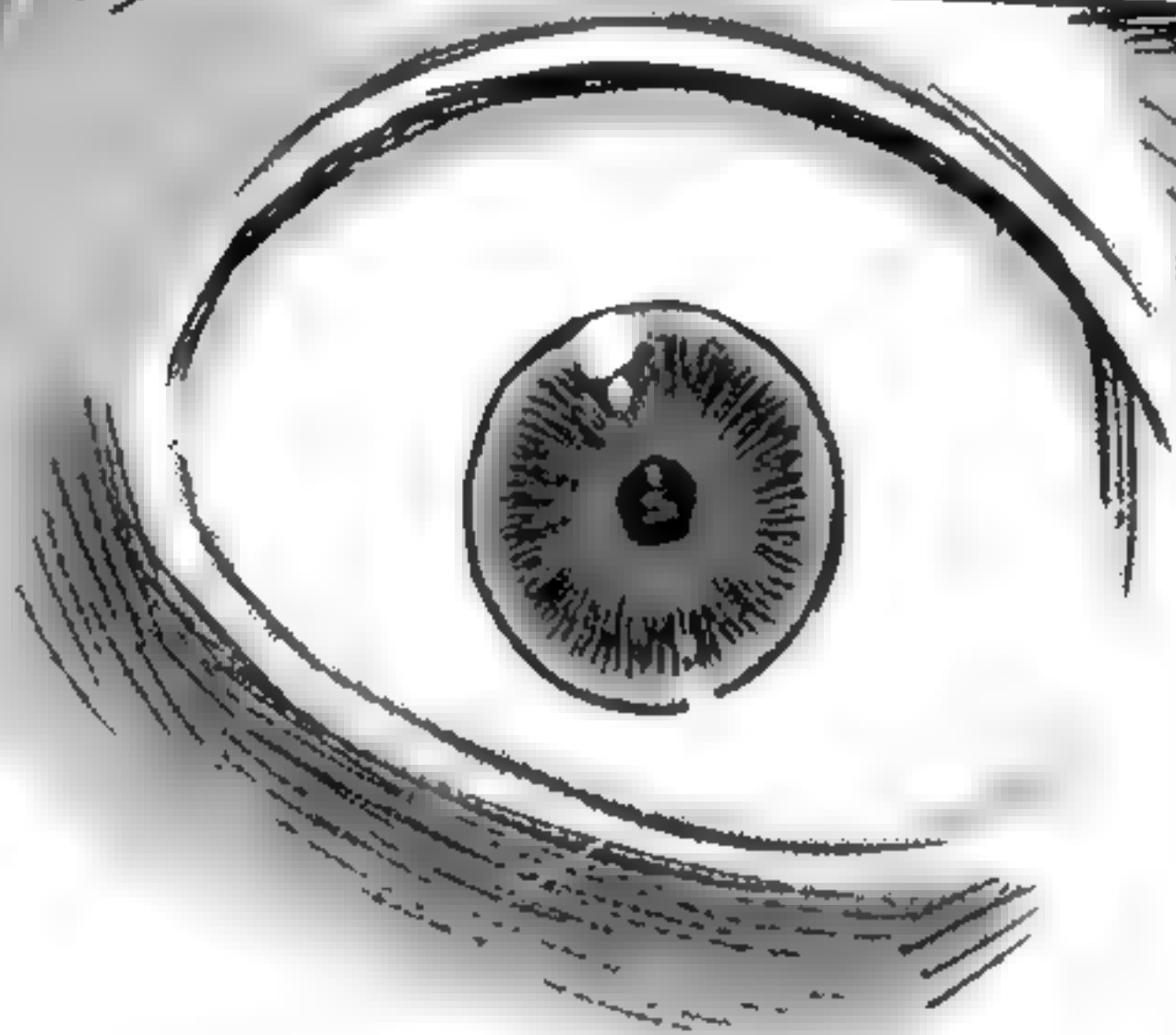
MY
NAME'S
SAEKI.
I'M IN
TAKAO'S
CLASS

OH!
UM,
PLEASED
TO
MEET
YOU.

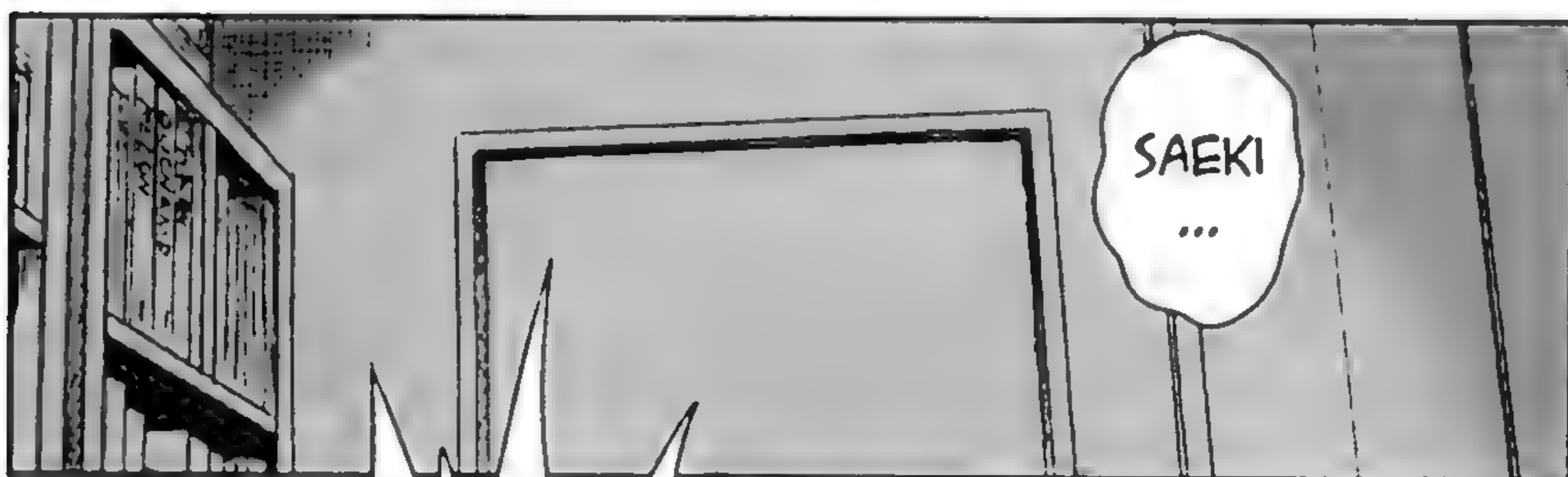
AH.

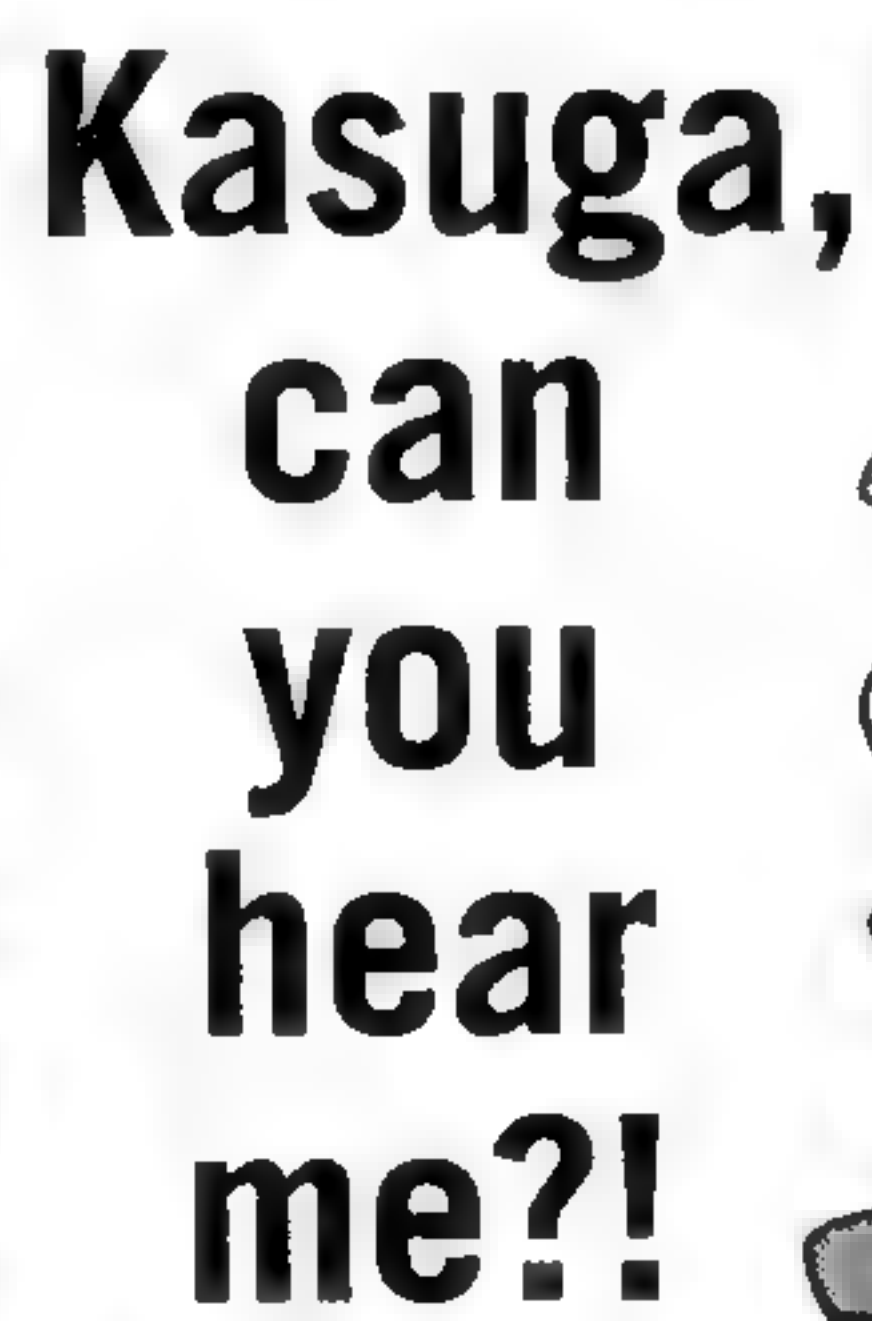
GOOD-
NESS,
HELLO
THERE.

...











**What
you're
feeling
...
I don't
under-
stand
!!**

**Why you
did such
a thing,
Kasuga
...**



**I'm
sorry...
I'm
sorry,
okay?**



**I...
I...**



I'm...
kinda
happy!

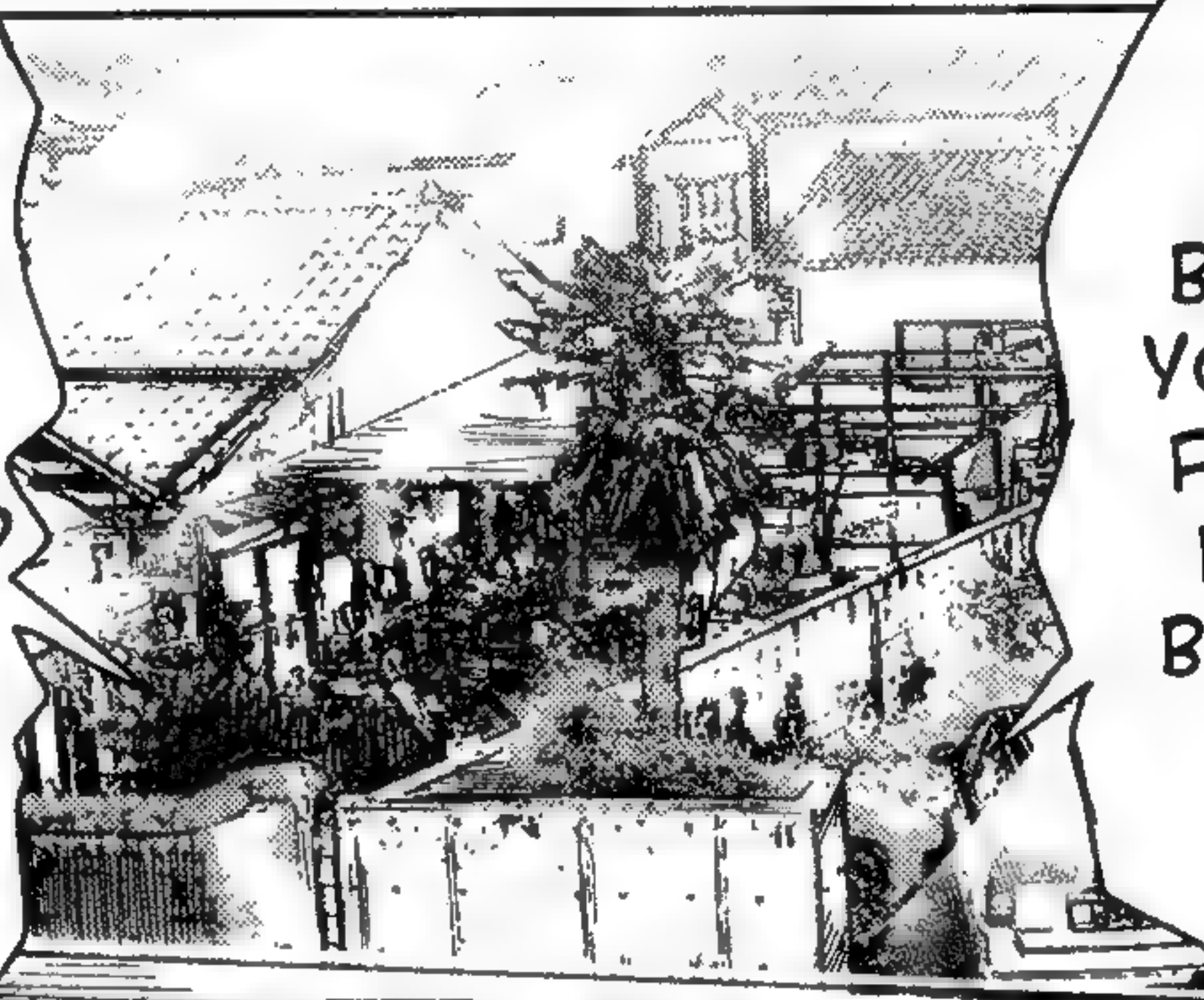
About
my
gym
clothes
...



WHAT
MAKES ME
SAD IS THAT
YOU HID
WHAT YOU'D
DONE
FROM
ME!

DID IT
BECAUSE
YOU CARE
FOR ME,
RIGHT?
BOYS ARE
LIKE
THAT
...

KASHI-
GA,
Y-Y-
YOU





**Share
what's
going on
in your
head
with
me!**

**So
tell
me!
Me**

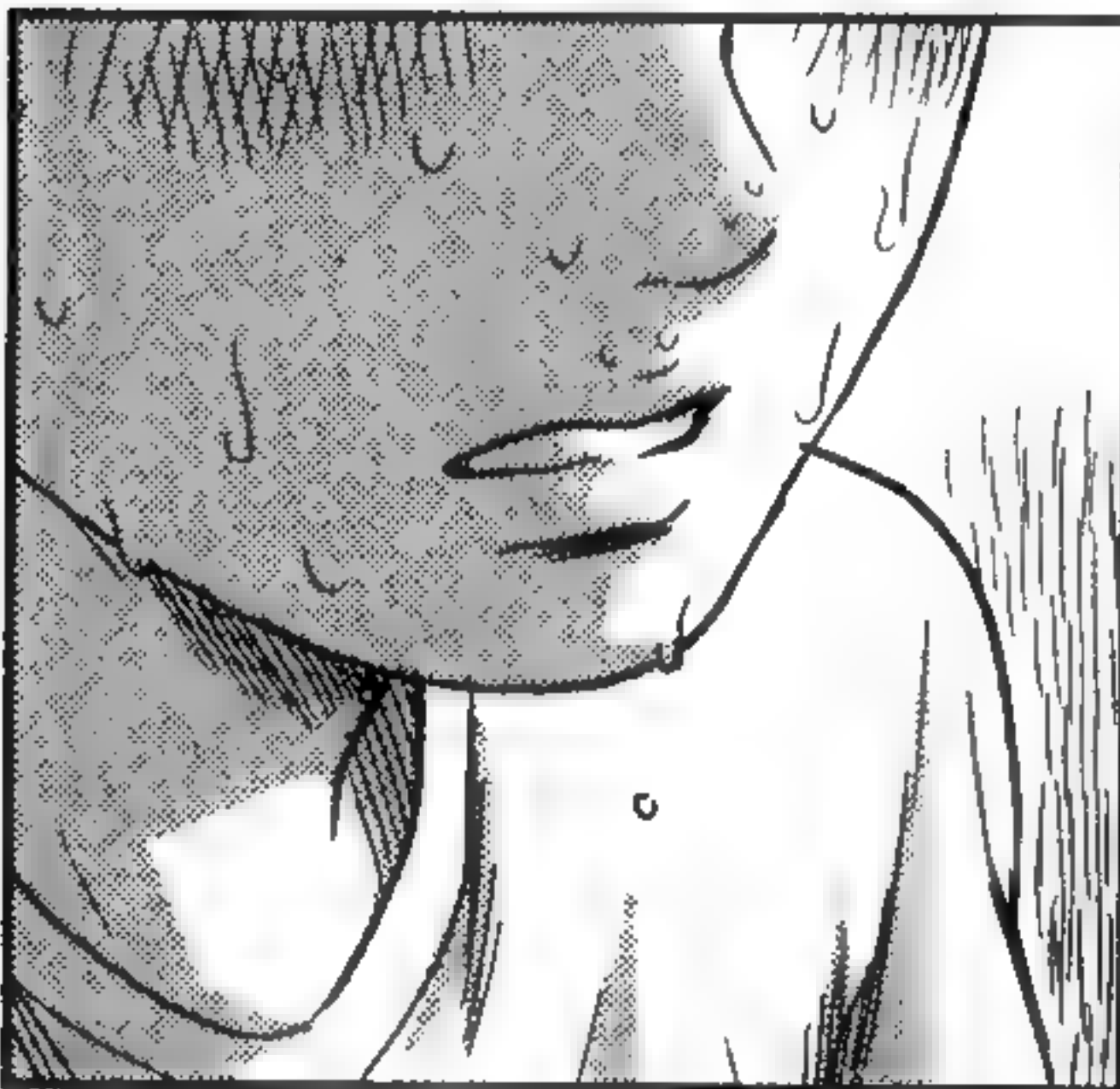
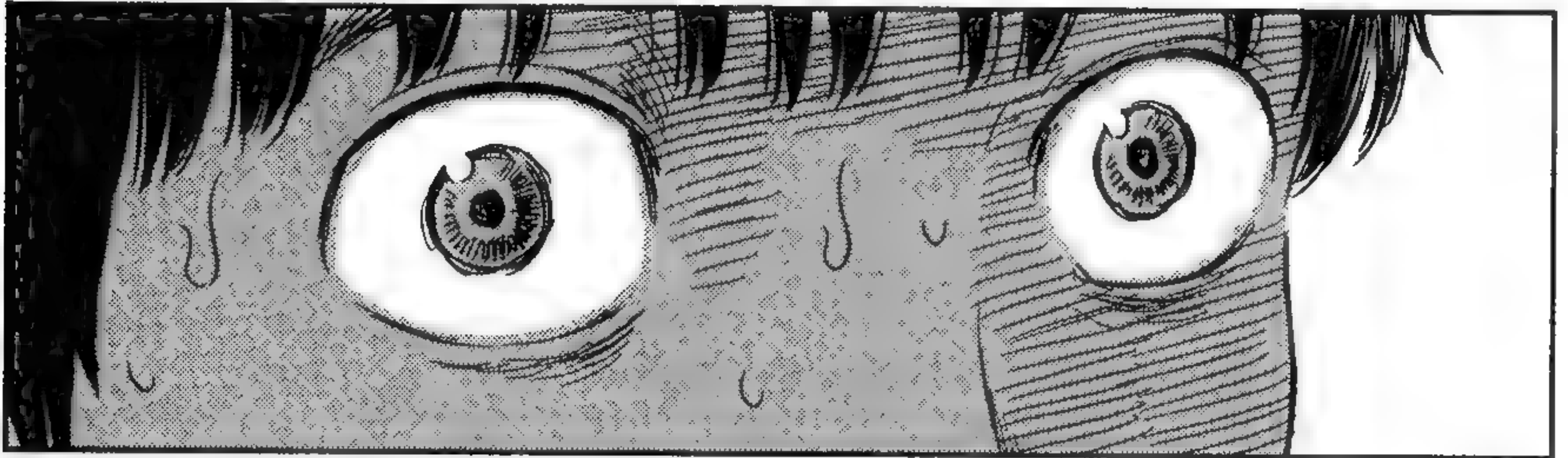
**...
and
not
Naka-
mura
!**



**BECAUSE
I'LL BE
WAITING.
I'LL BE
WAITING!**

**COME...
COME TO
SCHOOL
TOMOR-
ROW,
OKAY?**



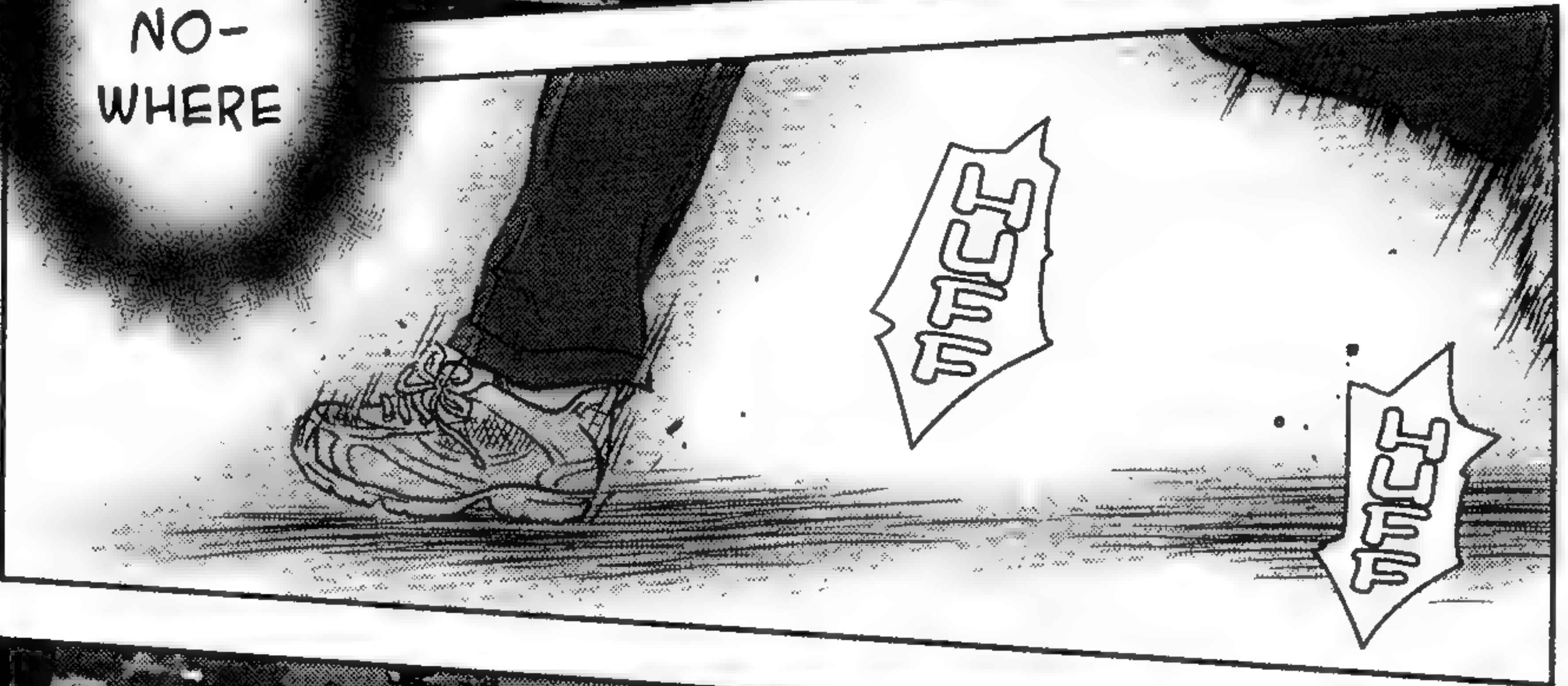






NO-
WHERE

IT'S
NO-
WHERE



THERE IS
NO PLACE
FOR ME





NOT
IN THIS
TOWN

NO-
WHERE
AT
ALL







KASU-
GA.

YOU'RE
LATE

Afterword 2

Apart from *Don't Deliver Us from Evil*, another work that influenced the creation of this manga is naturally Tetsu Adachi's *Song of Cherry Blossoms*.

No other manga's protagonist's interiority made me think "just like me" to the same extent. It's a must-read you need to check out before you're out of your teens. Depicting murky self-consciousness and the dark side of youth with astounding intensity, it's a masterpiece.

As for other manga, there's Masahiko Kikuni's *Moonlight Whispers* and Haruko Kashiwagi's *Dog*.

What they all have in common is that they're coming-of-age stories about discovering "a value system of one's own."

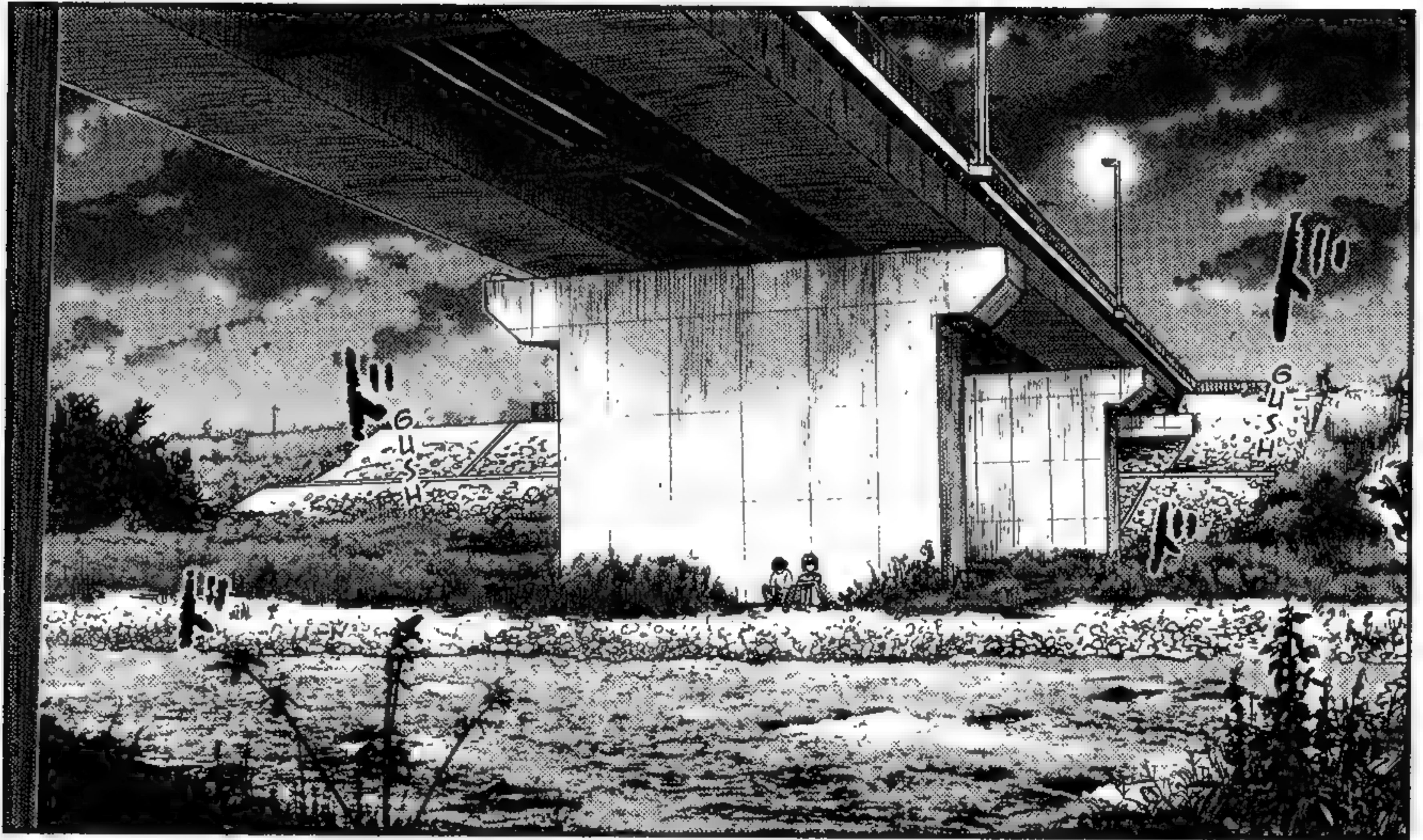
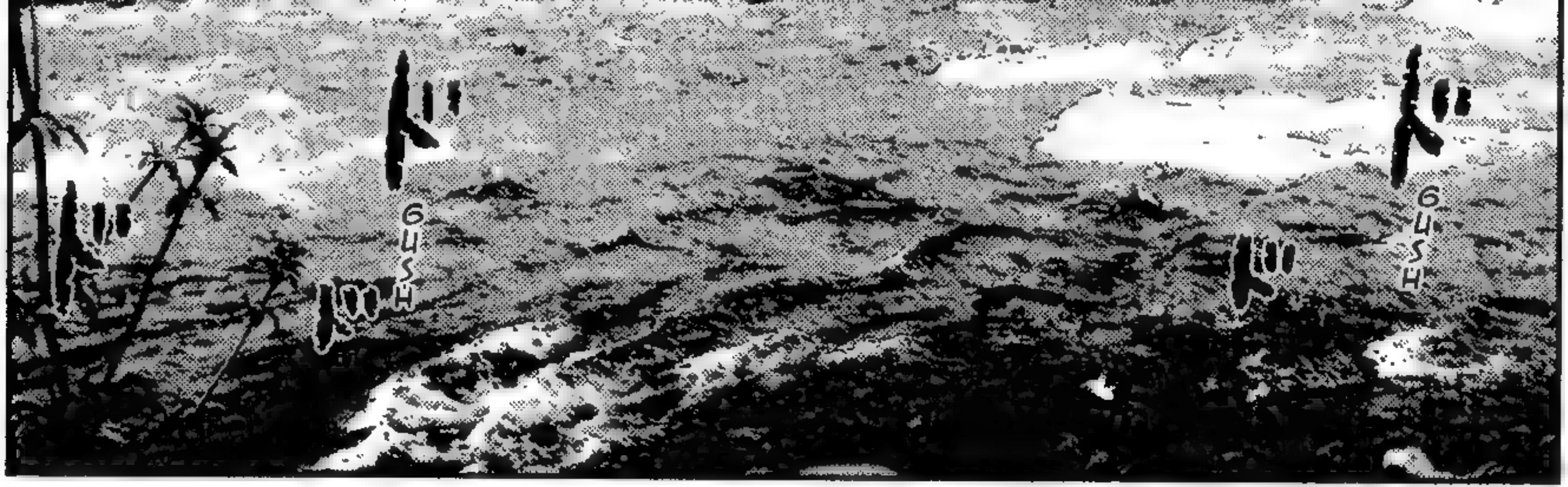
My hope for this manga is that I'll be able to do the same thing.

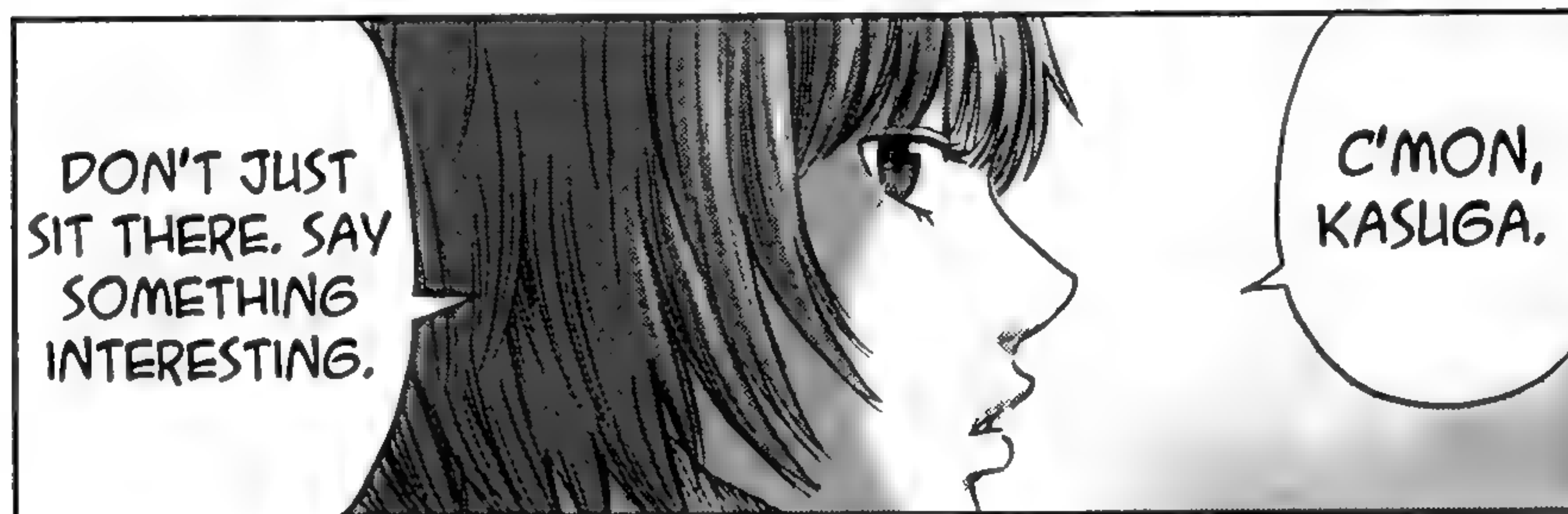
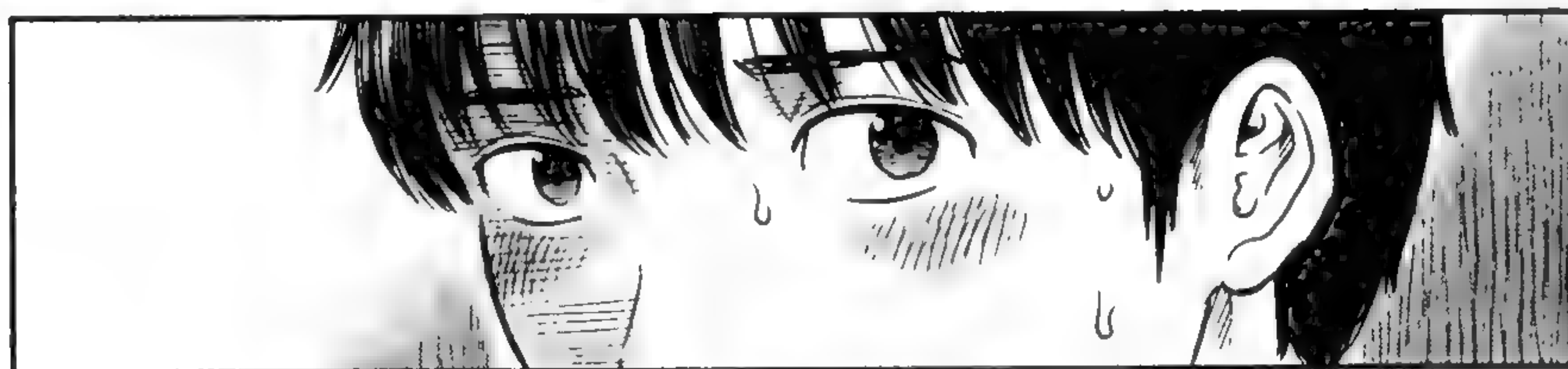
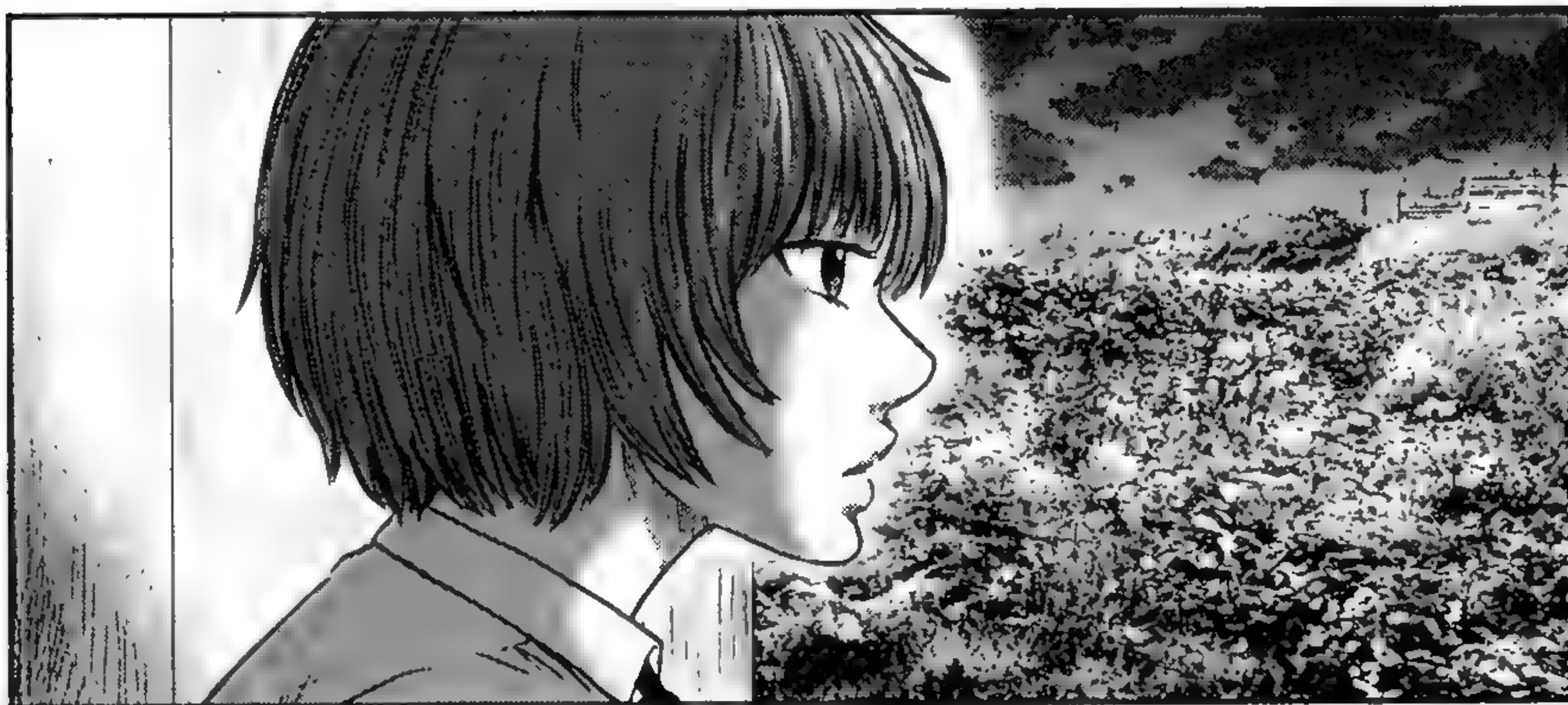
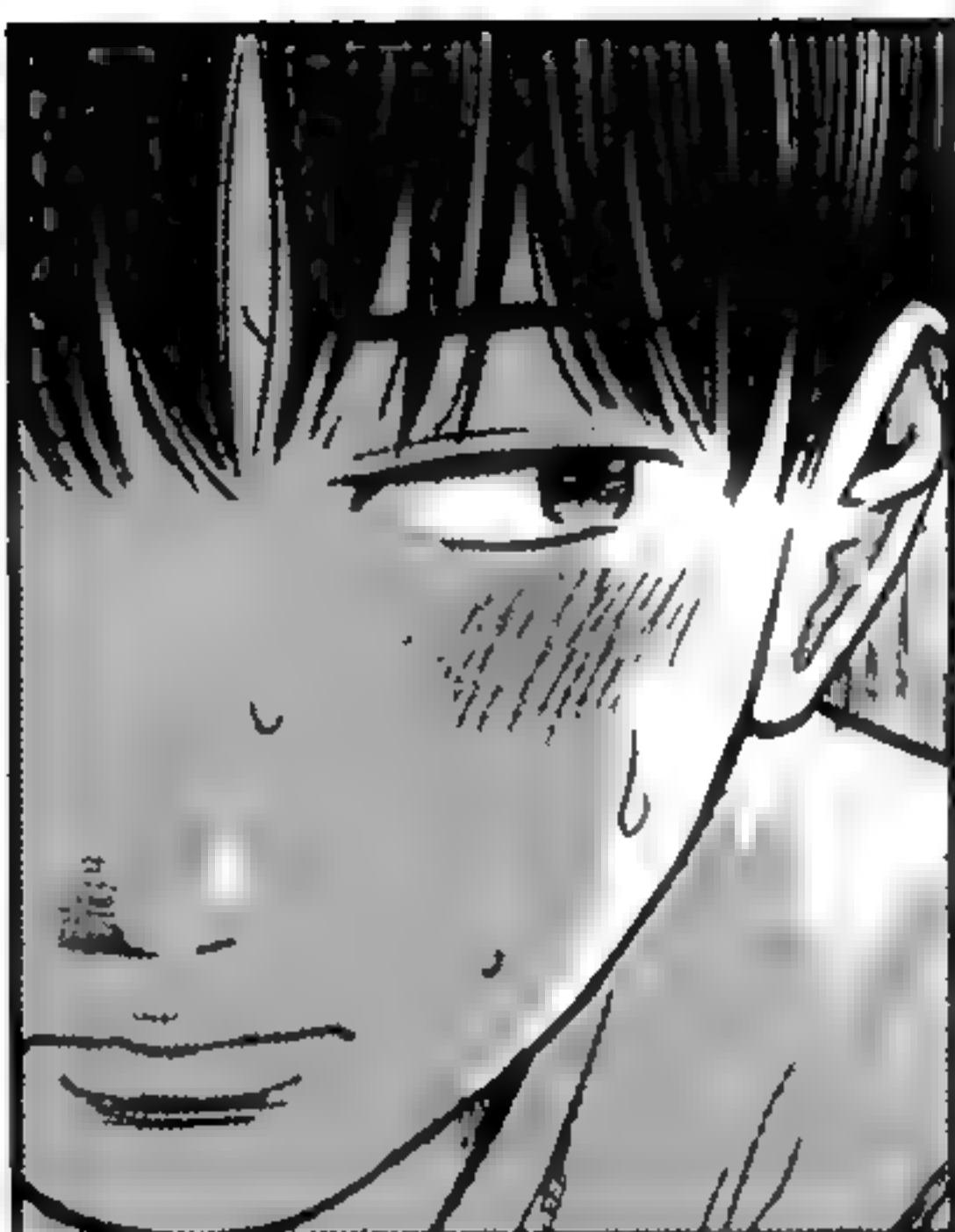
If you haven't read them, I encourage you to do so.





Chapter 15: Twilight



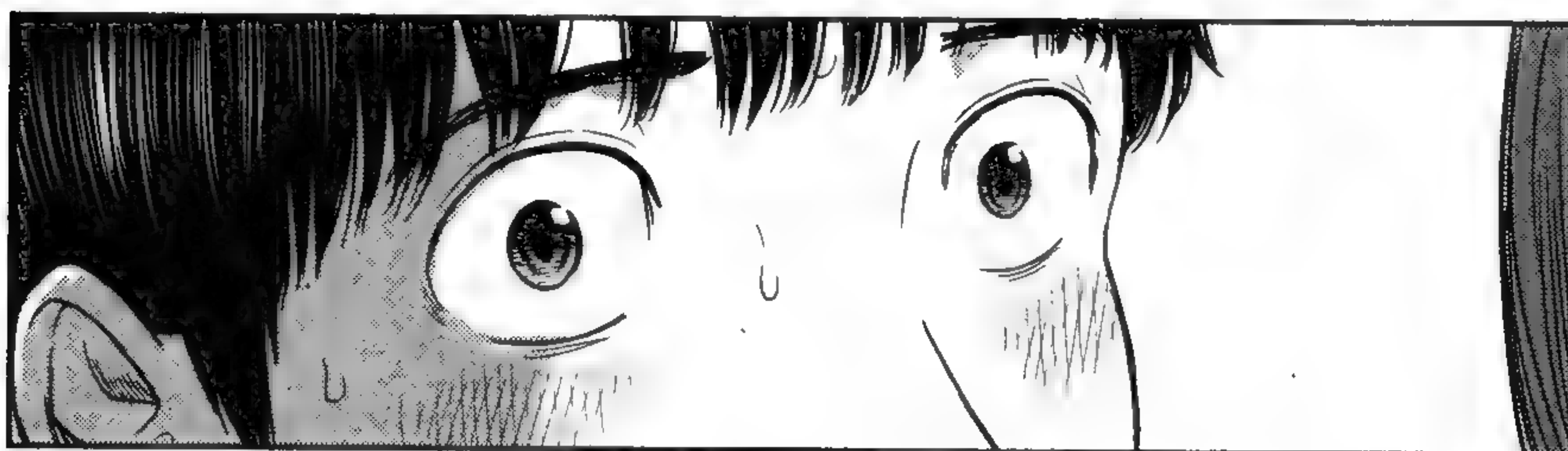




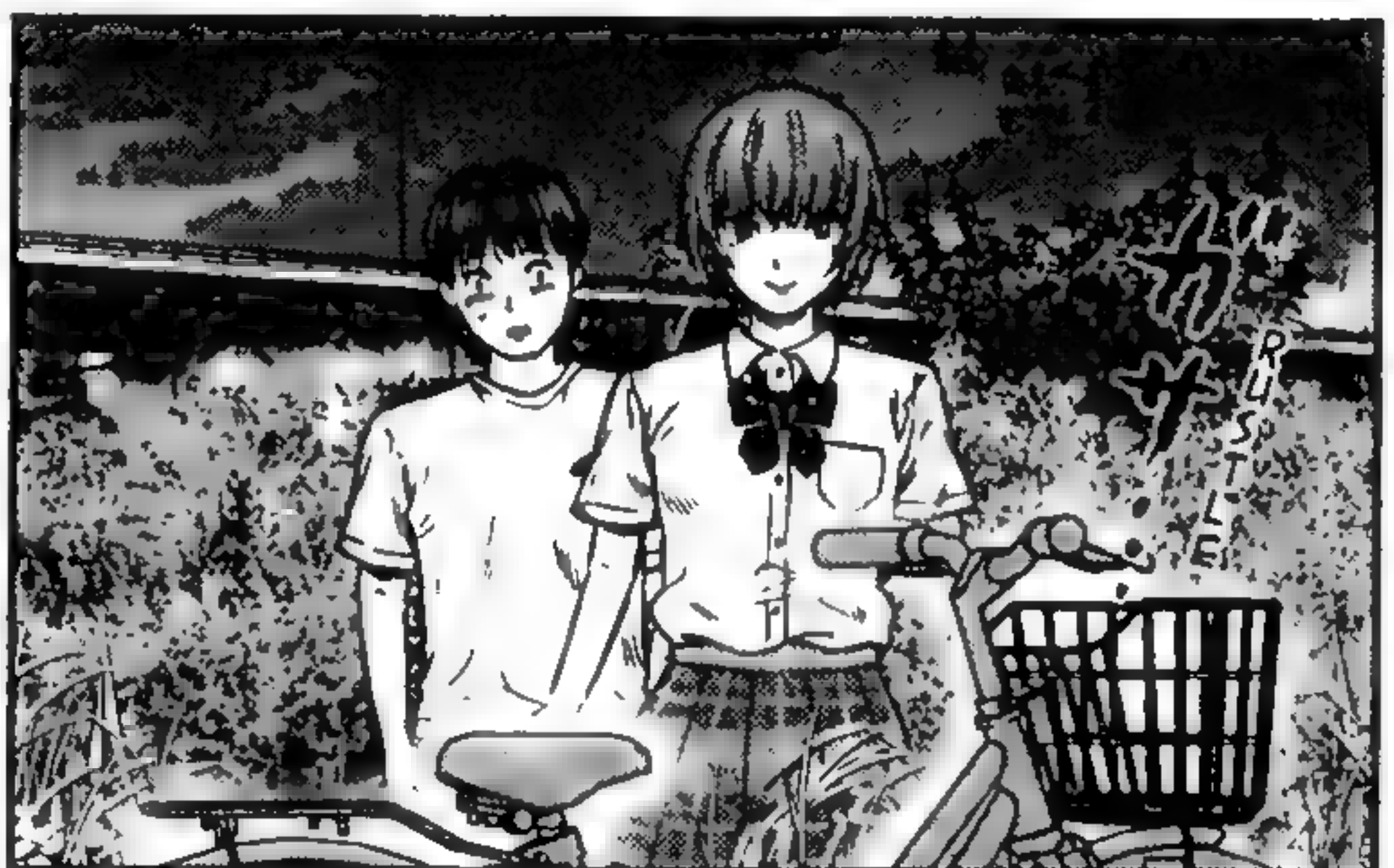


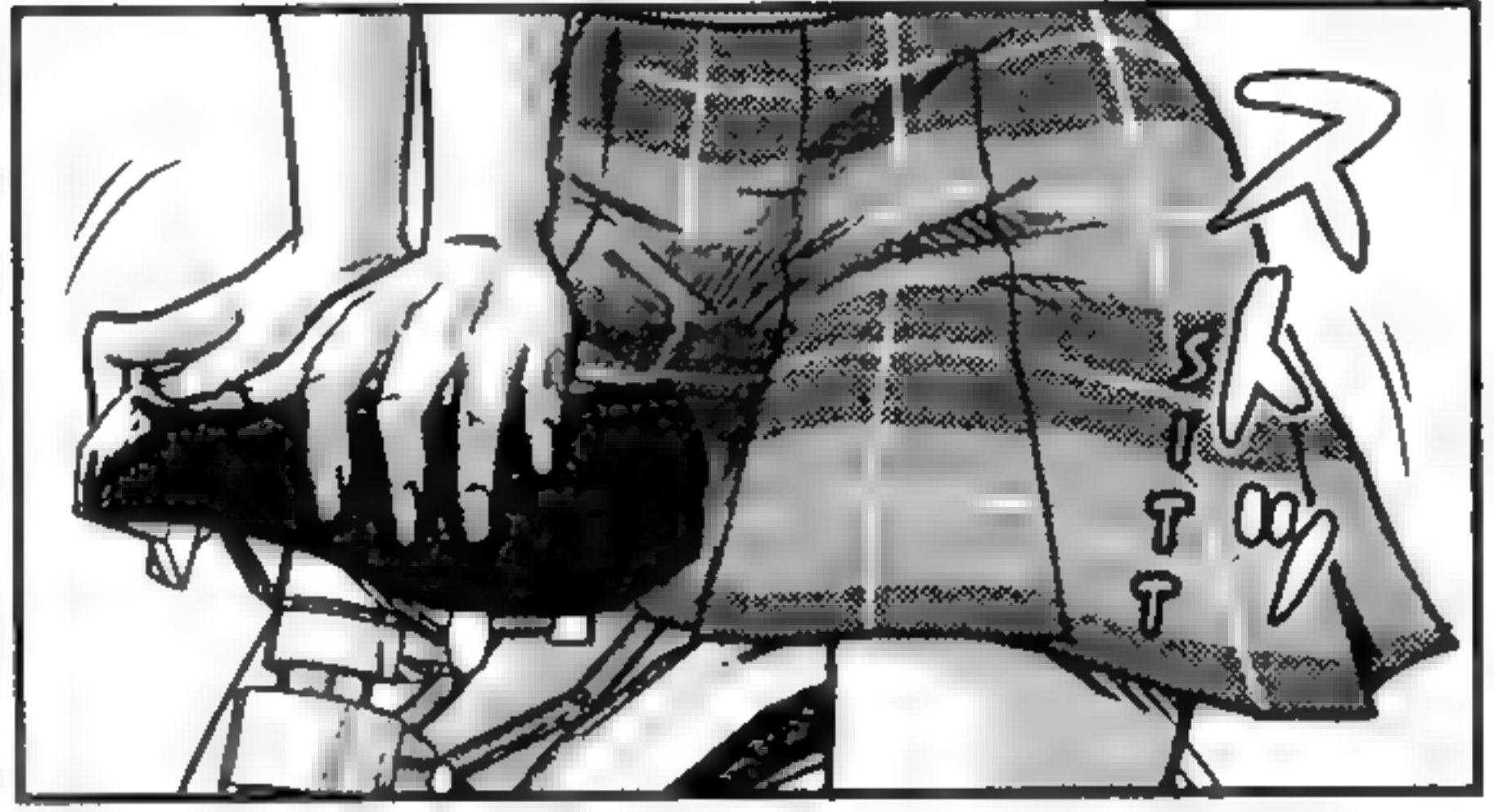


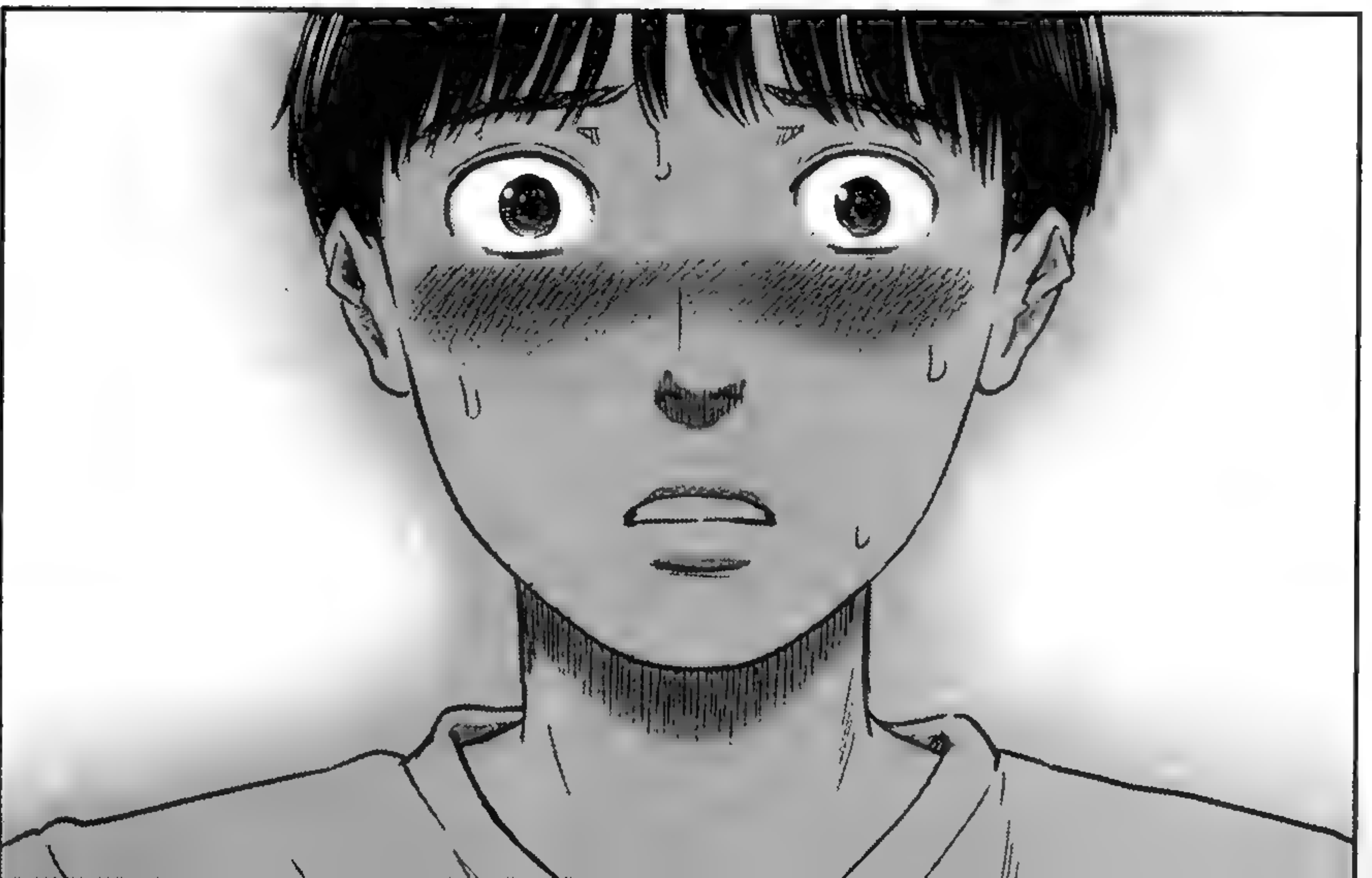
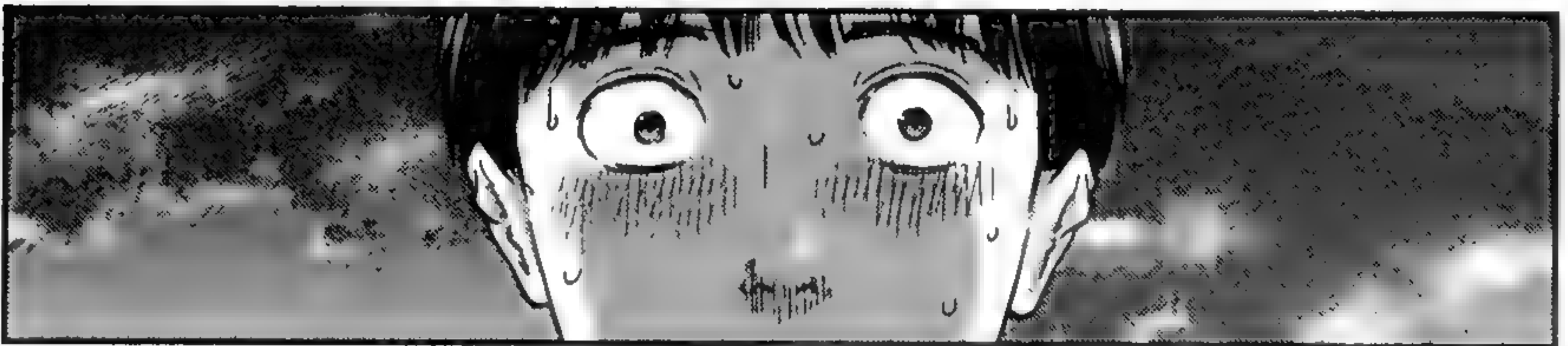
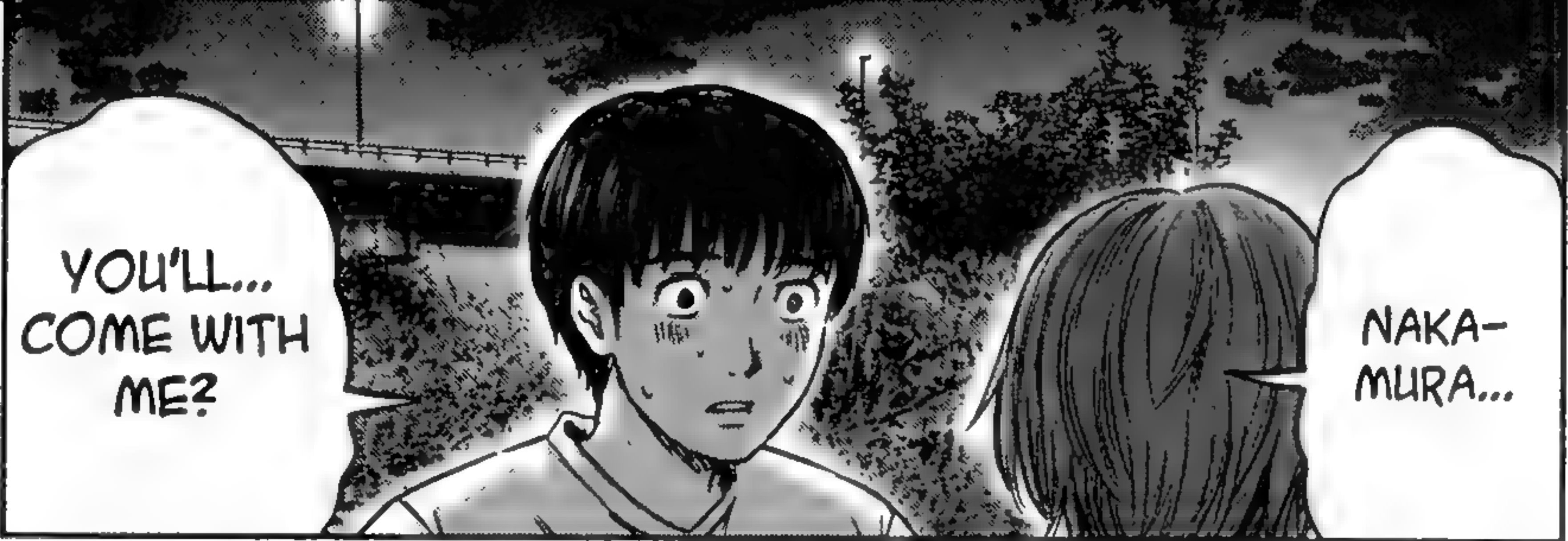


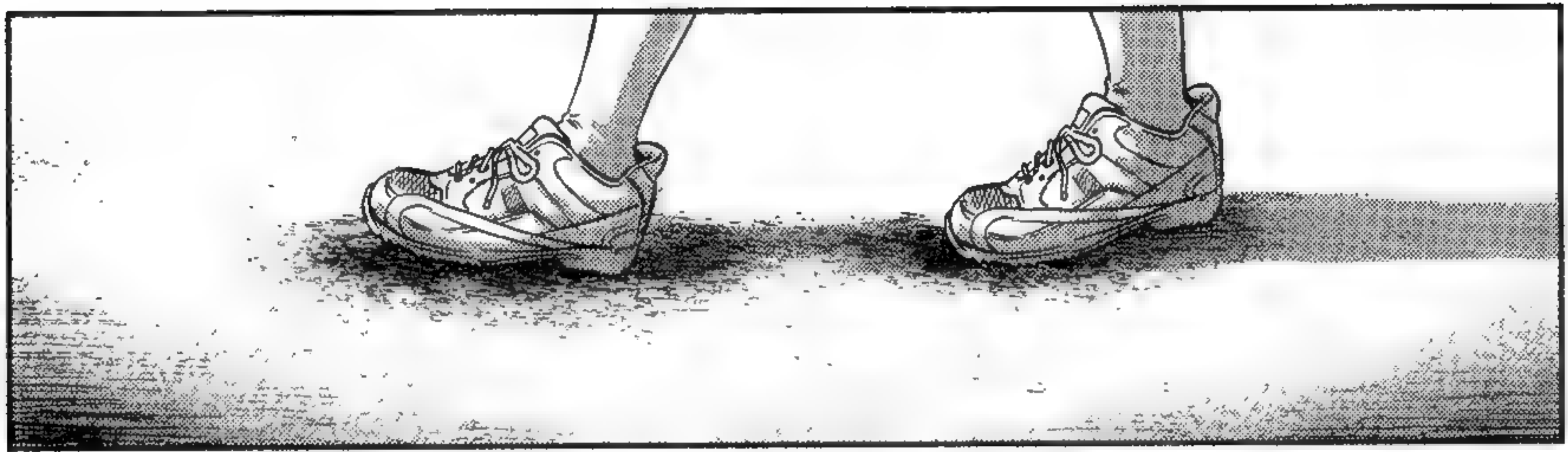








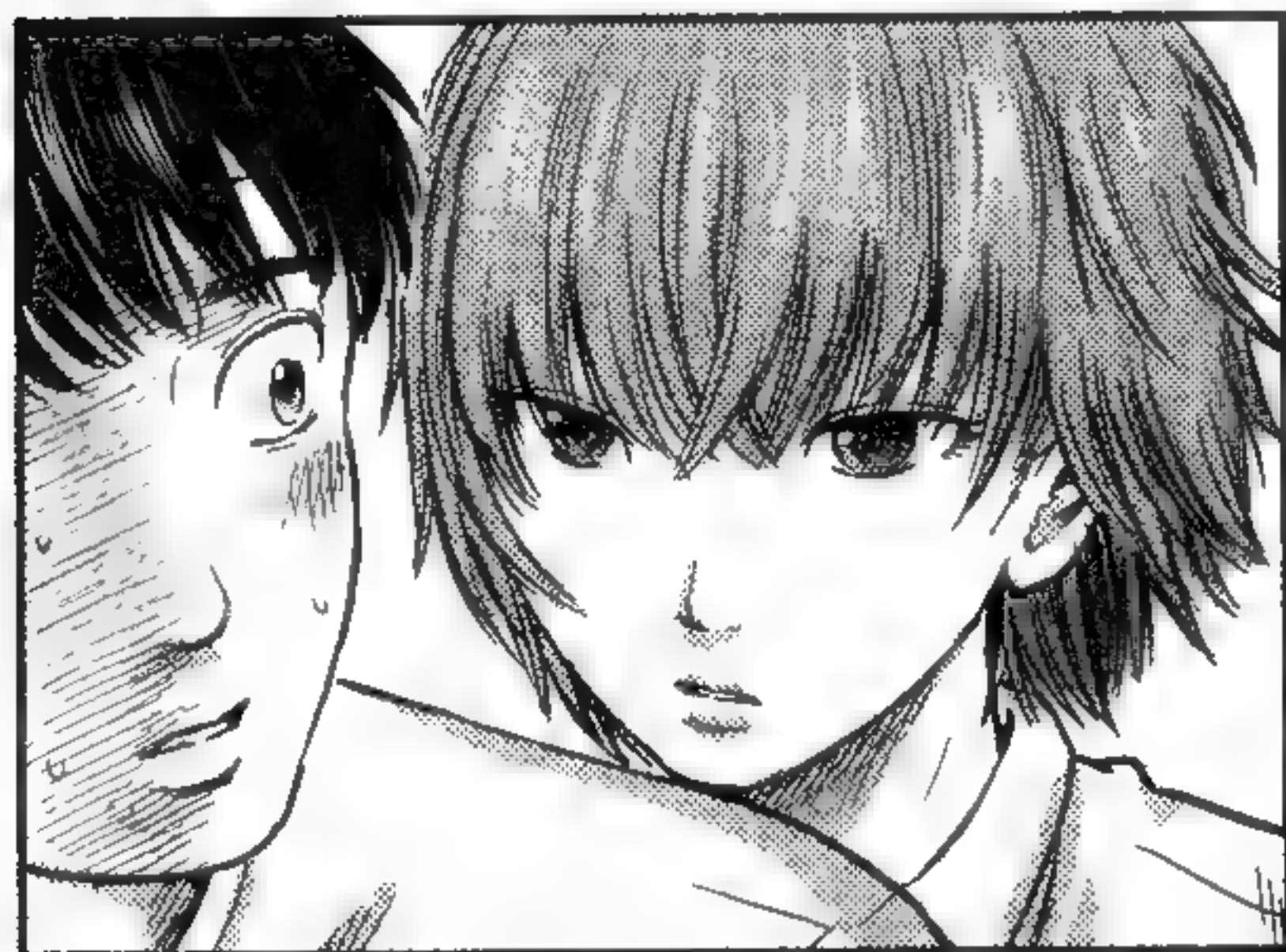


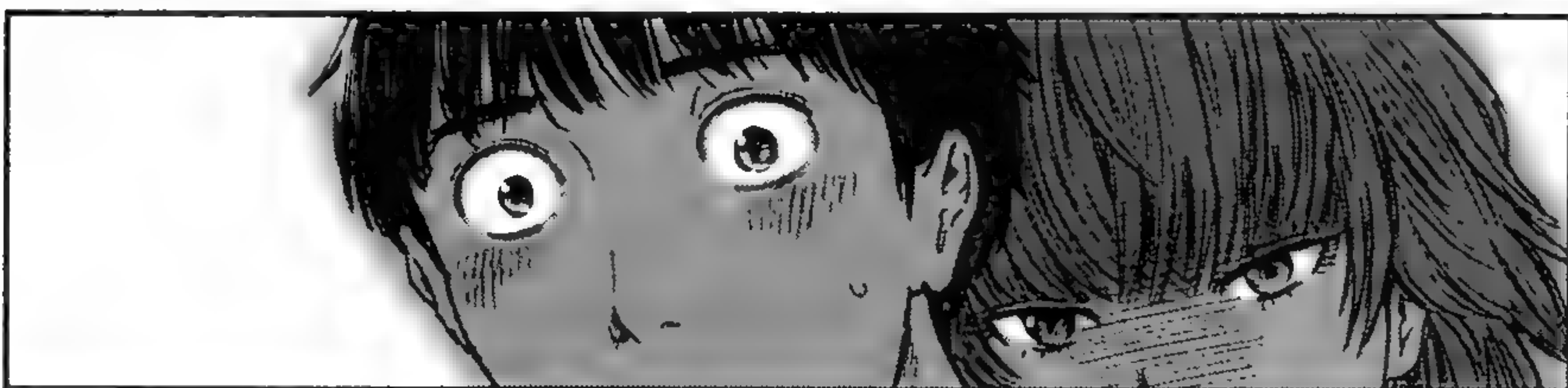




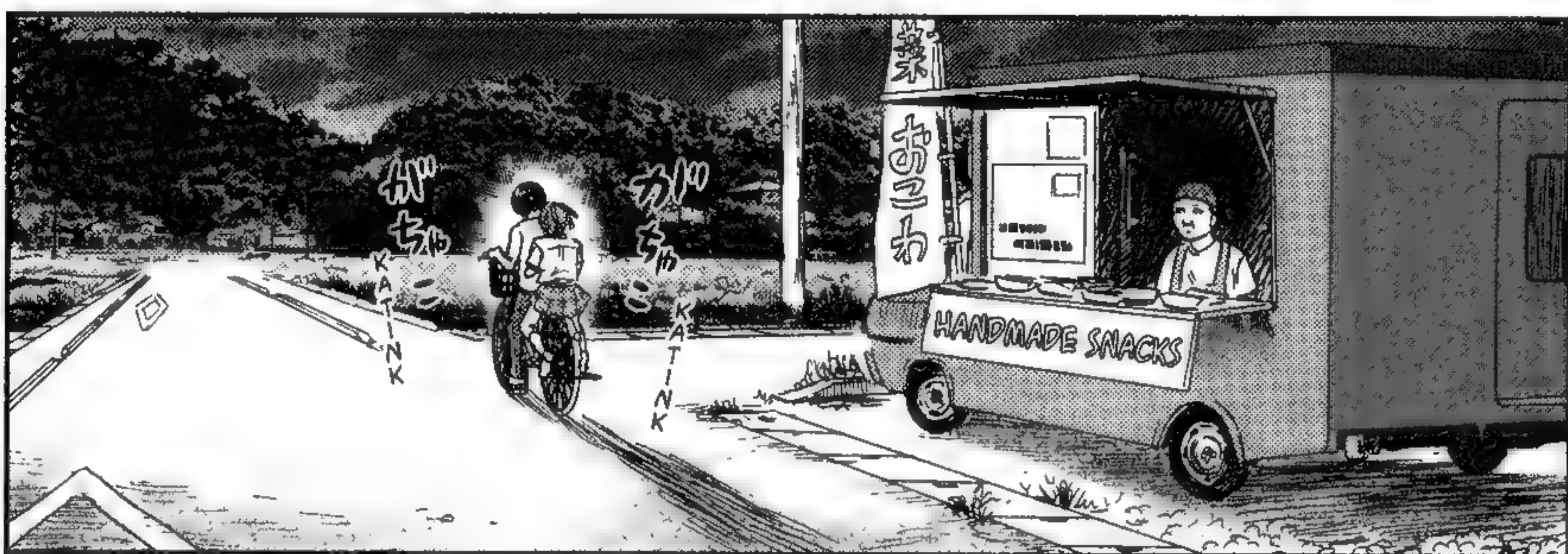


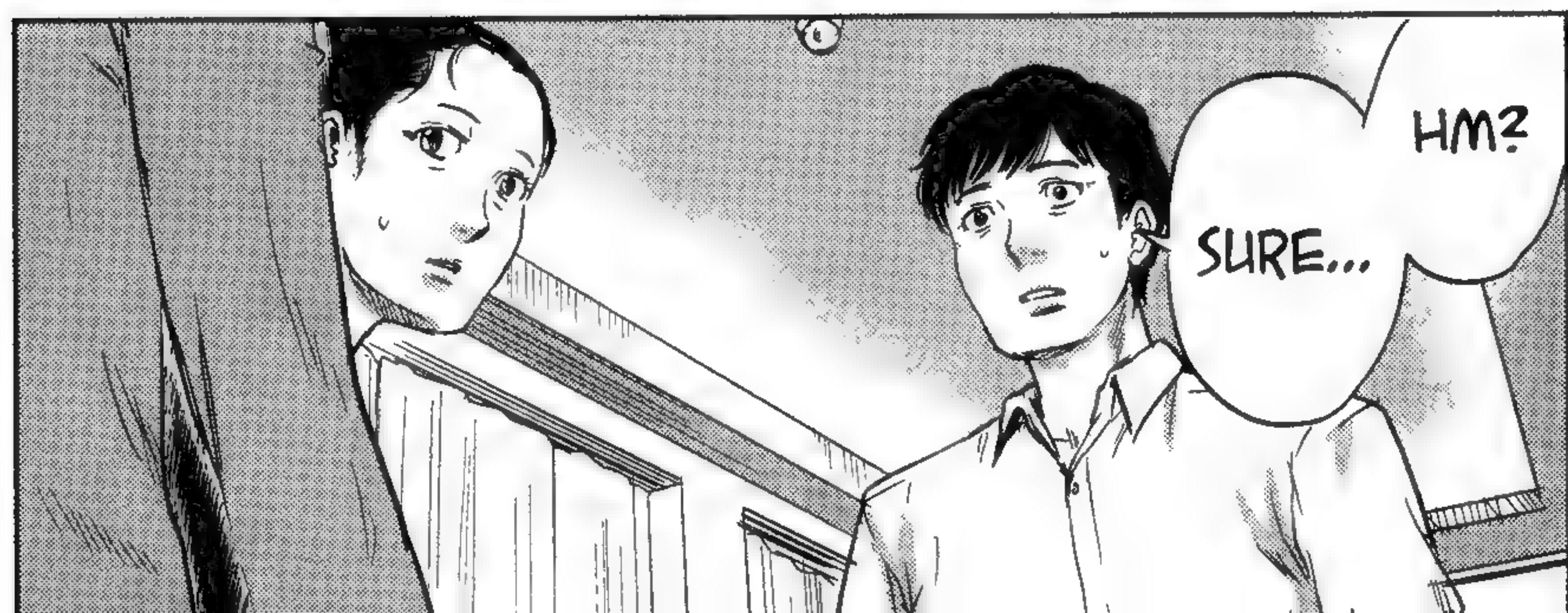
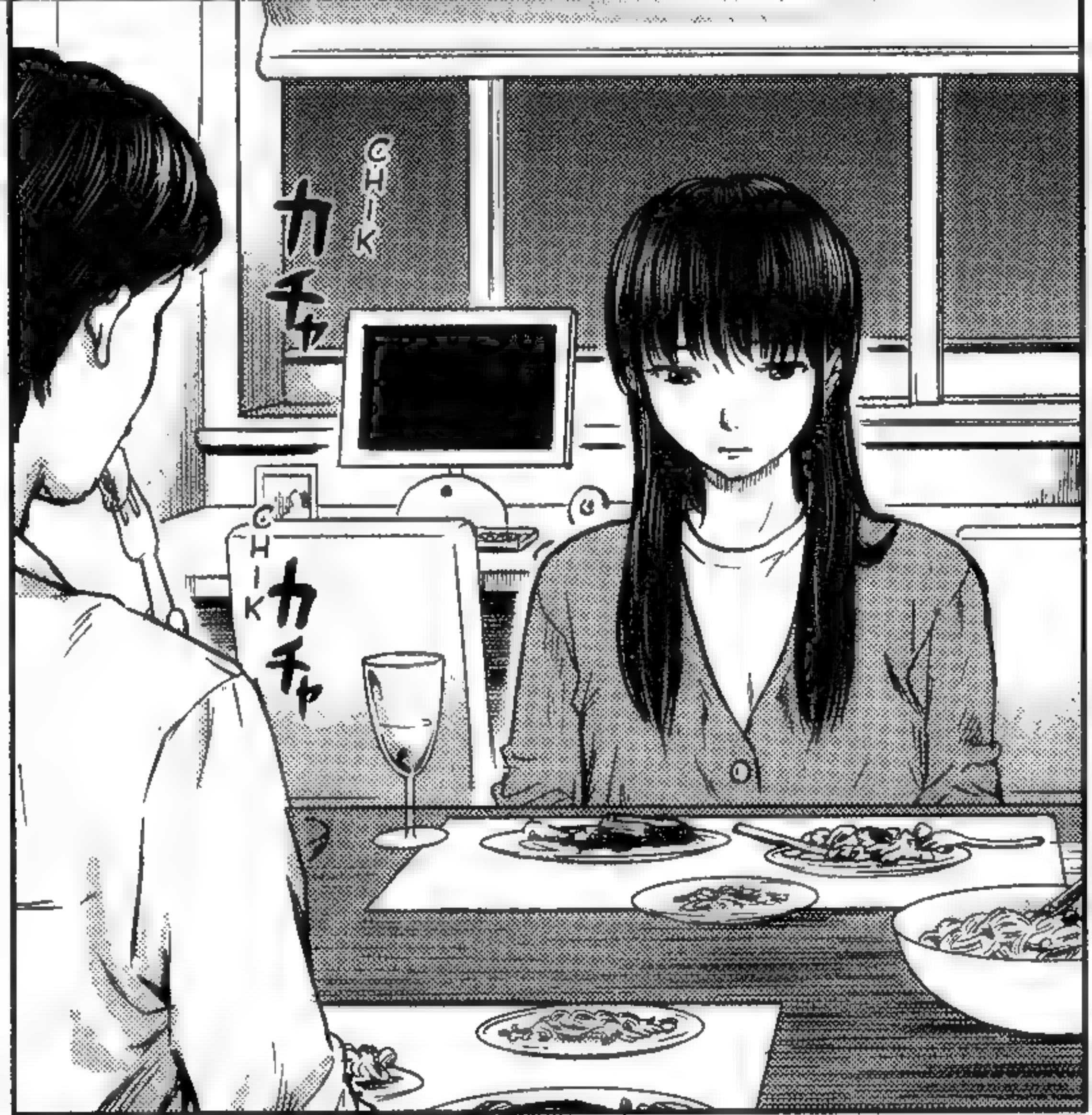


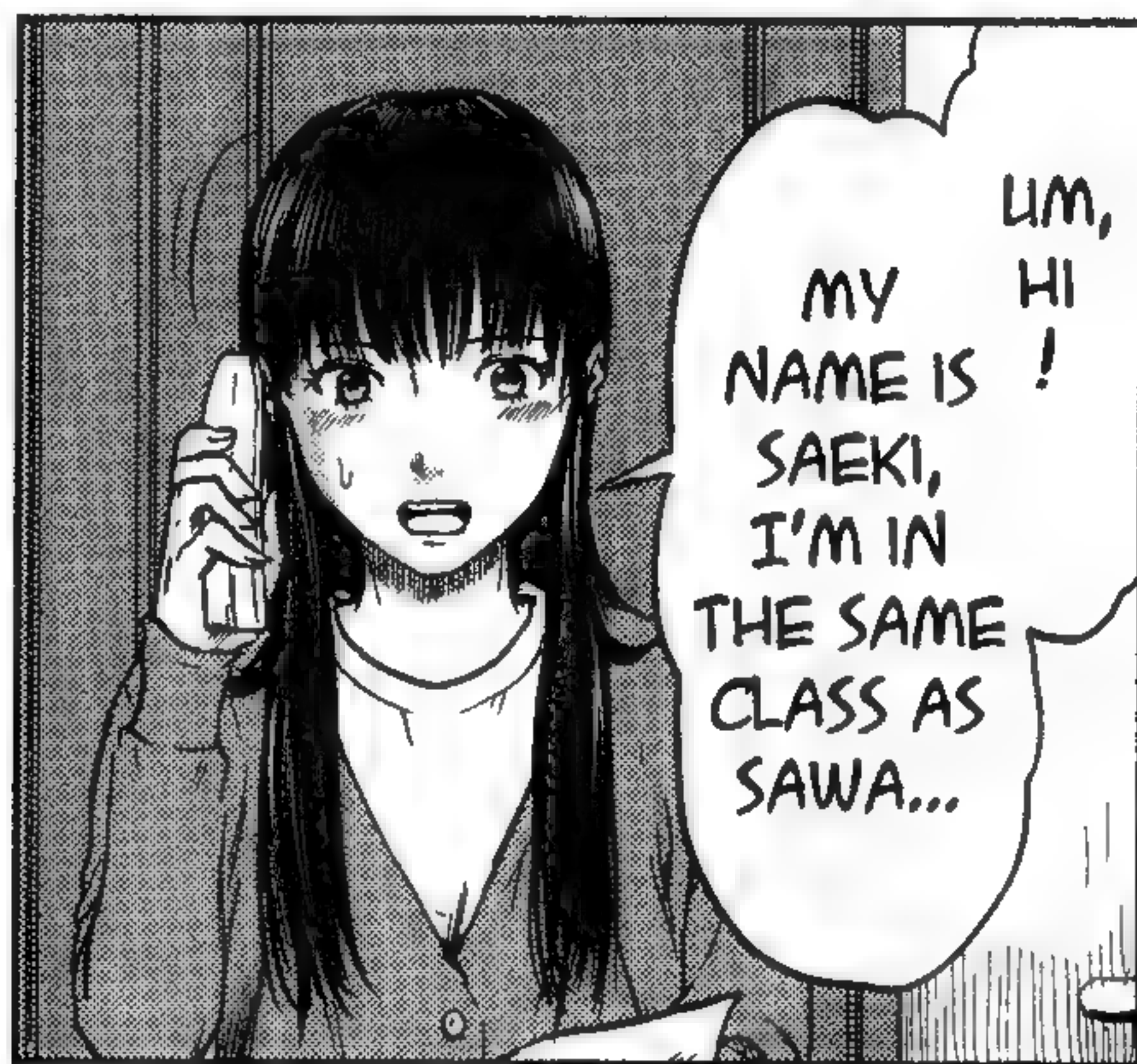
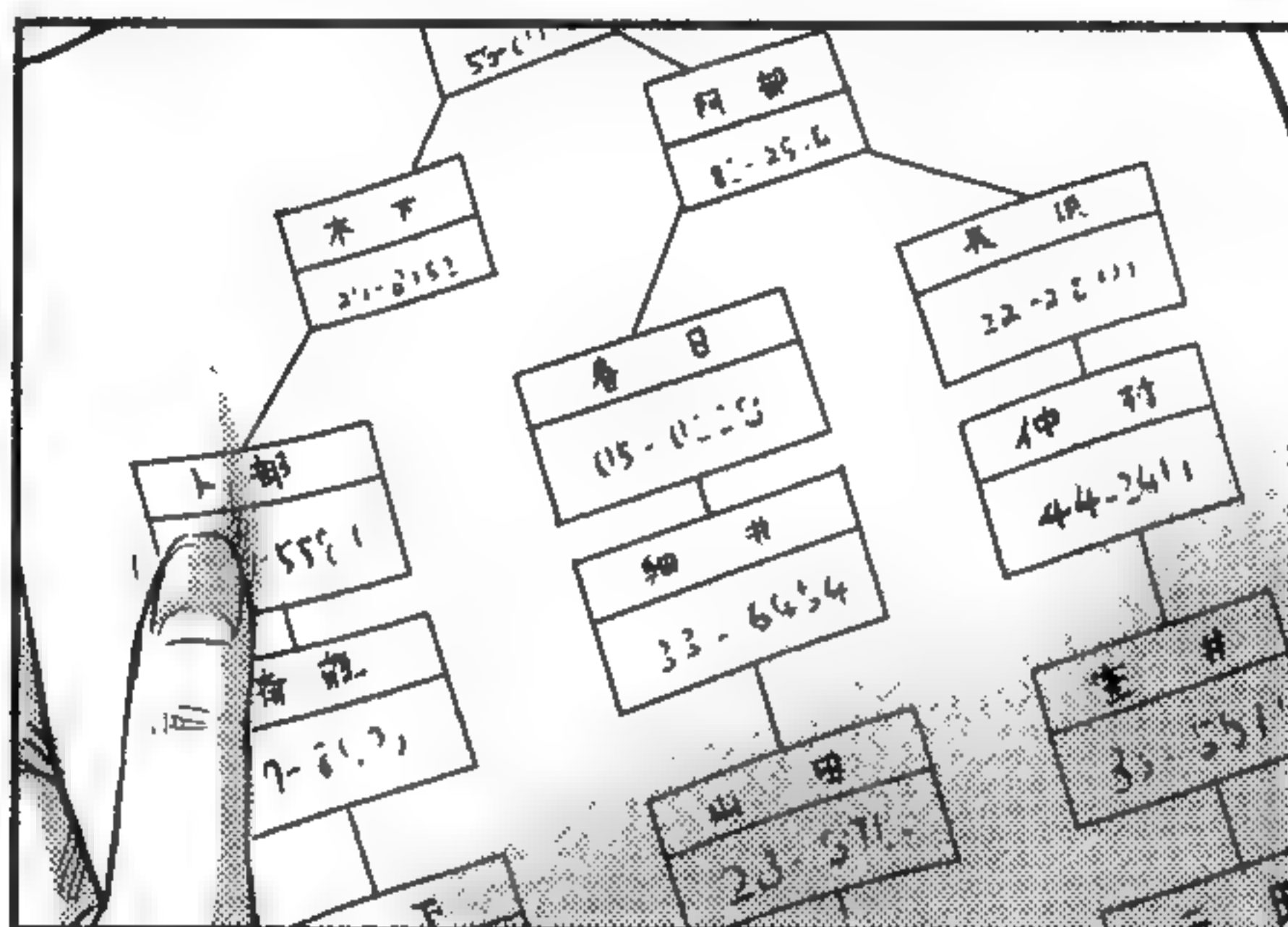
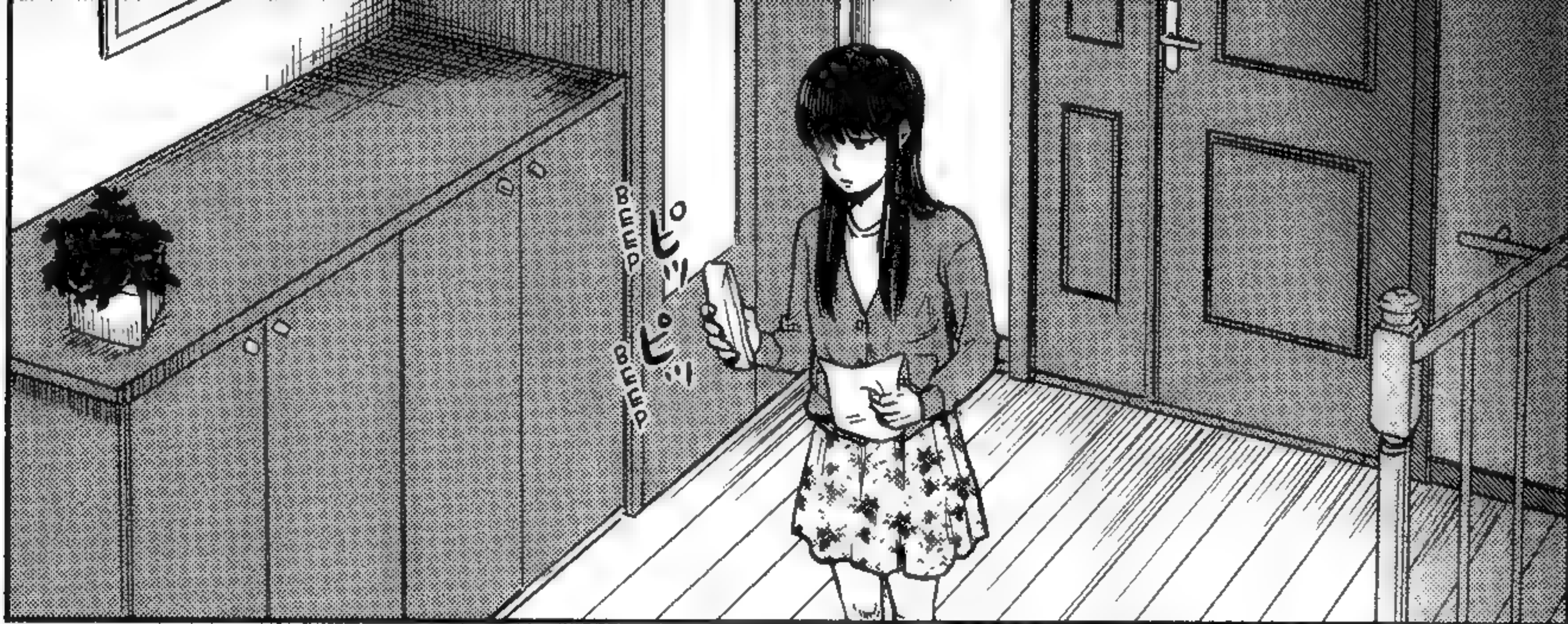


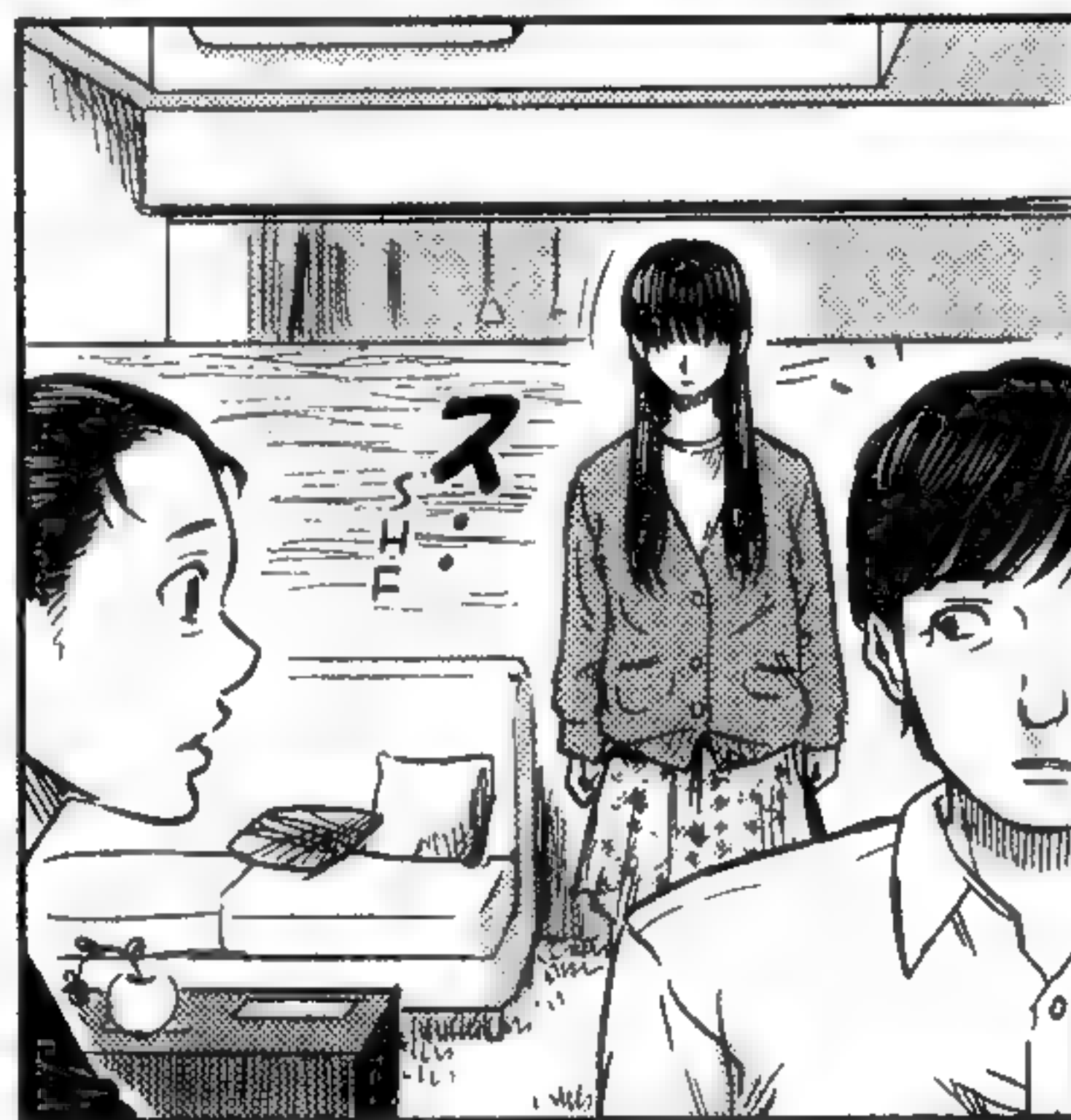
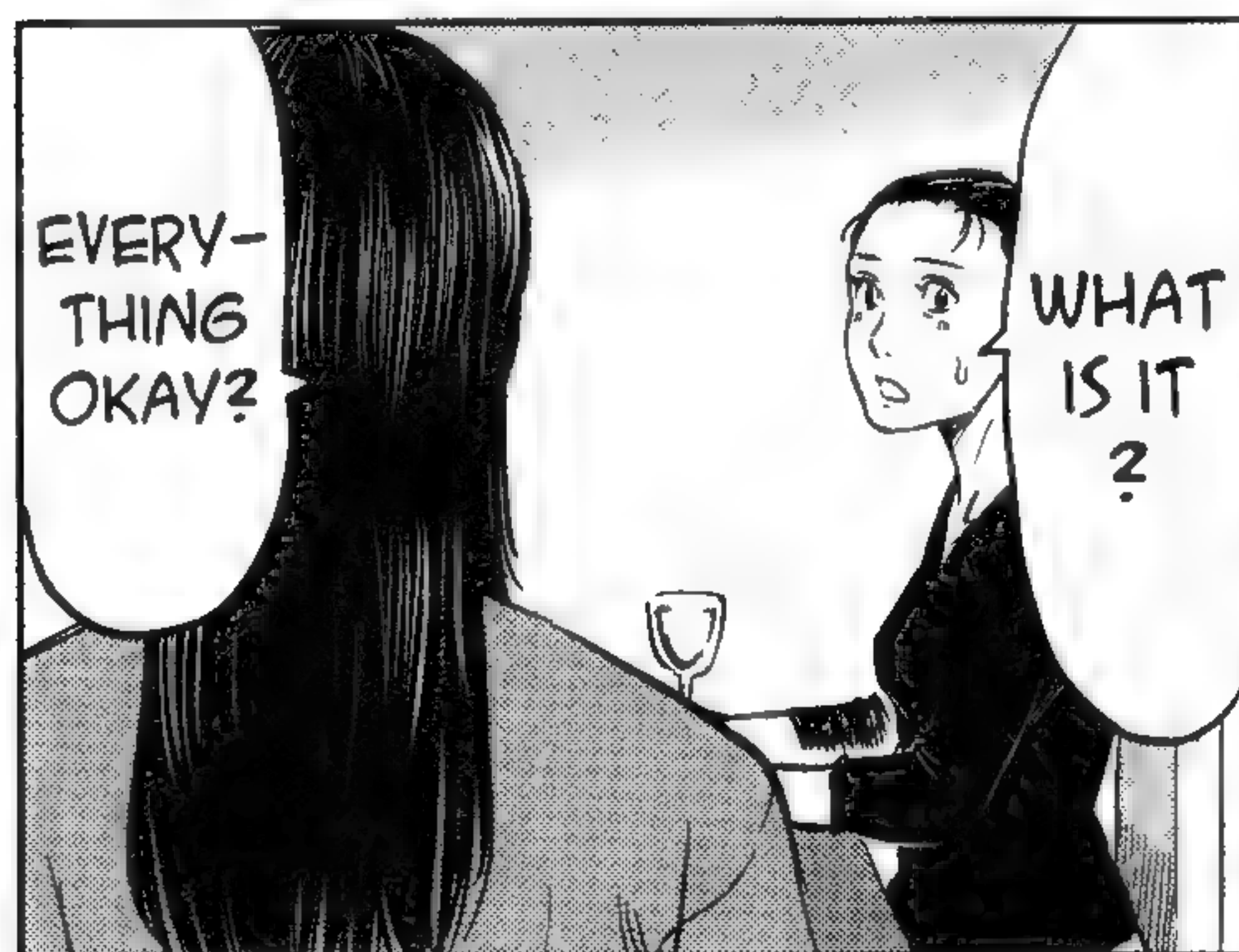
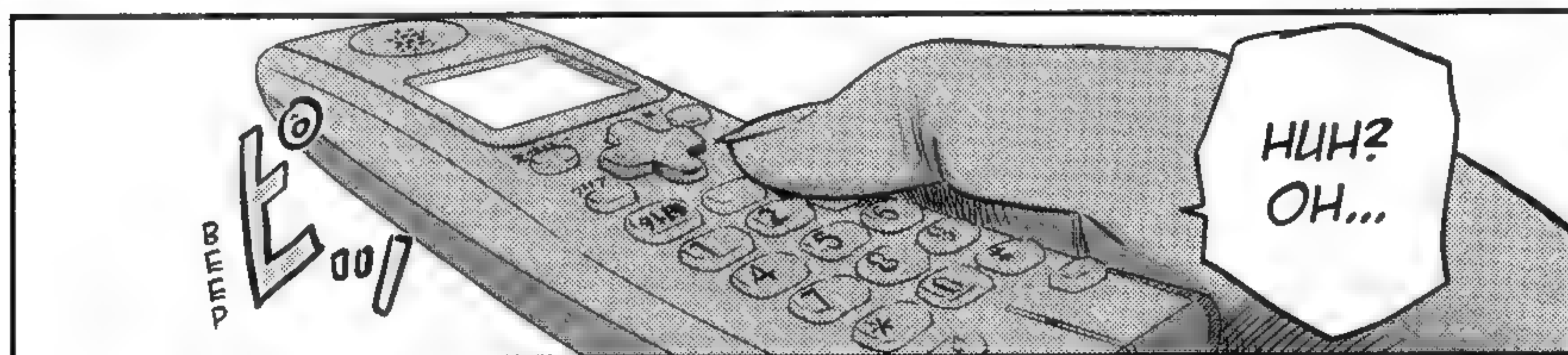




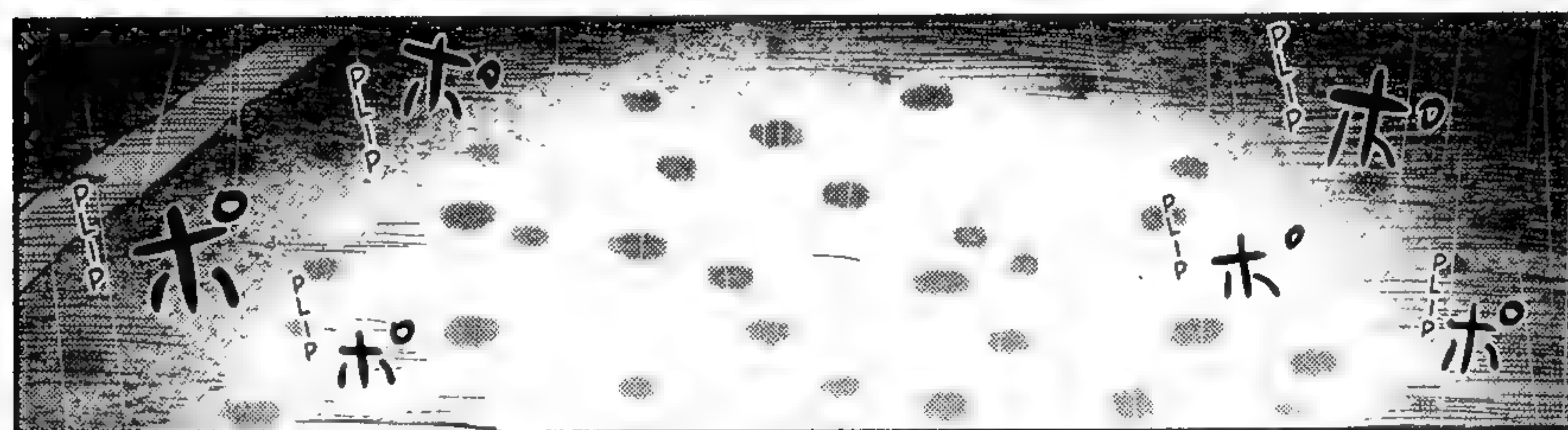














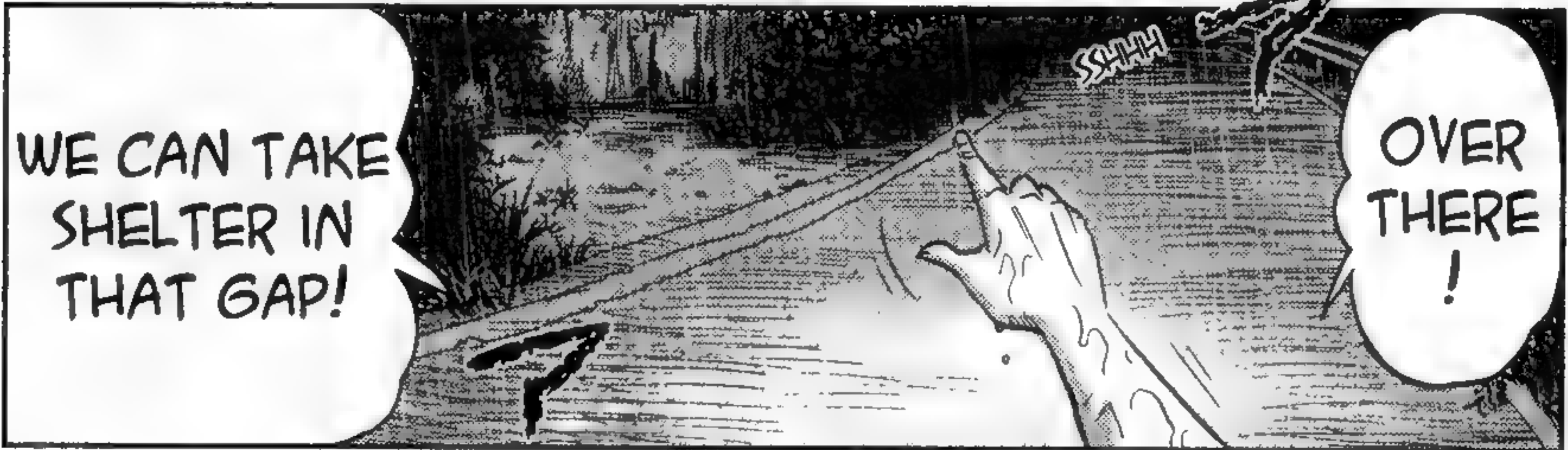
It's
really
coming
down!

Aw,
geez.



OH!
NAKA-
MURA,
LOOK!

...



WE CAN TAKE
SHELTER IN
THAT GAP!

OVER
THERE
!









NO...



KASUGA,
YOU
GOT
ANY
MONEY?



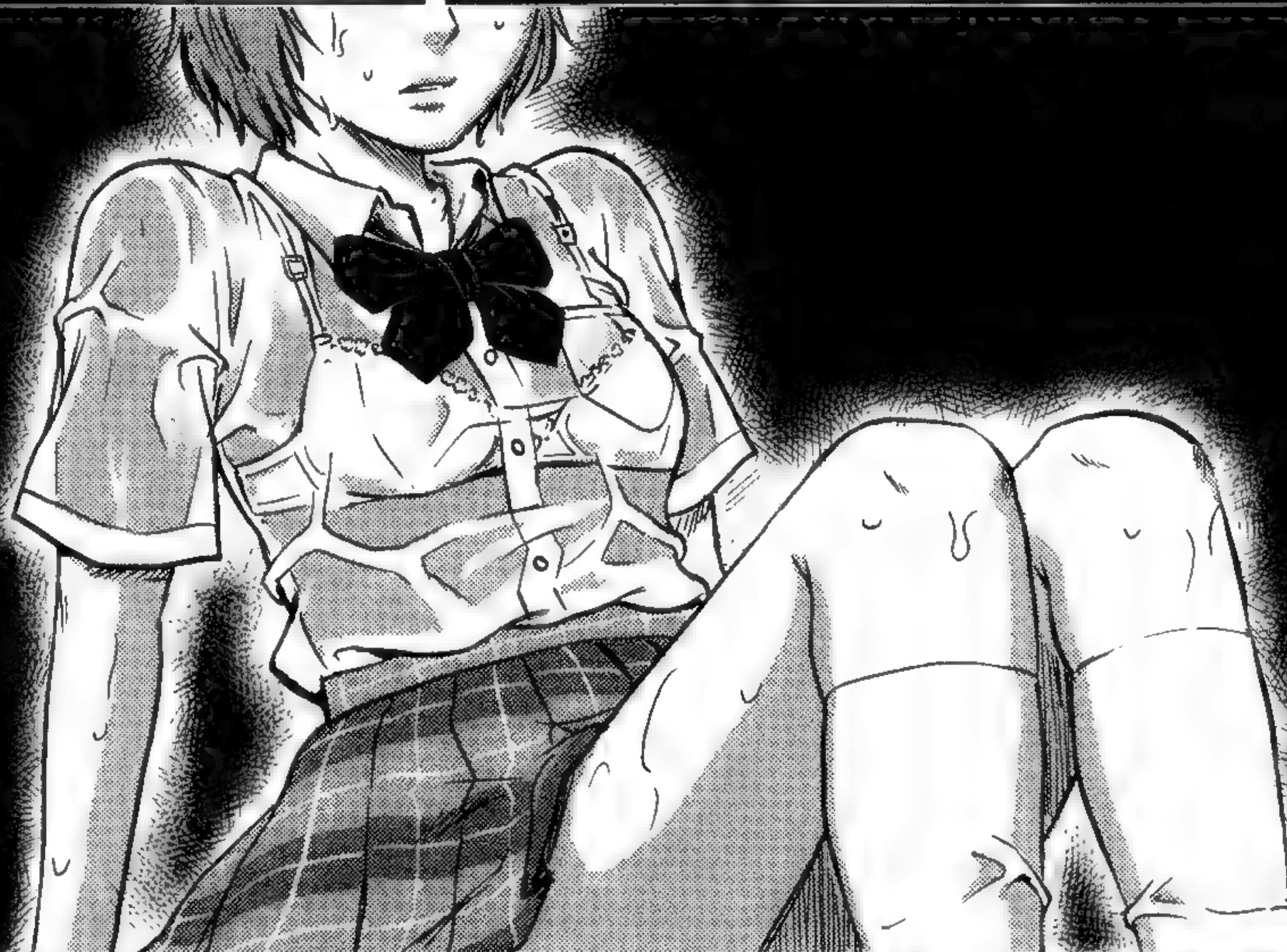
GIMME
A BREAK.
I JUST
FLEW
OUT OF
MY—

C'MON
...

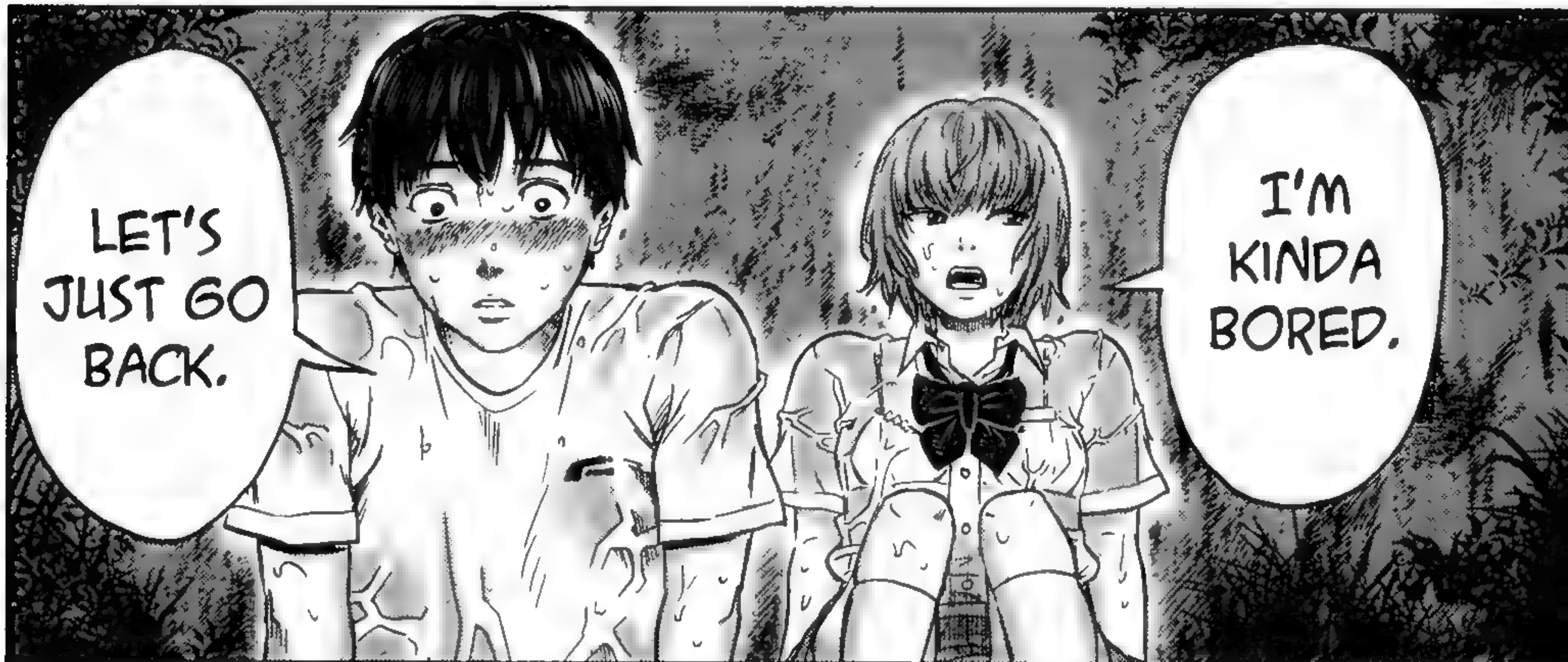
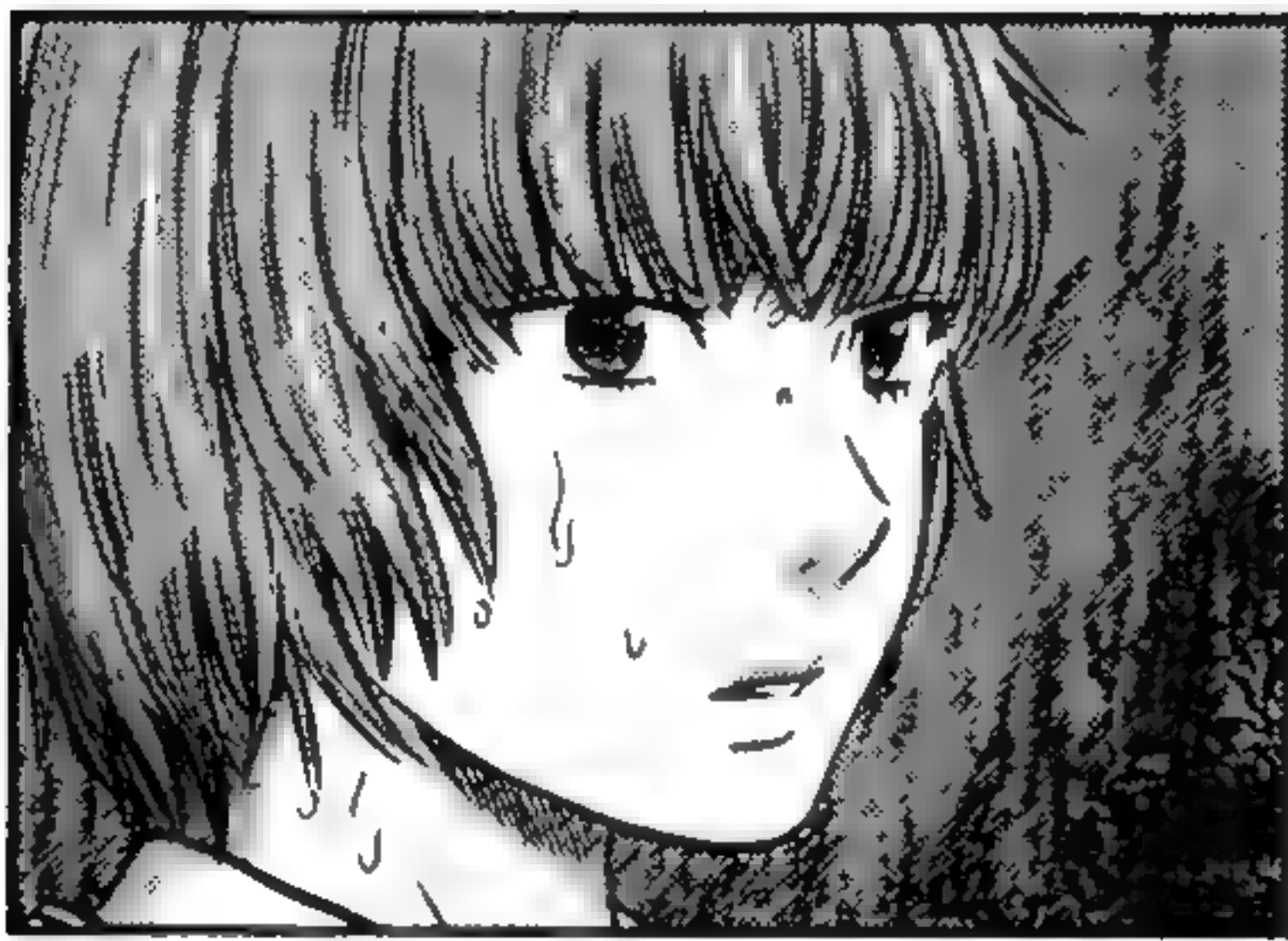


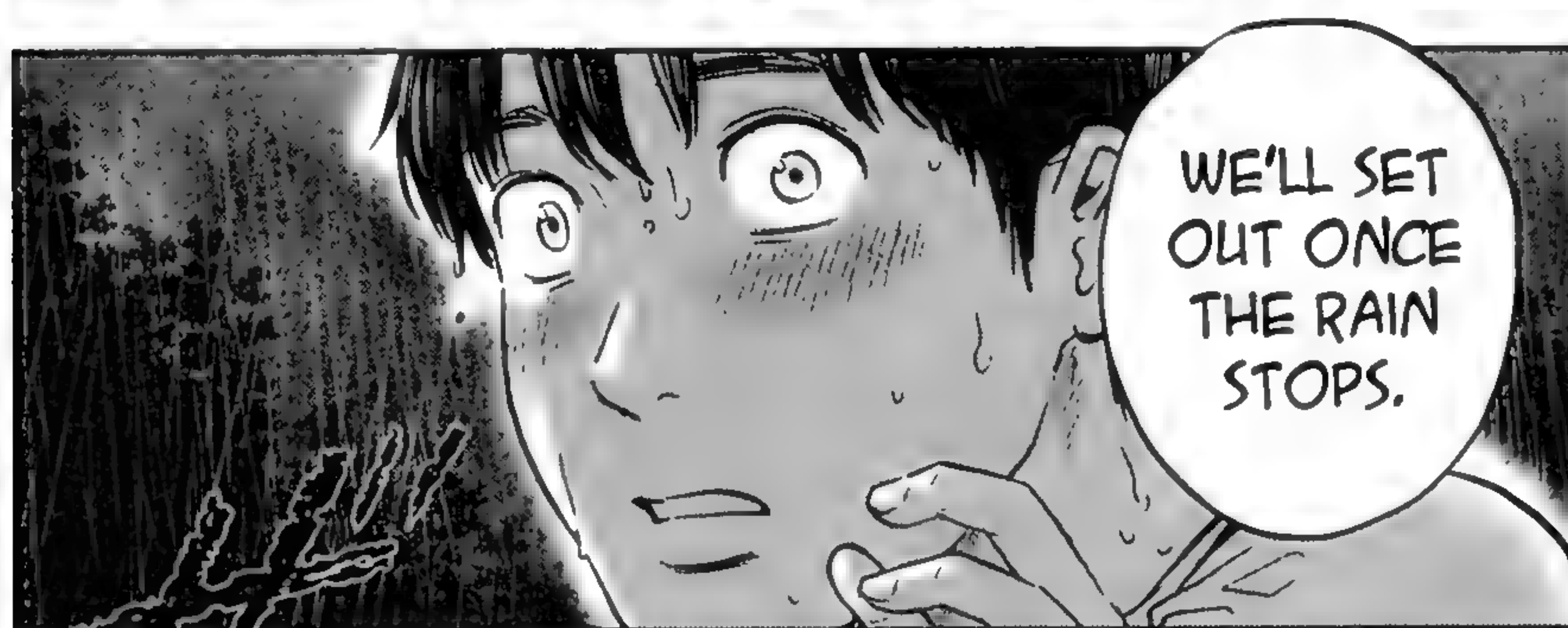
YOU
REALLY
ARE
USELESS.

OH,
BOY.

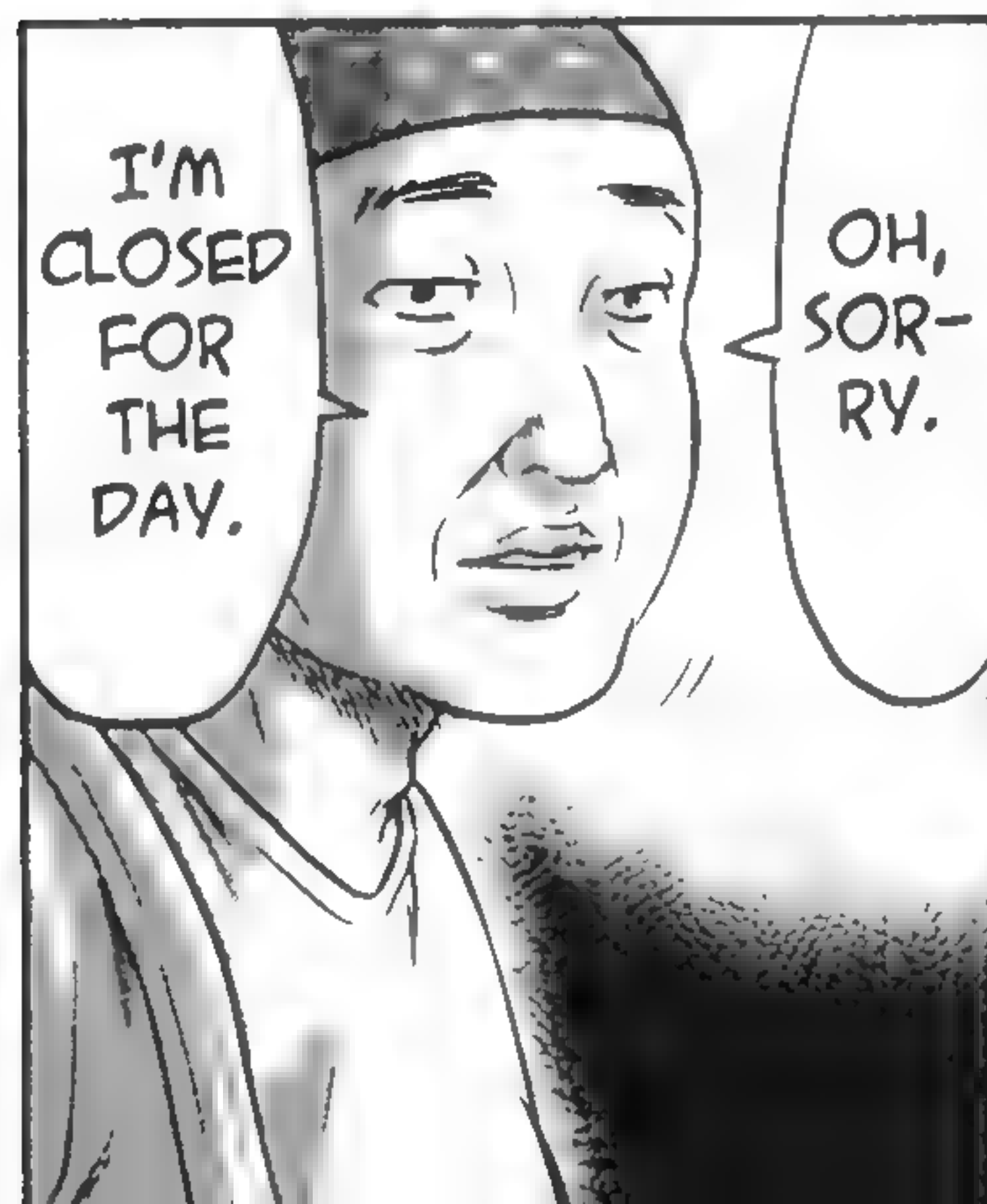
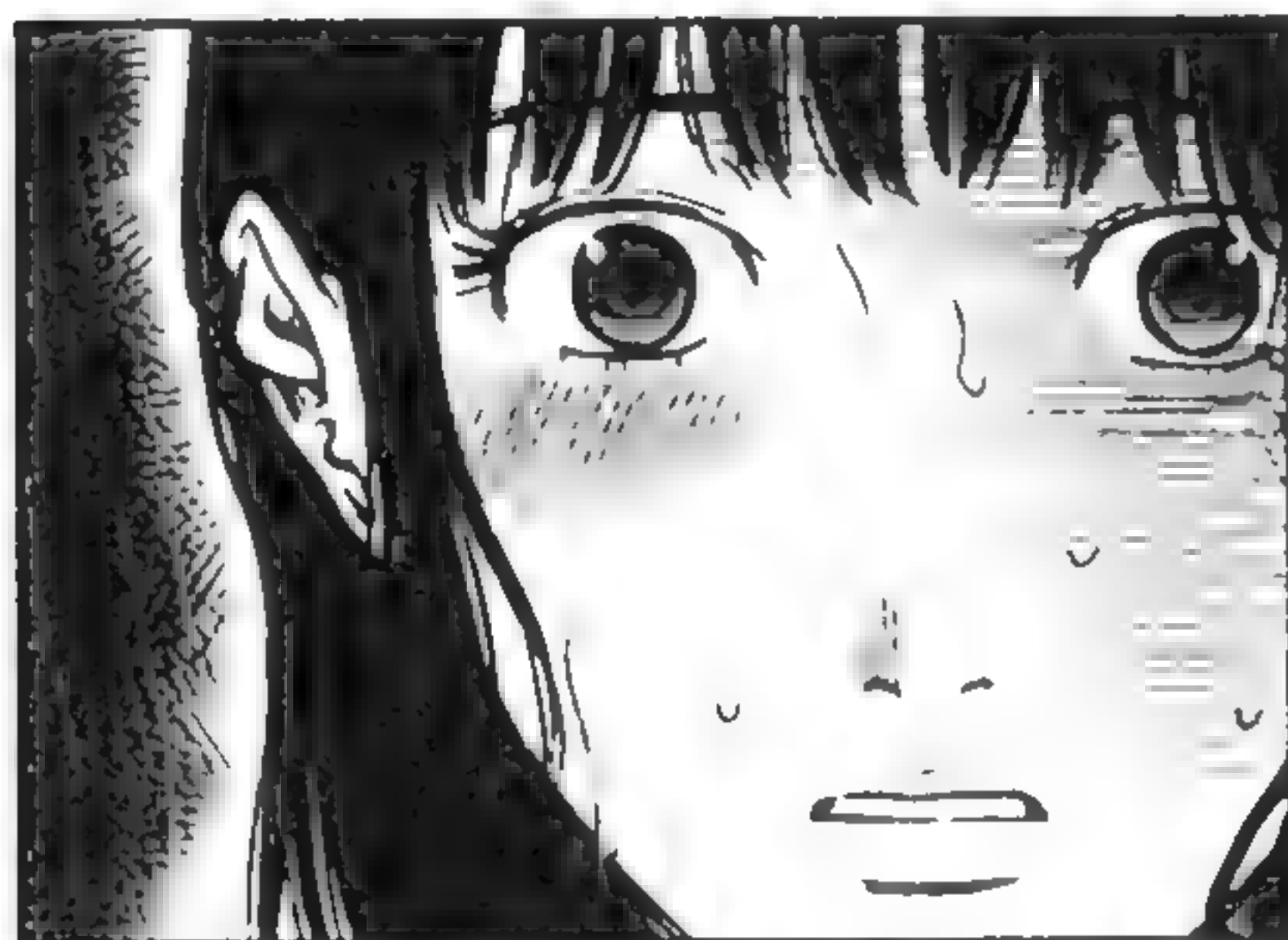


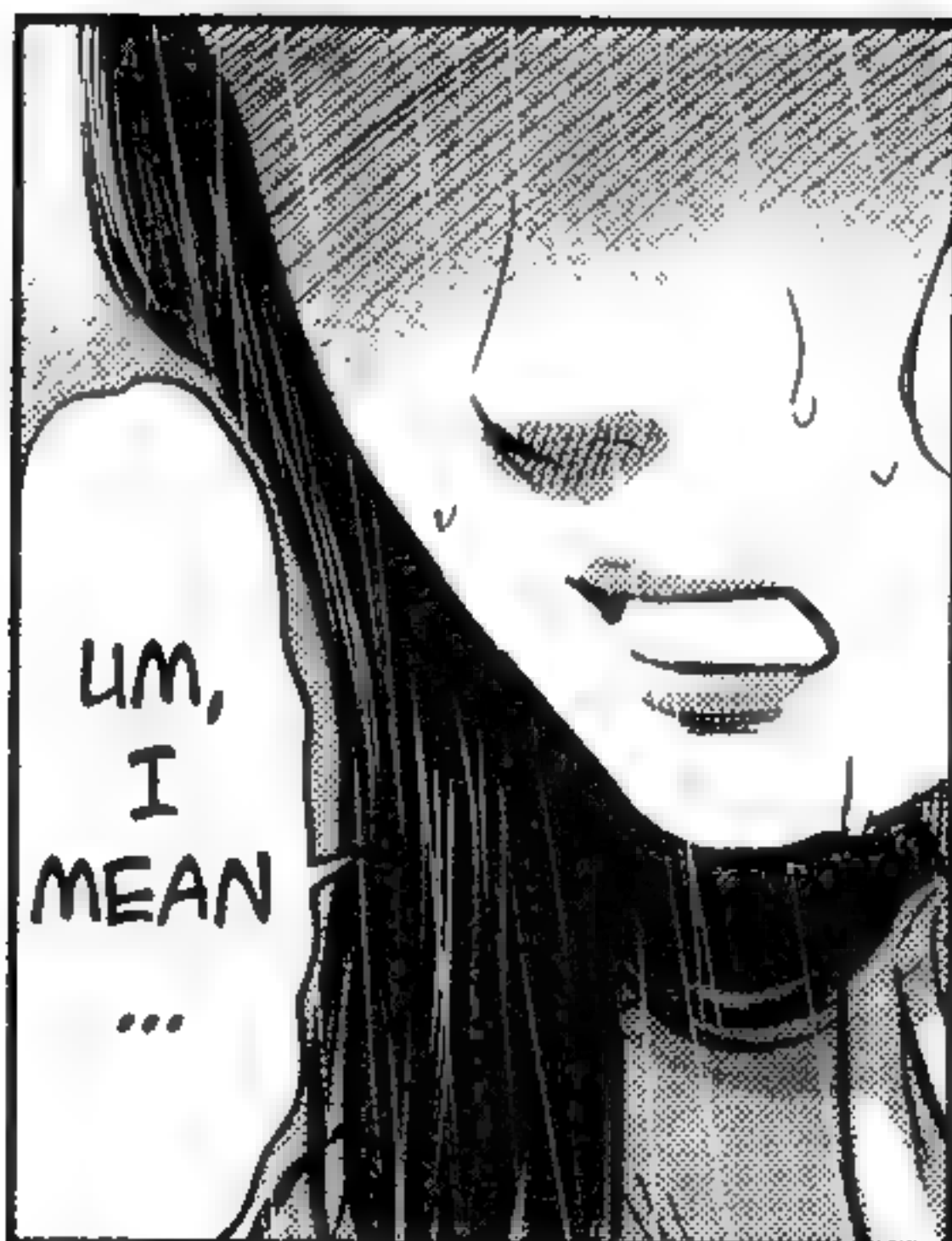
What?

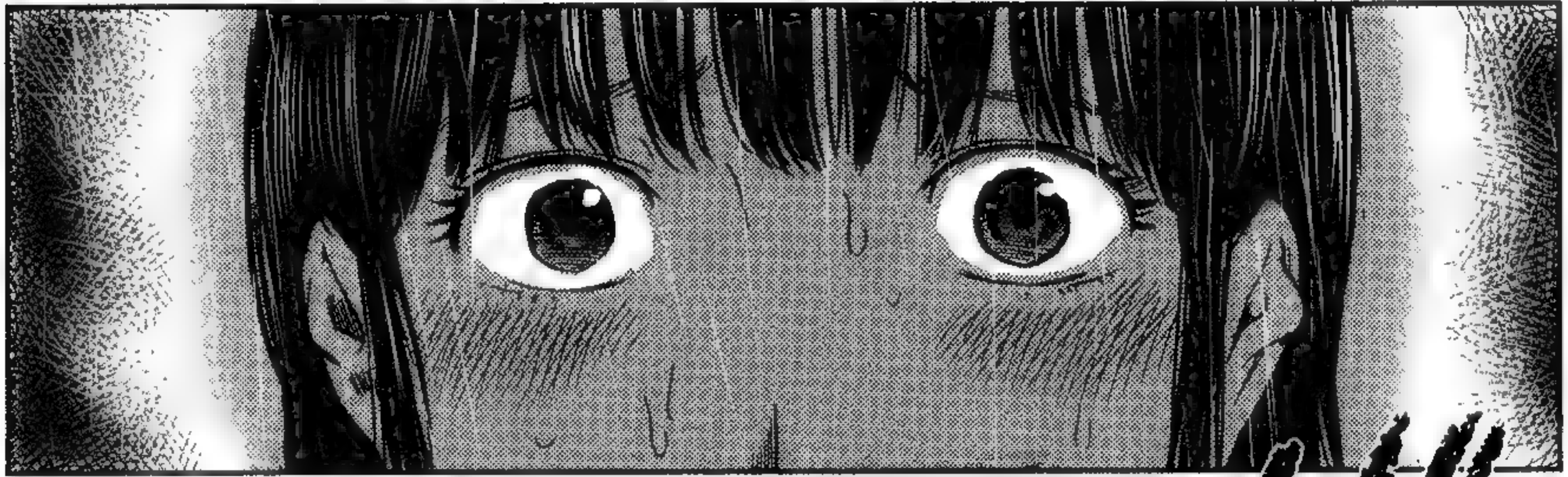


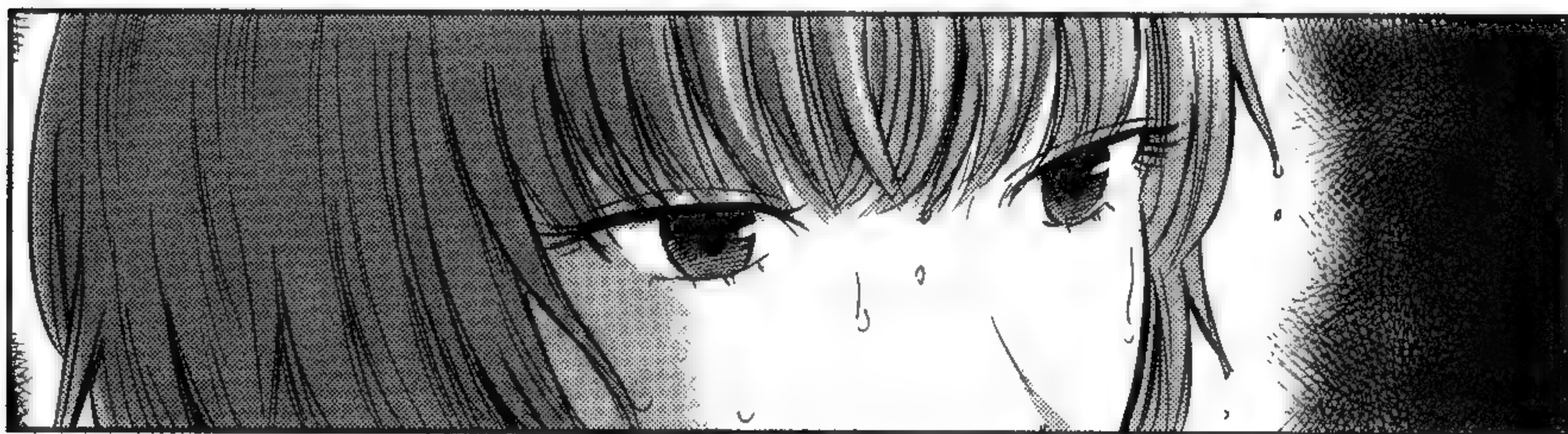
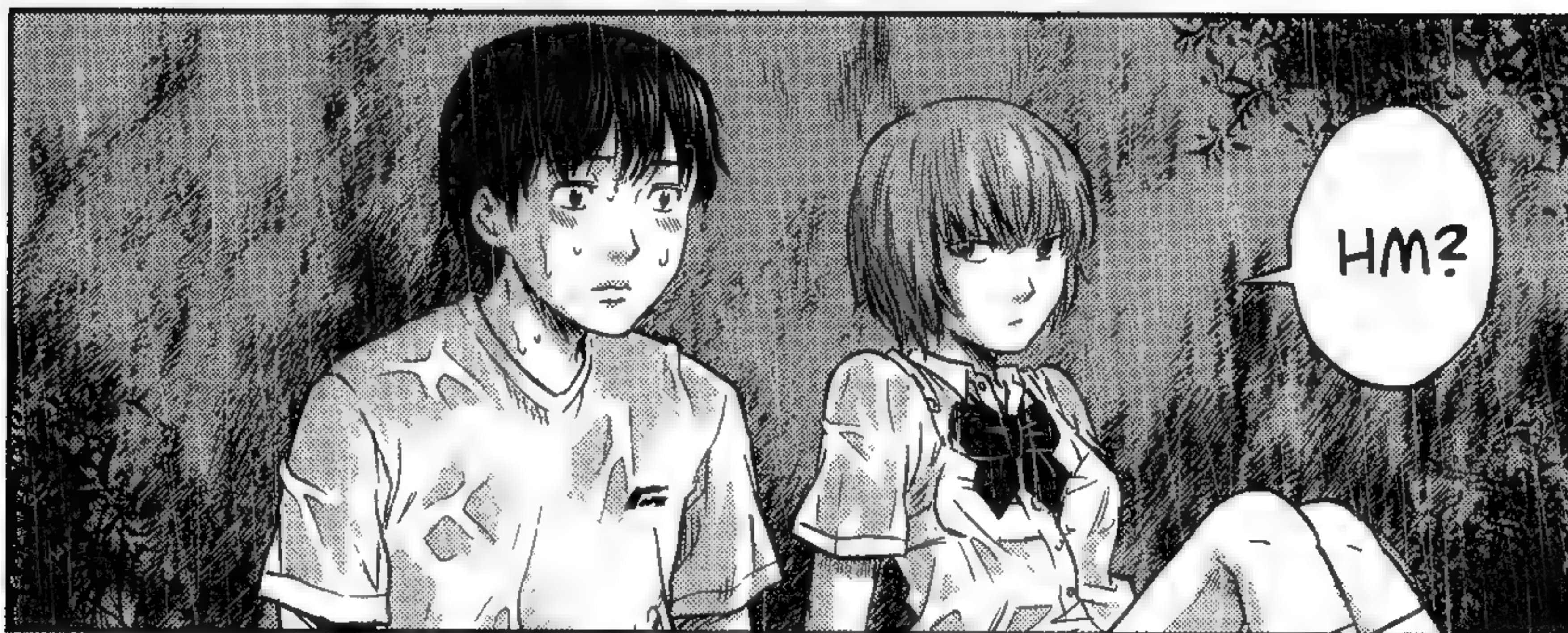












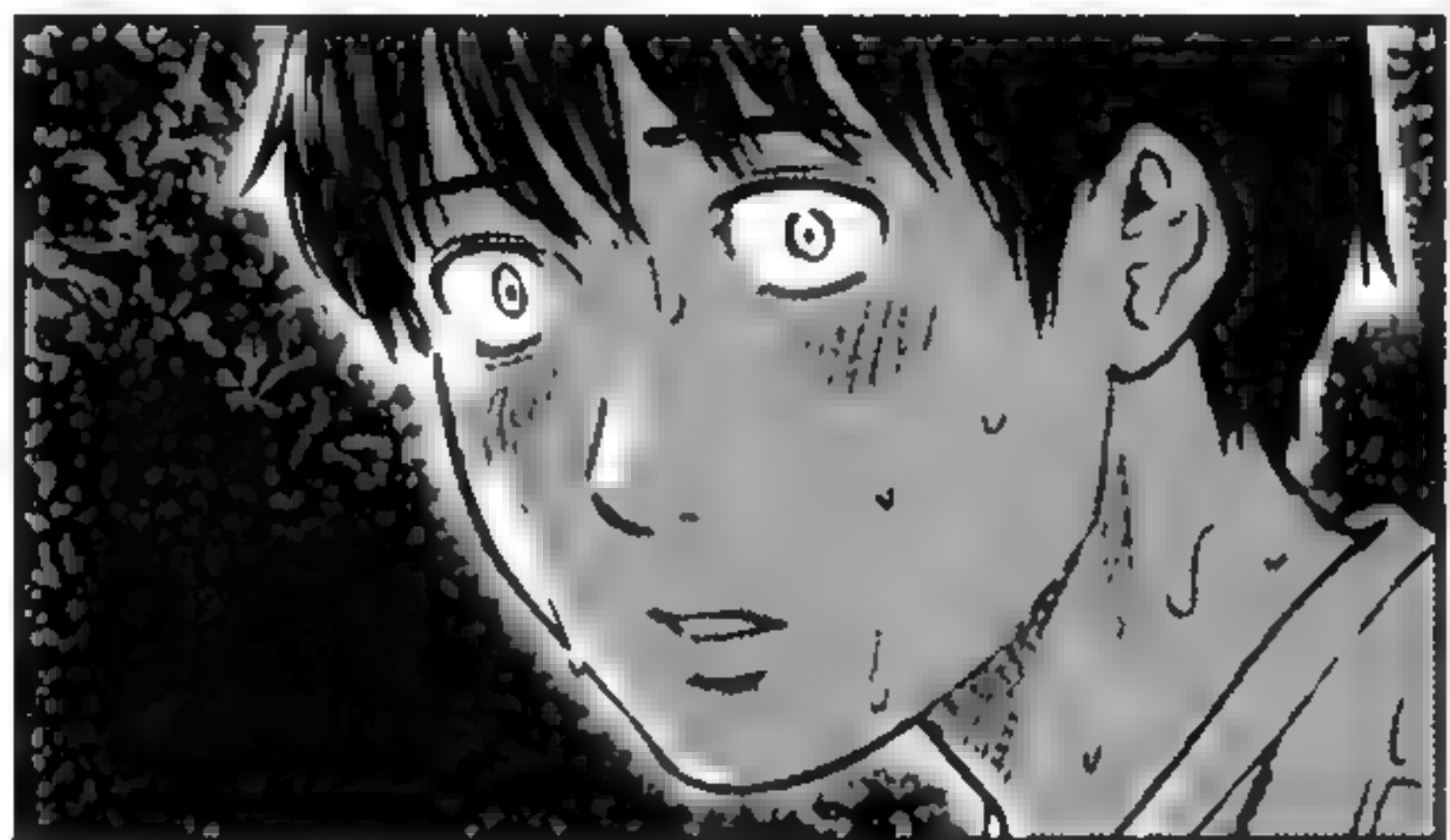


IT'S
BECAUSE
WE'RE
PERVS.

WHY
ELSE?



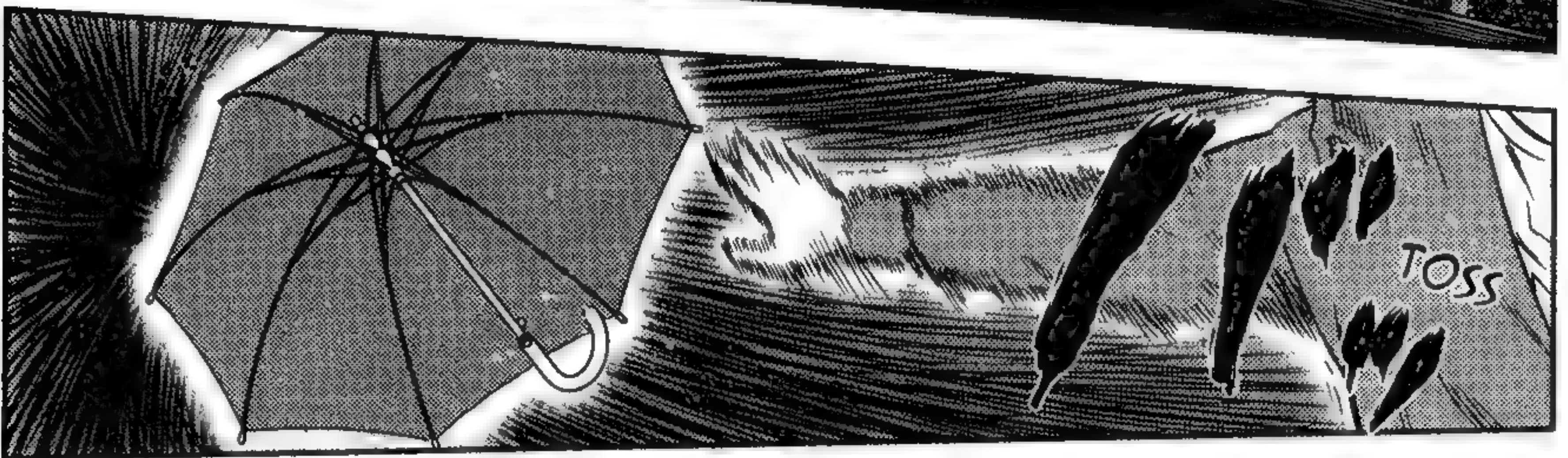
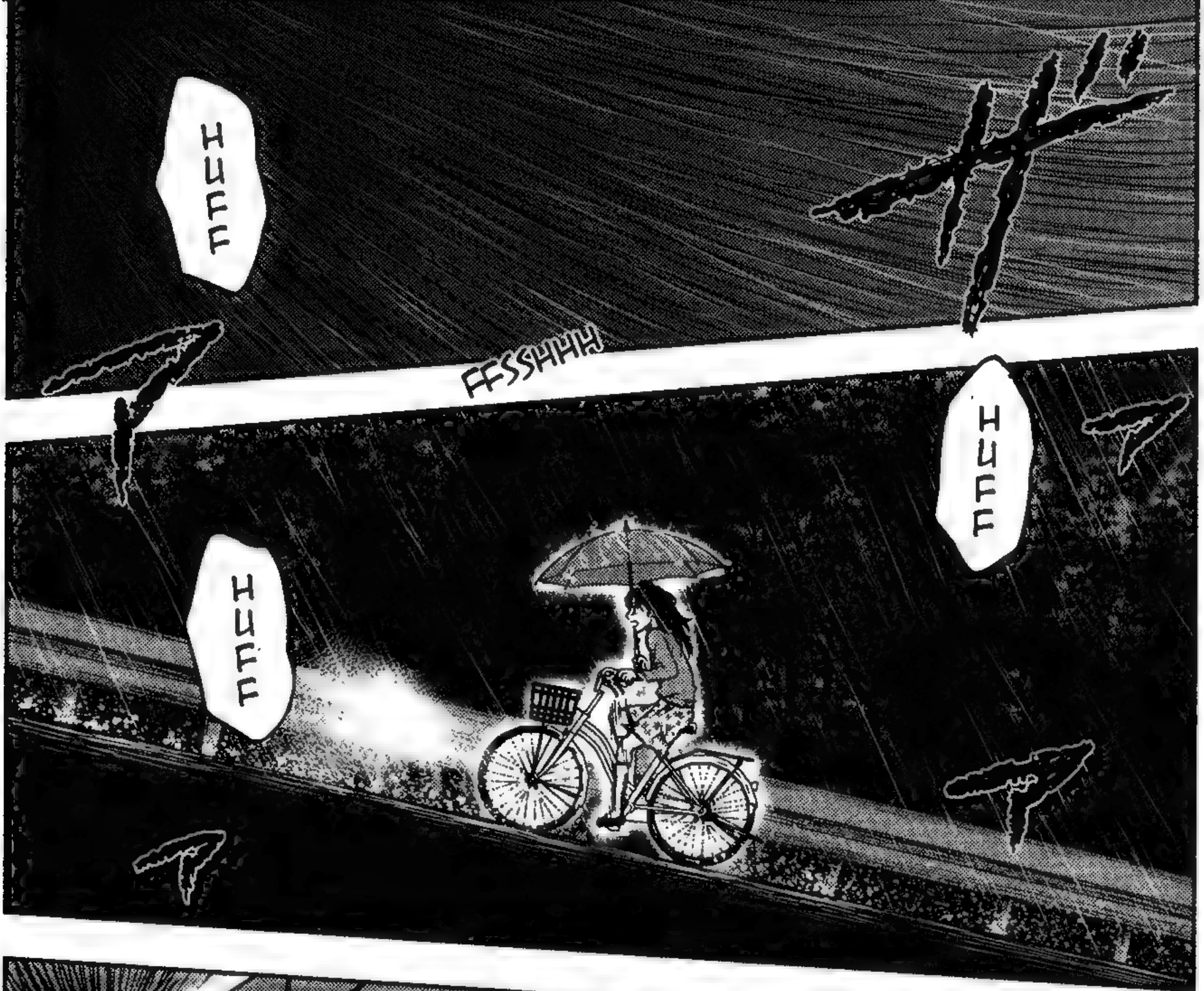
I
SEE.

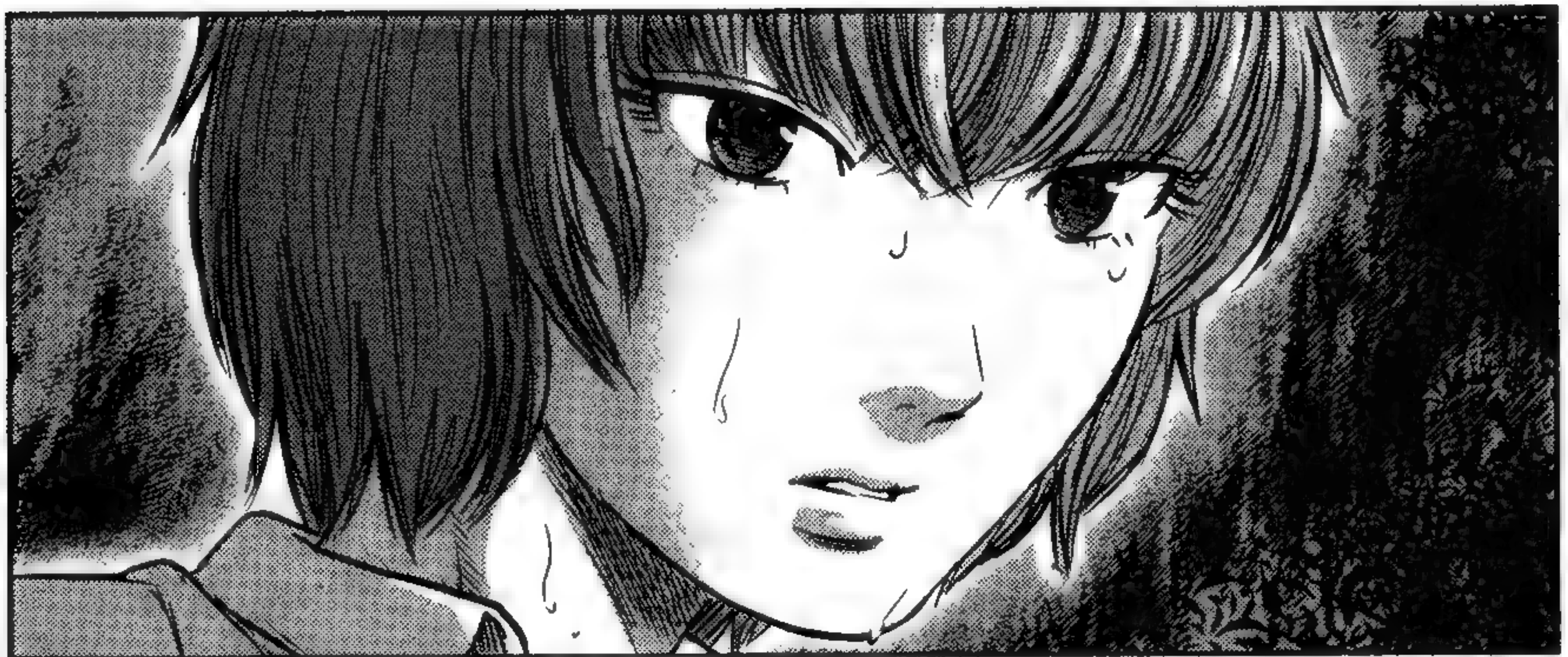


I FEEL
KINDA...
GOOD,
RIGHT
NOW.

I GUESS...
IT'S NOT
SO BAD,
BEING A
PERVERT.







Afterword 3

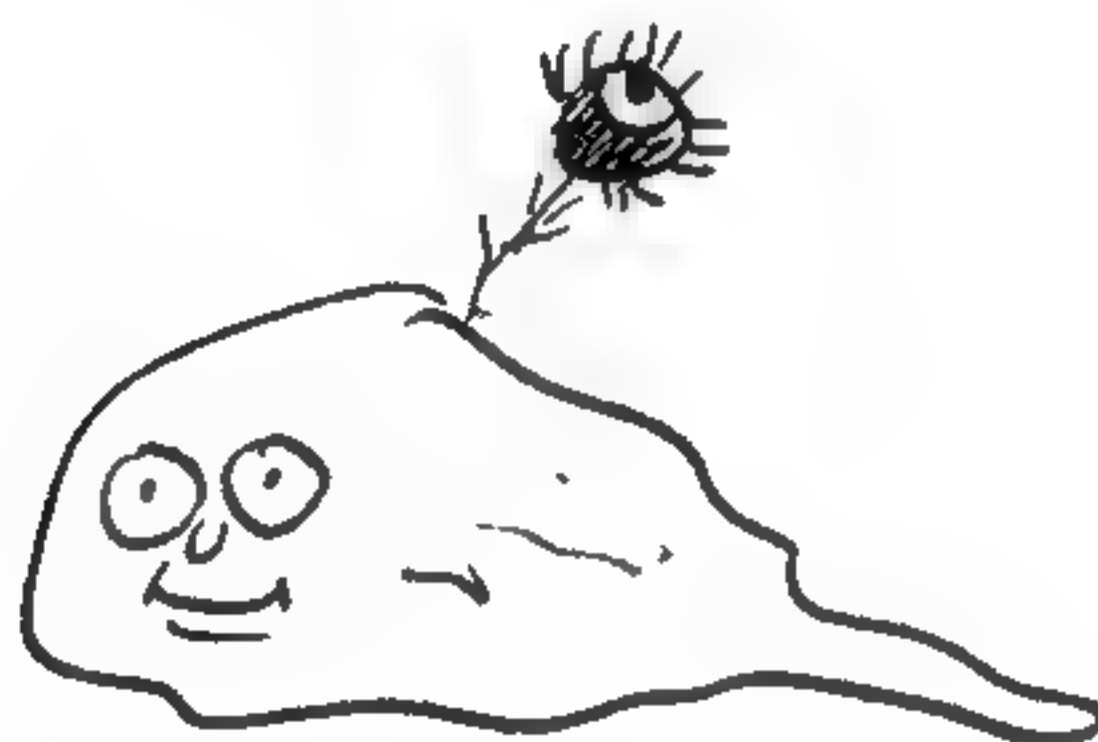
Do you know Bob Dylan? I'm sure you've at least heard his name. Maybe you recall some guy from a bygone past who played the guitar while blowing a harmonica? Who was kinda serious? Sort of a protest singer or something? That guy your uncle—or rather, your gramps likes?

Is he alive? A historical personage?

That's probably what most of you think when you hear the name Bob Dylan. I love him. When I said in middle school that I liked Bob Dylan, a rumor started that I liked "T-Bolan," but anyway I really like him.

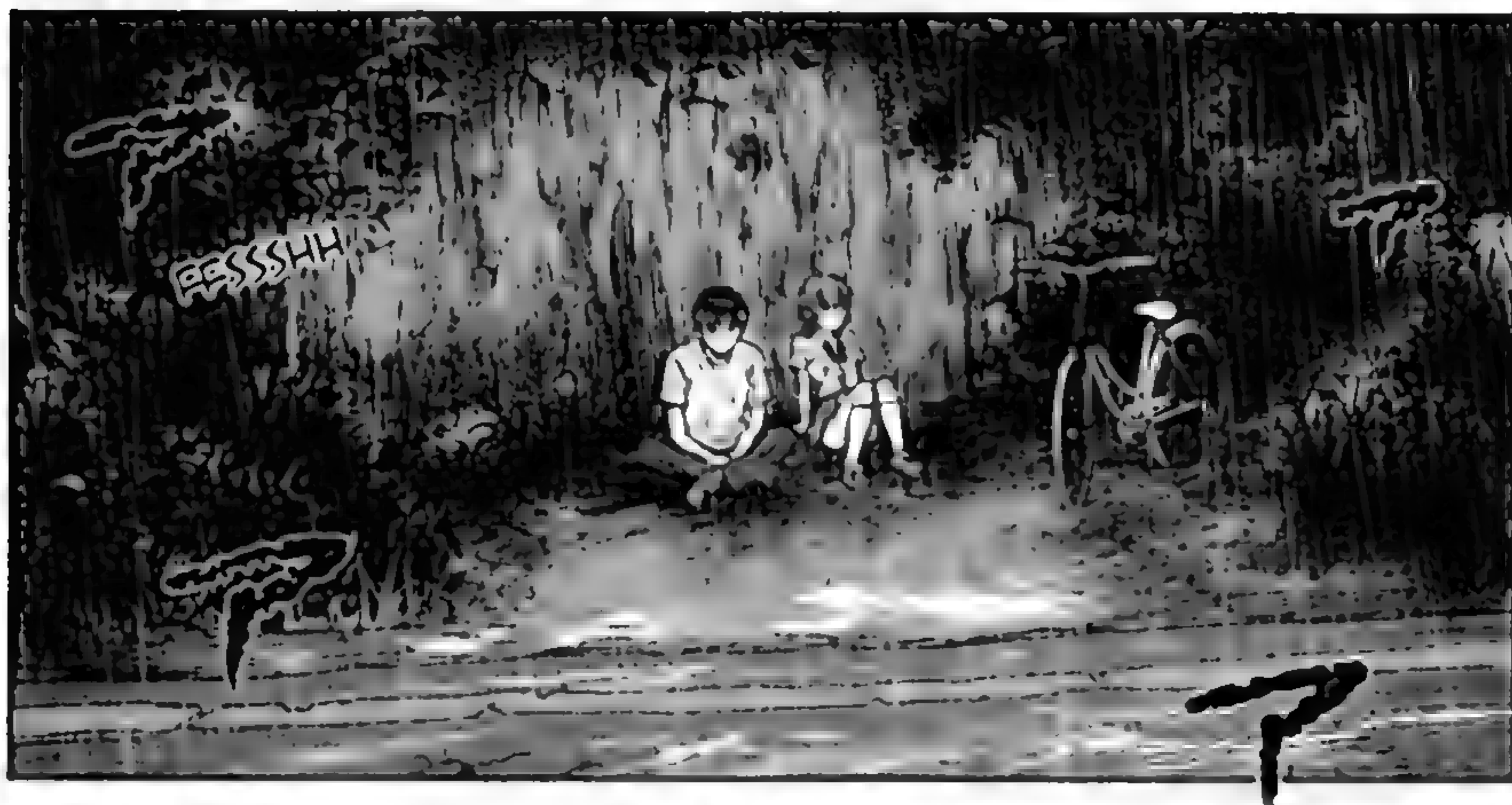
And I guess young people these days wouldn't know T-Bolan, either.

Let's just forget this.

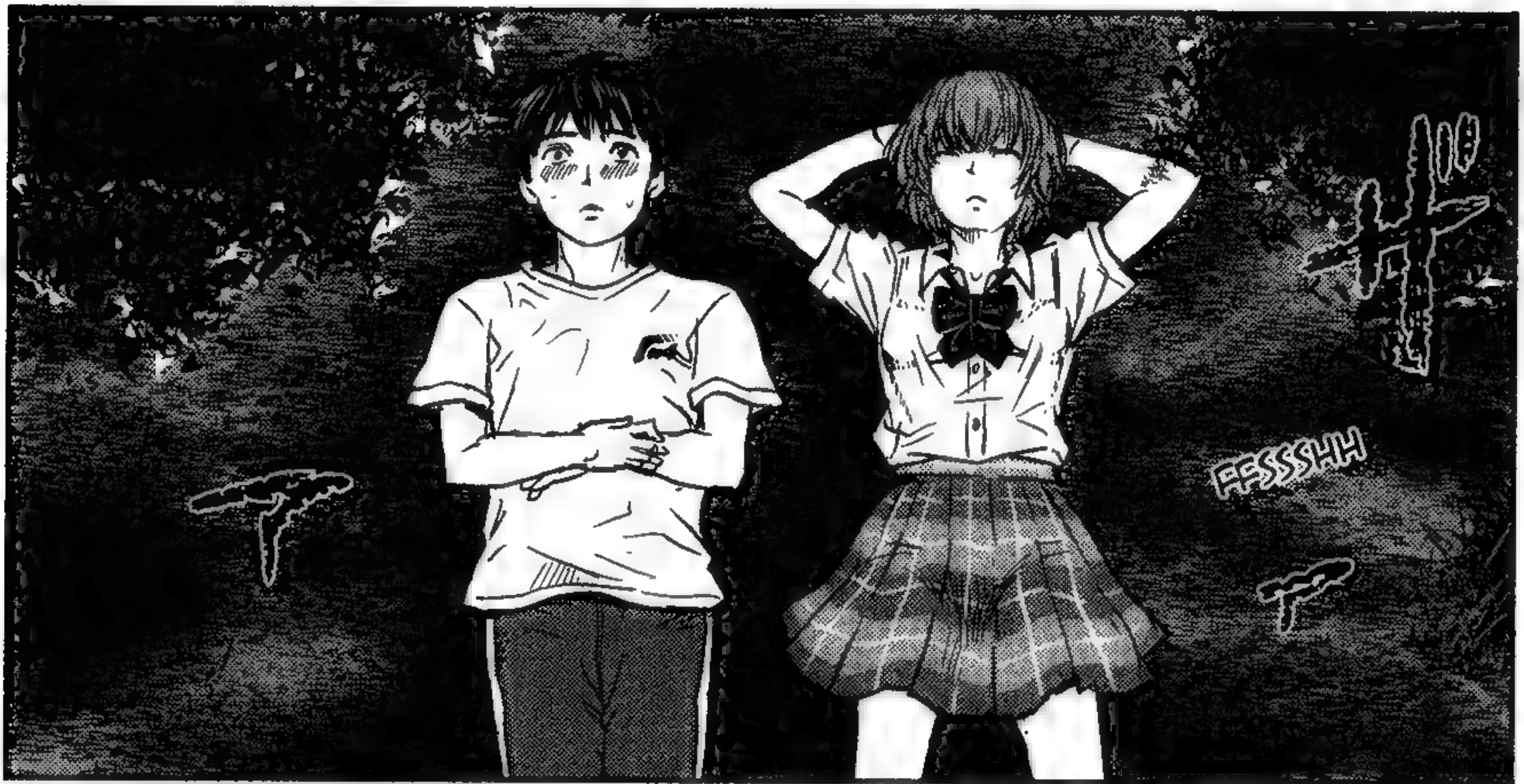


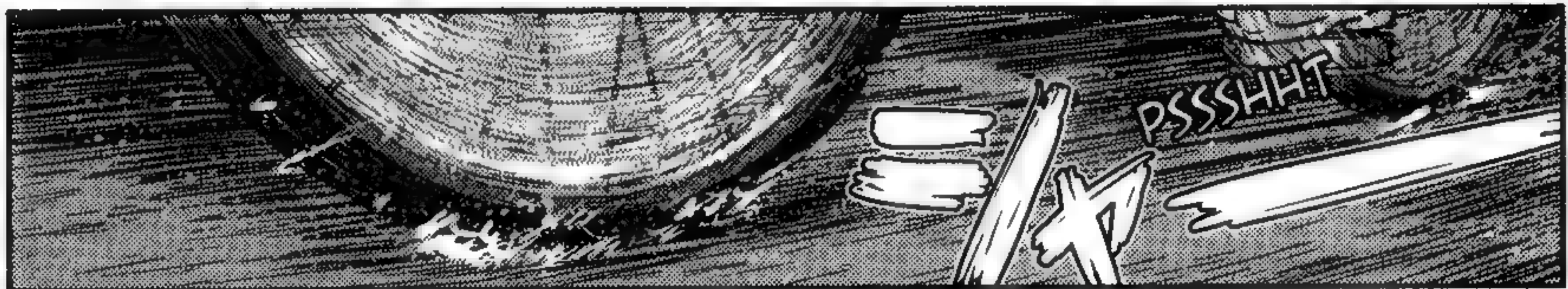
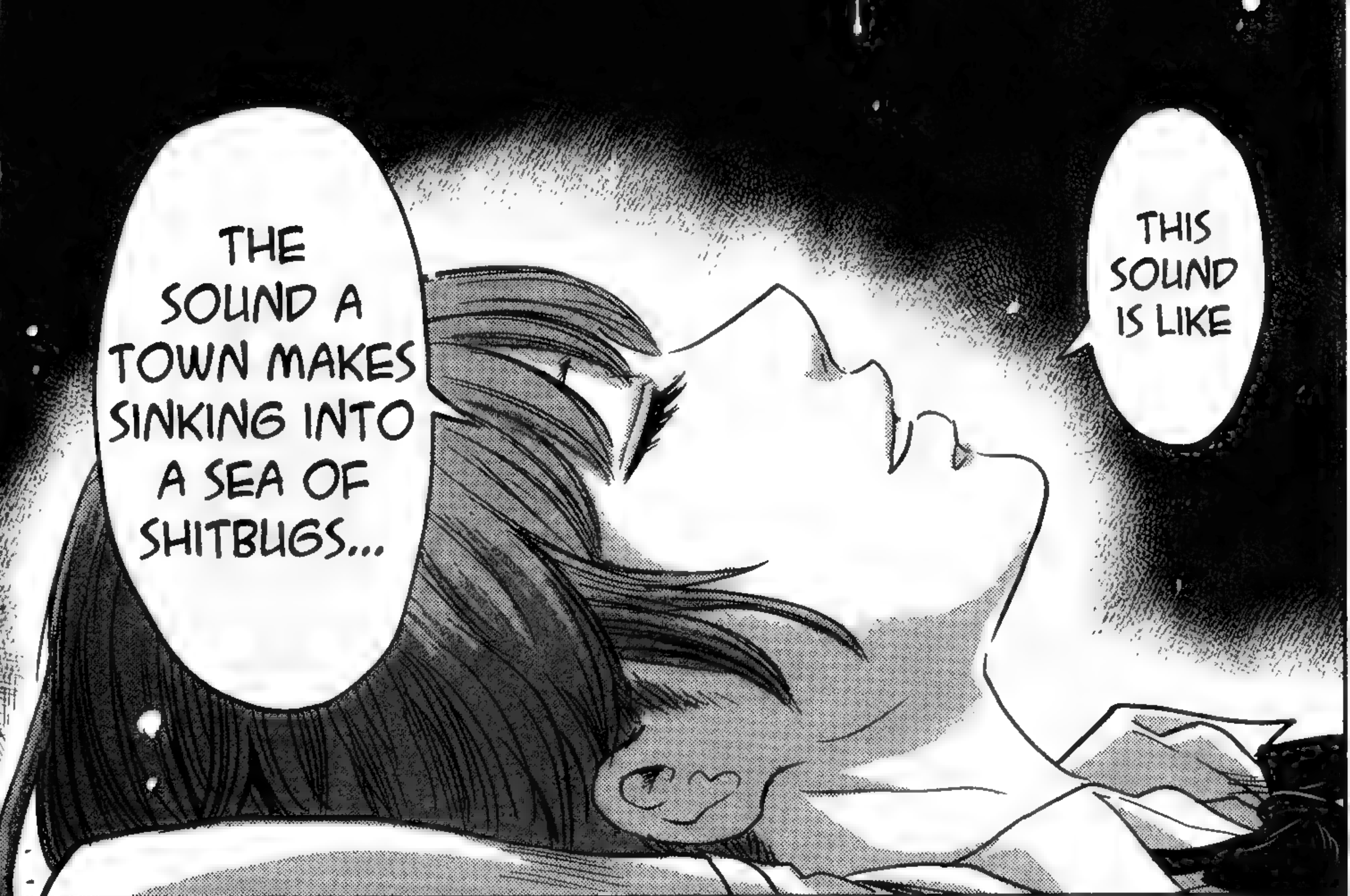


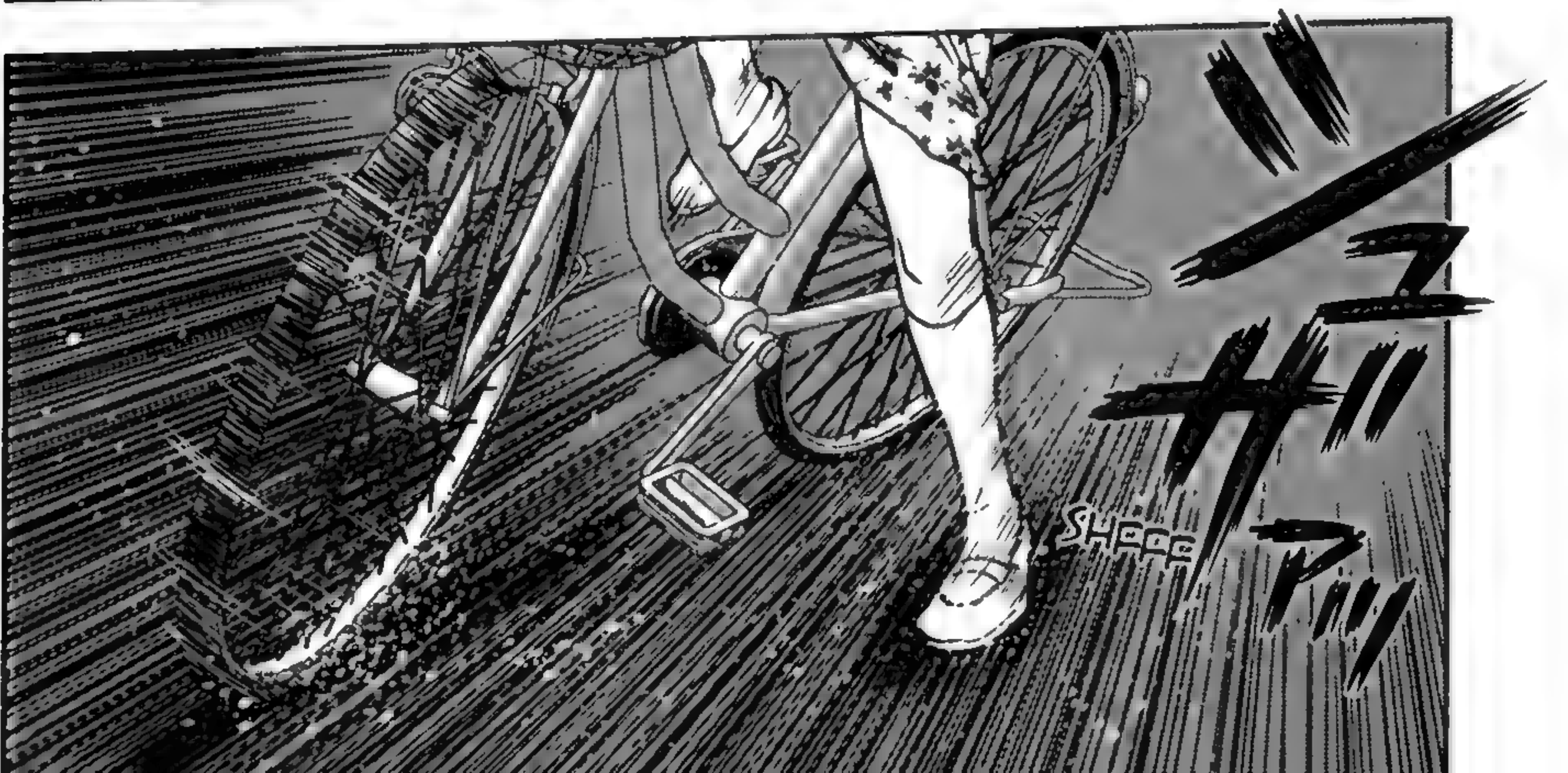
Chapter 16: The Offended Moon

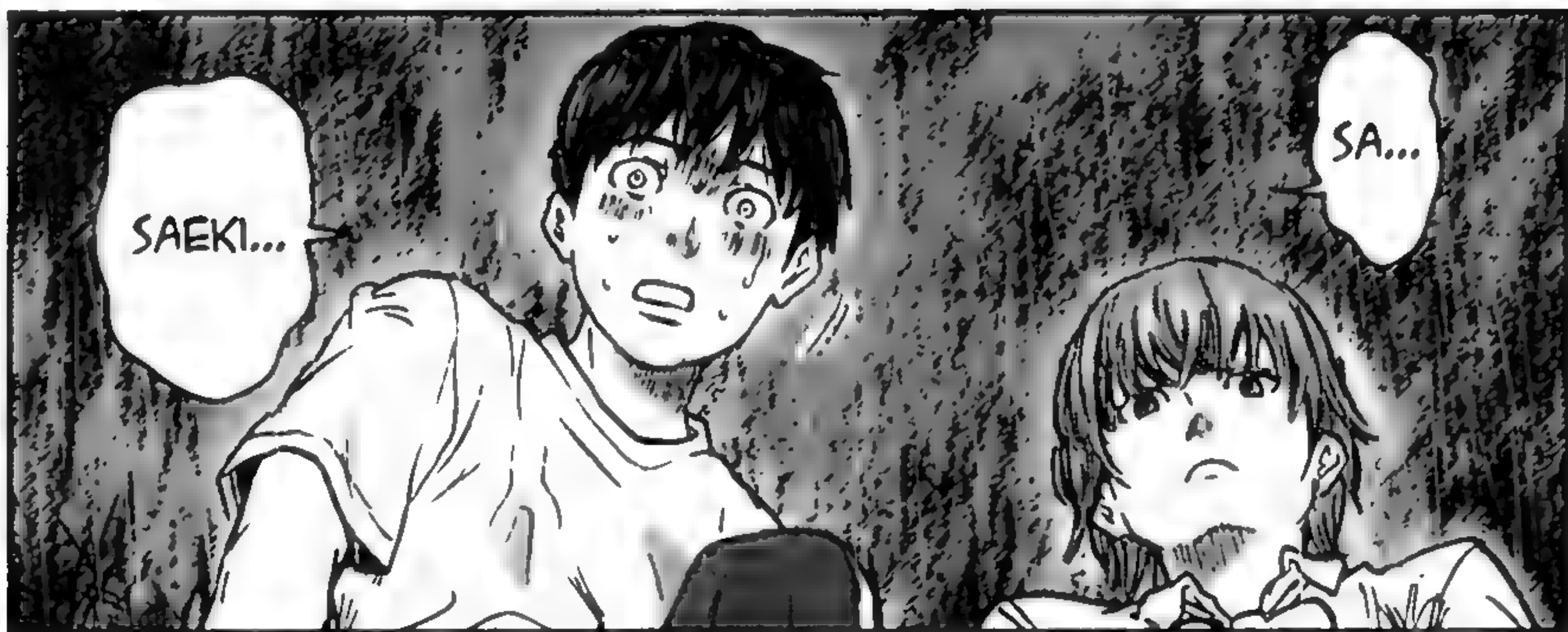














I was
the one
who...
cornered
you...
right?

I'm
sorry,
okay
?

HUFF

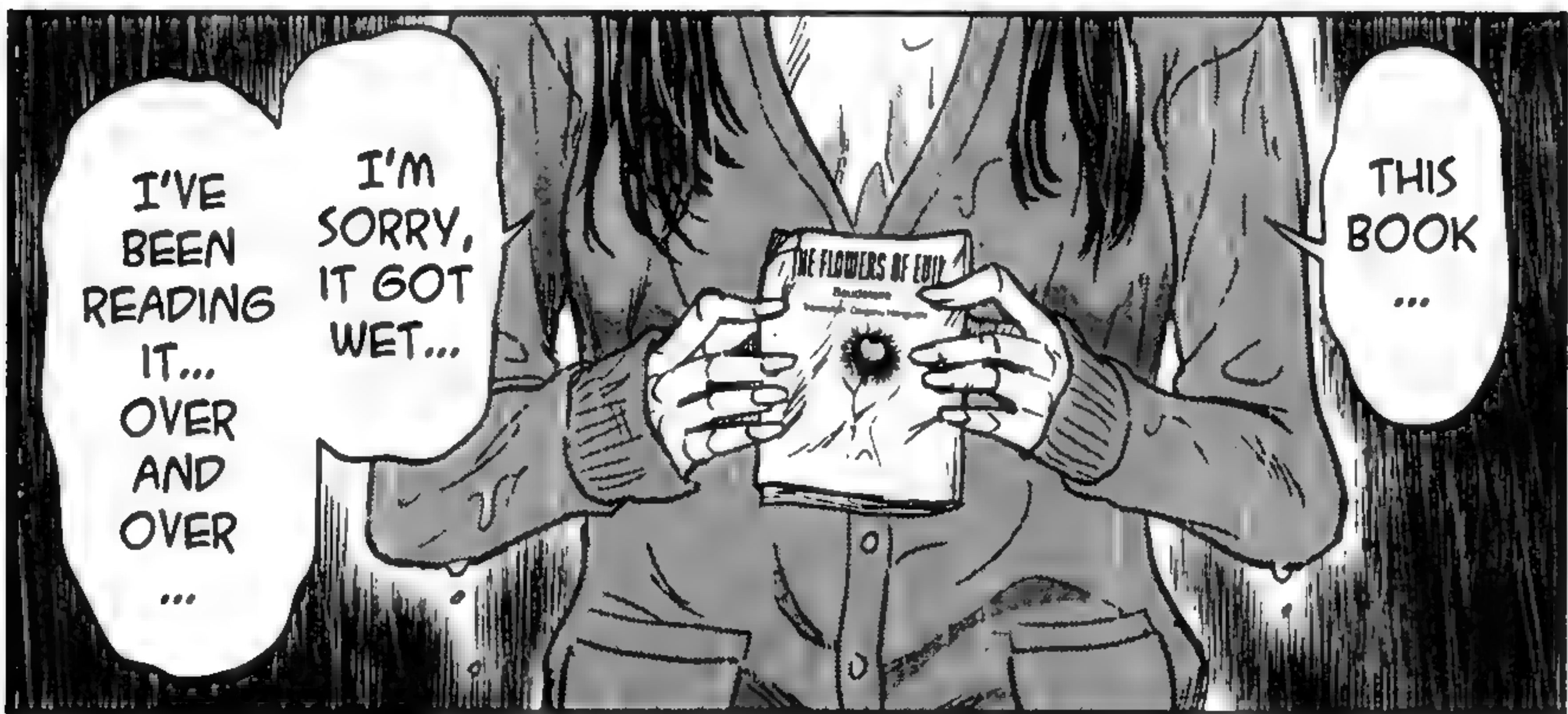
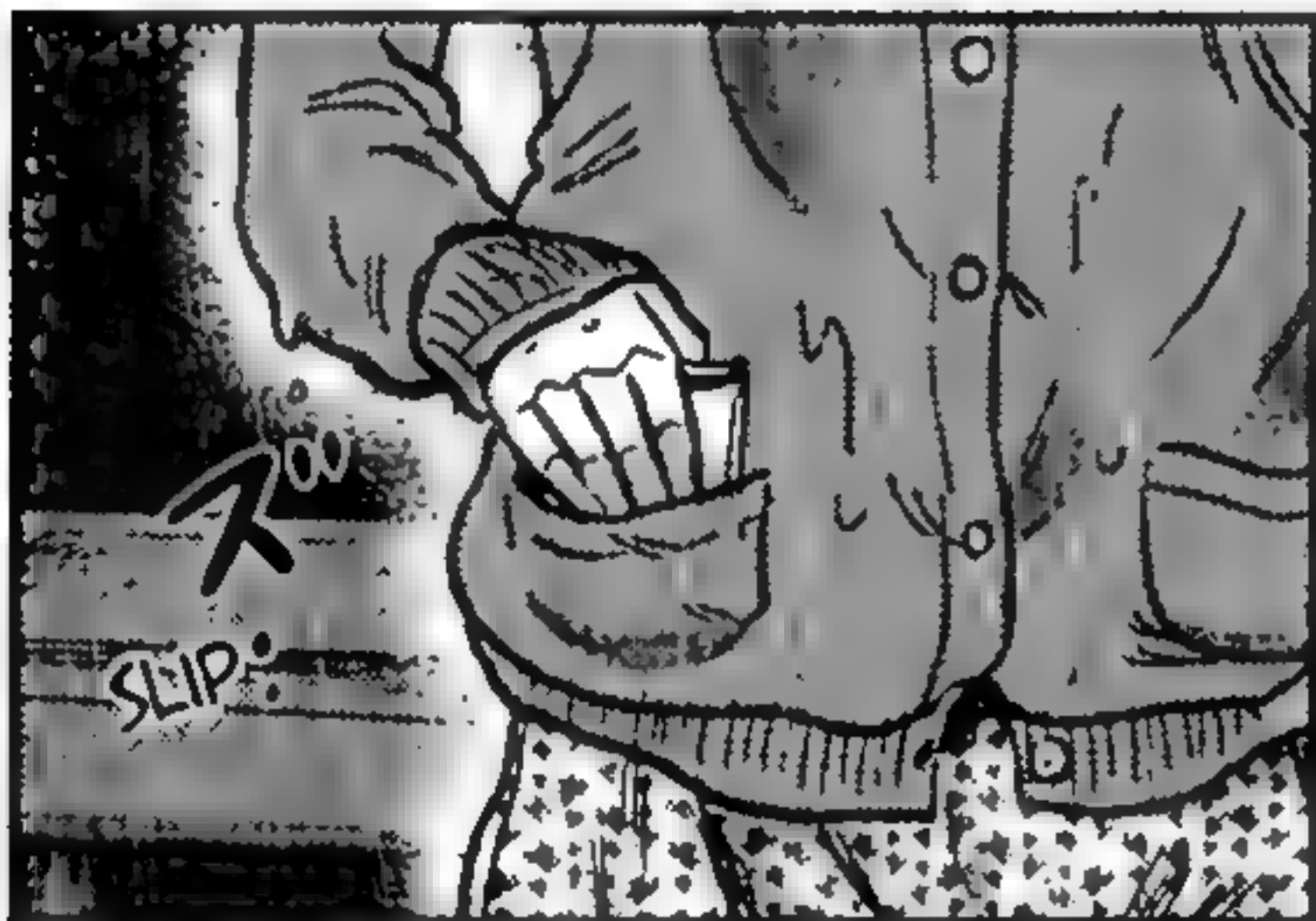
HUFF

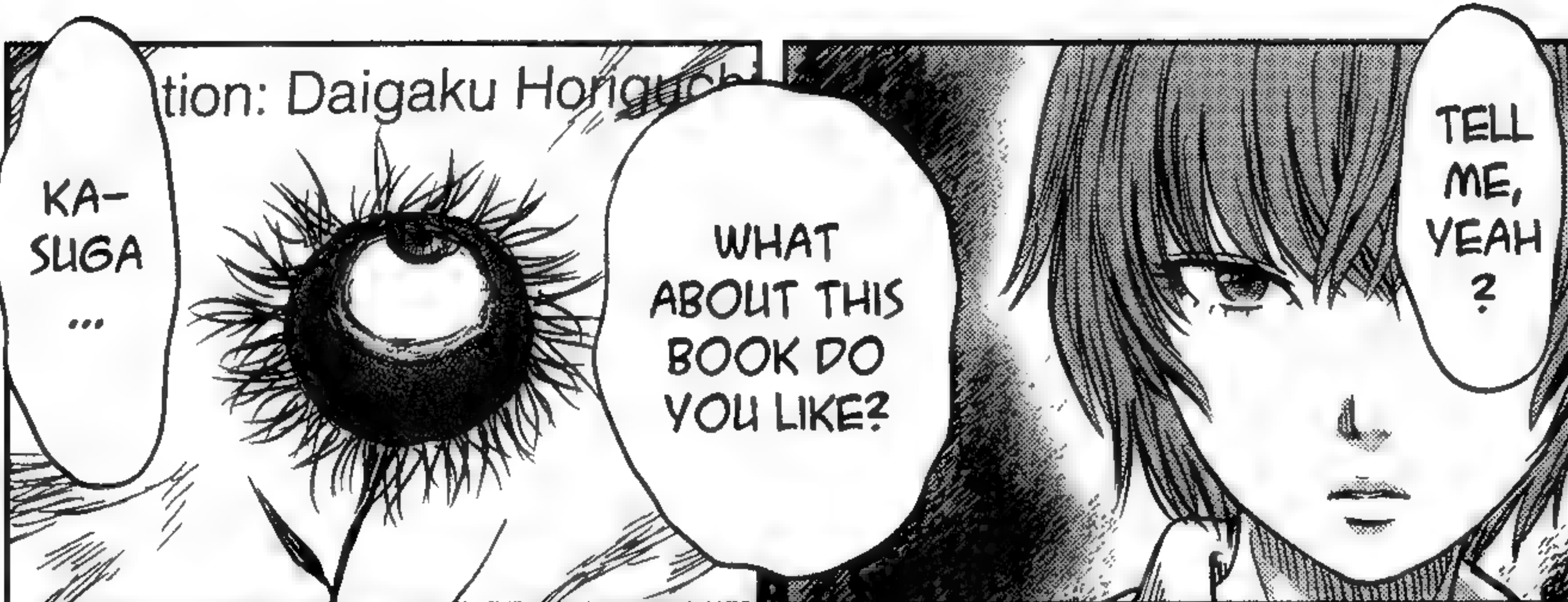


I'M SO
SORRY
...

I'M
SORRY
...

ぎゅ
GRAB





KA-
SUGA
...

tion: Daigaku Hongu

WHAT
ABOUT THIS
BOOK DO
YOU LIKE?

TELL
ME,
YEAH
?



PLEASE,
TELL ME
...
DON'T
RUN
AWAY
?

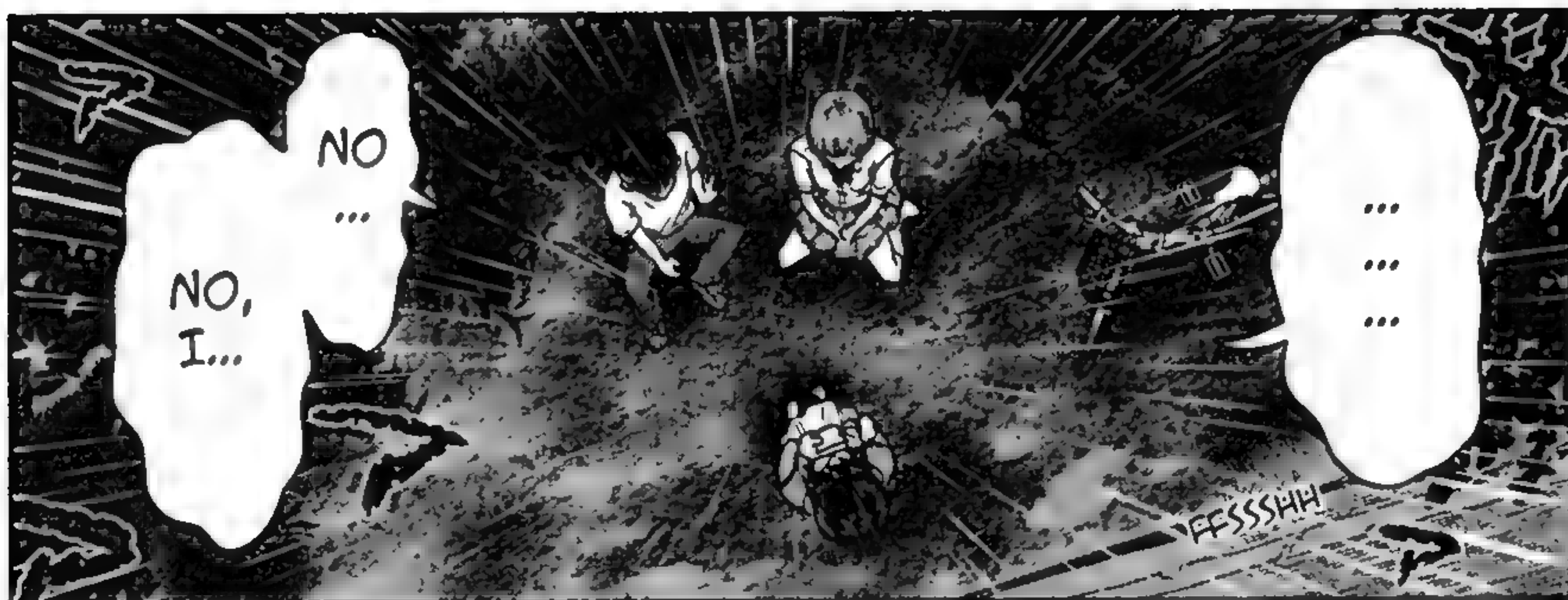
WHAT'S
GOING
ON
INSIDE
OF
YOU?



SO WHY
DO YOU
GO TO
NAKAMURA
?

WE'RE
GOING
OUT
...









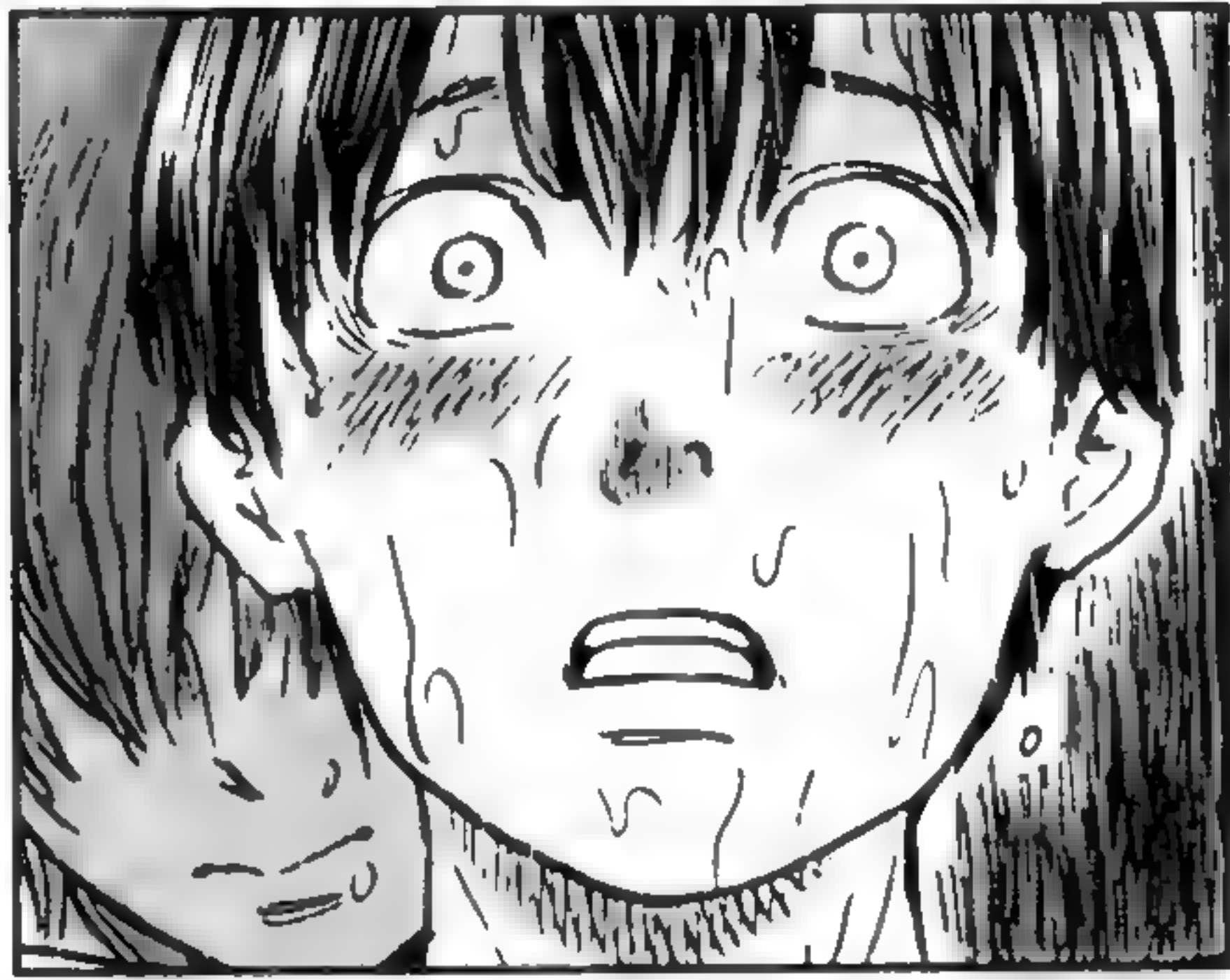




**Wrapped in
your shitty gym
uniform that
he'd sniffed
to the max
and rubbed
all over
himself, he
was twitching
hard!!**

**On that
garbage
date!!
When he
spilled his
scrappy
guts
to you
!!!**





IT'S
STUCK
ON HIS
REAL
BODY
UNDER
HIS
PEELED
SKIN.



HIS
HEART'S
WEARING
THEM
ALL THE
TIME.

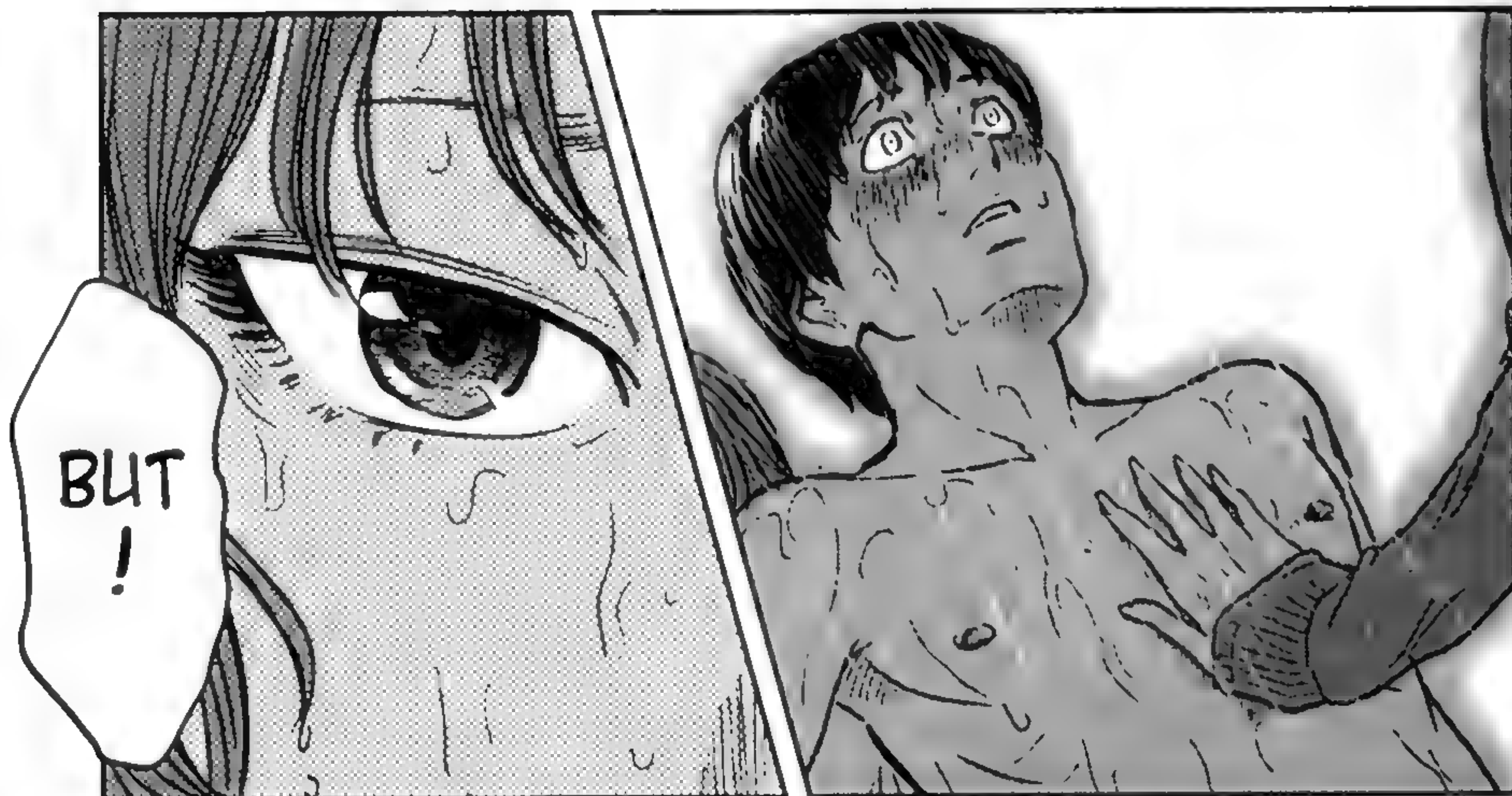
THAT'S
WHY
HE'S A
TRUE-
BLUE
PERVERT.



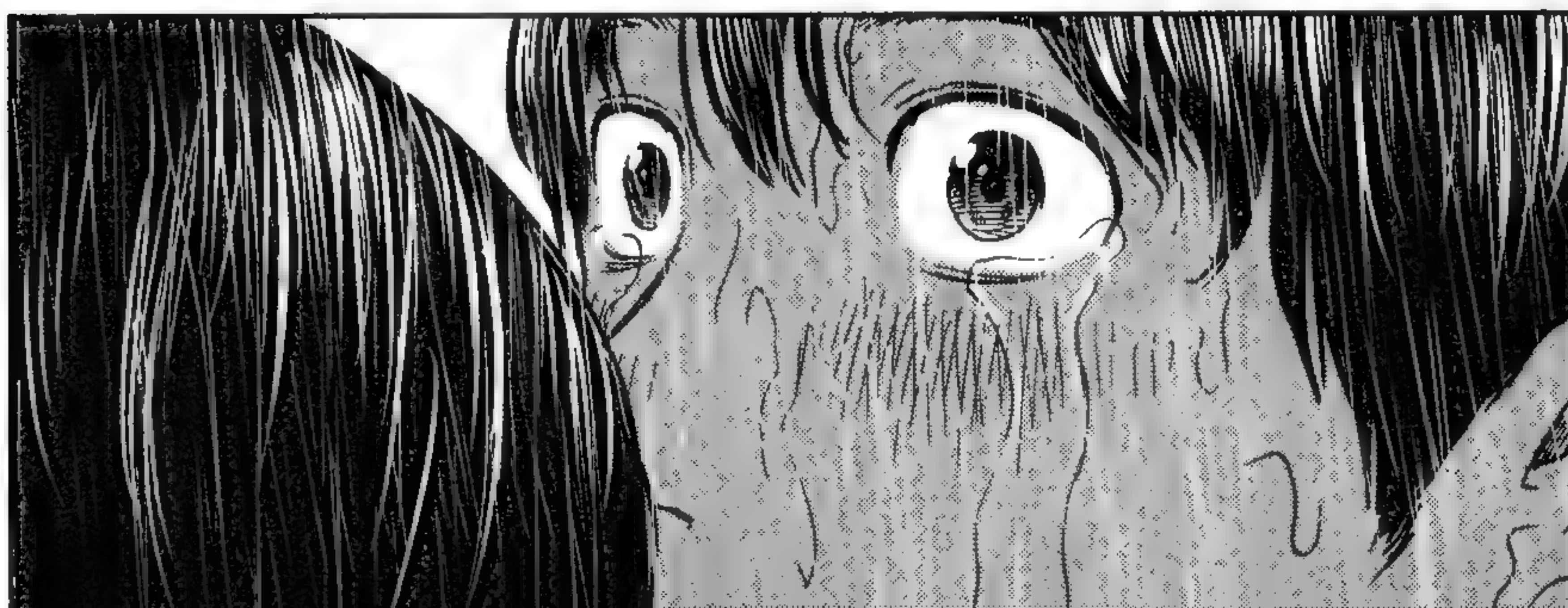
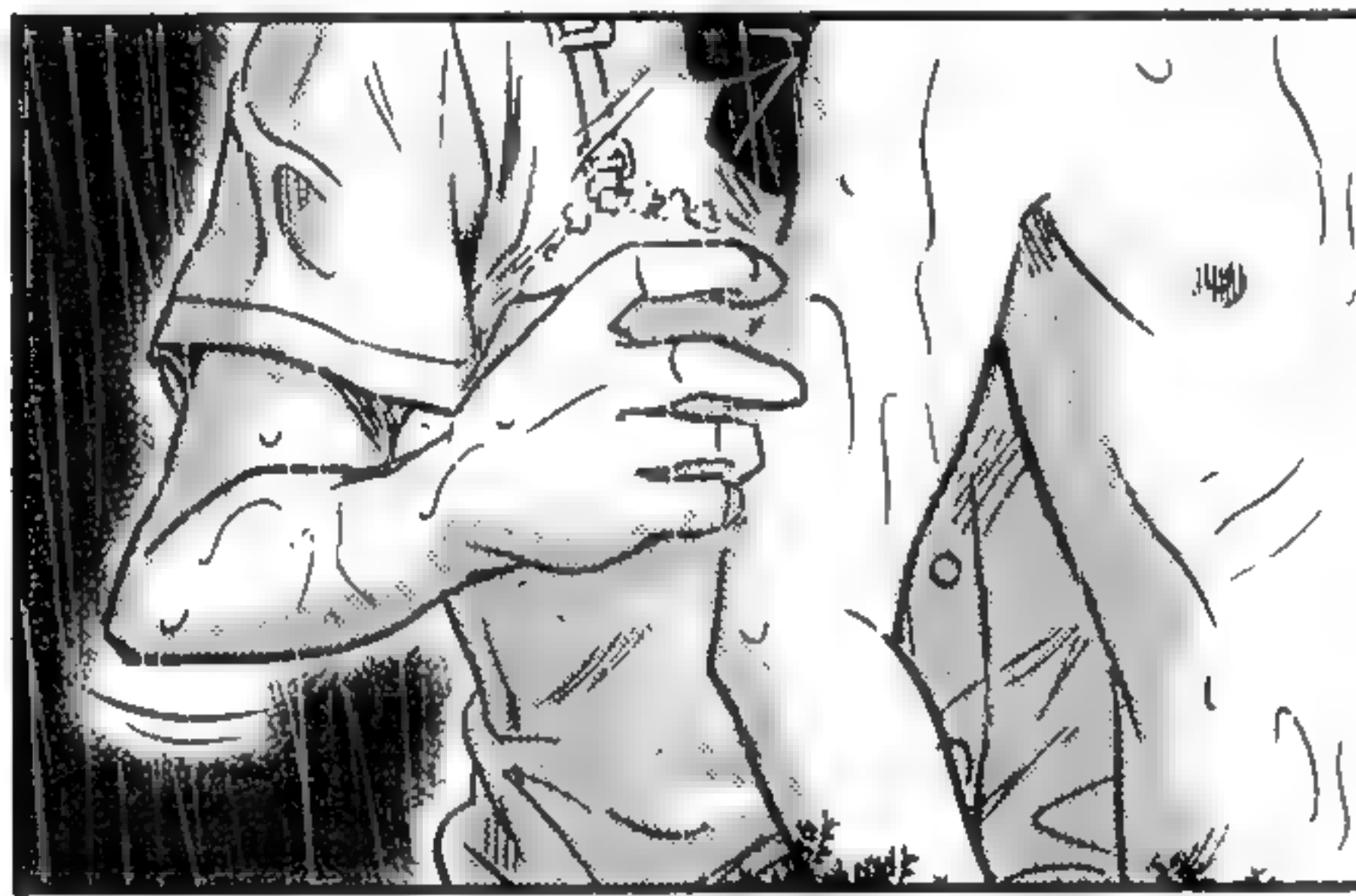
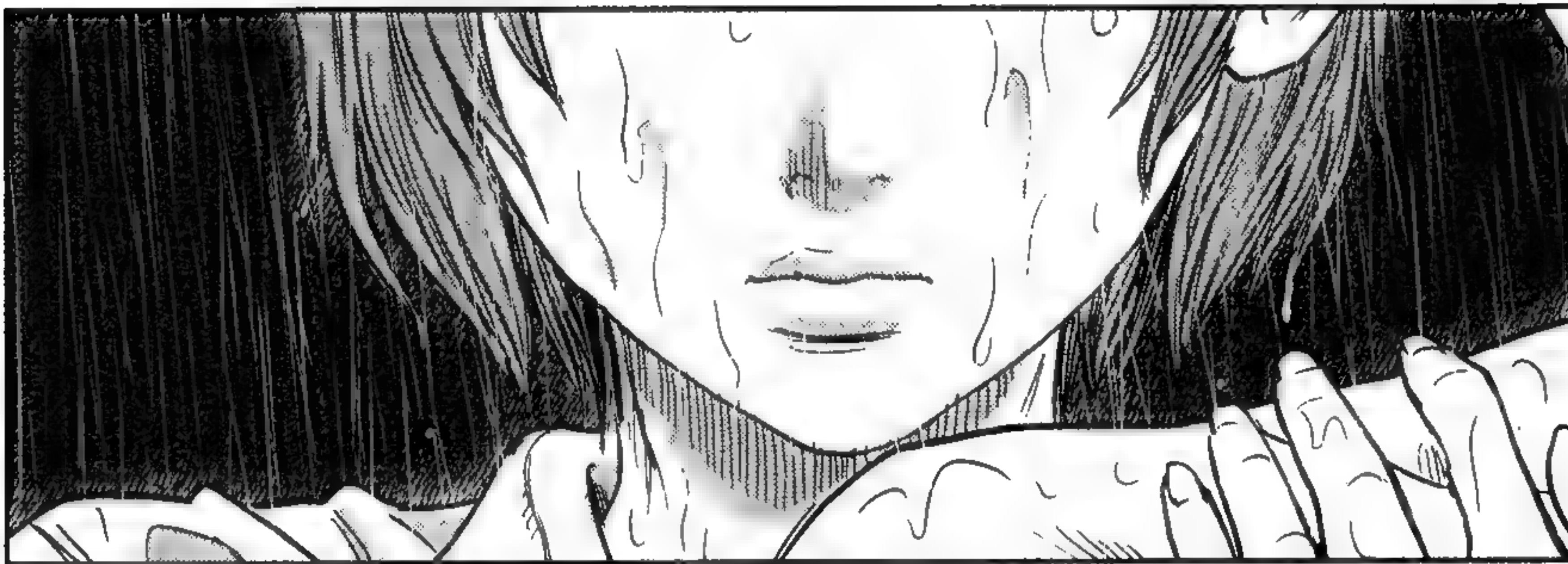
HE CAN
LAY
IT ALL
BARE.





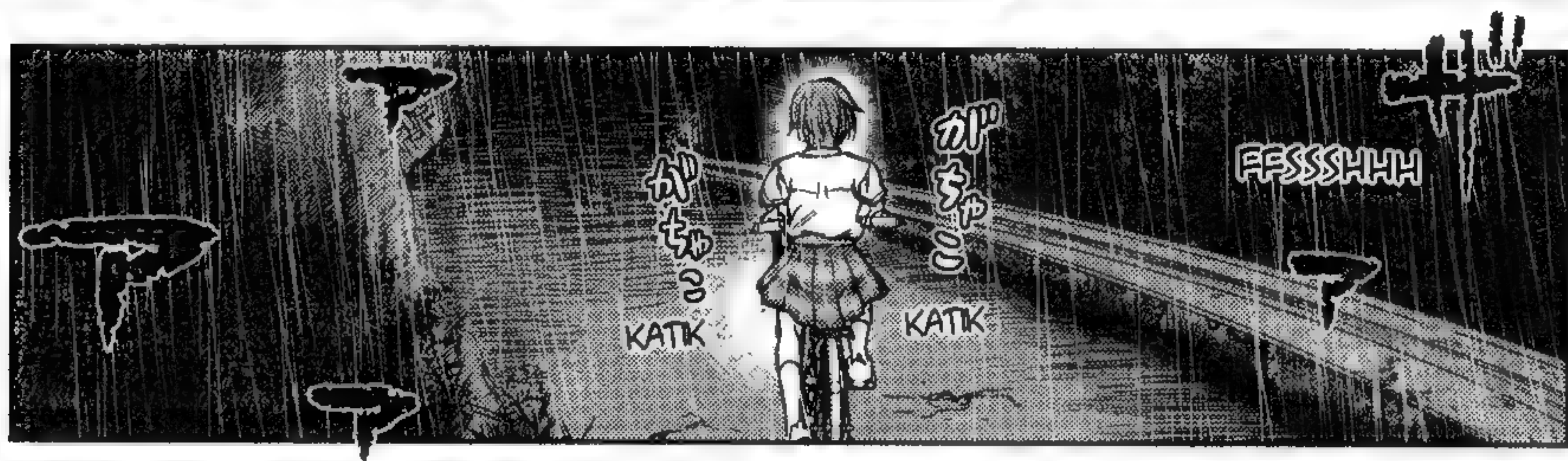


















Afterword 4

When the first collected volume of this manga was going to get published, we started talking about the cover.

The idea that popped into my head while discussing it with my editor was to have a big dialogue balloon. Nakamura would naturally be the face, and she could only be saying "You Shitbug." [Sorry we couldn't do this for the English edition. -Vertical] And so it came together, just like that.

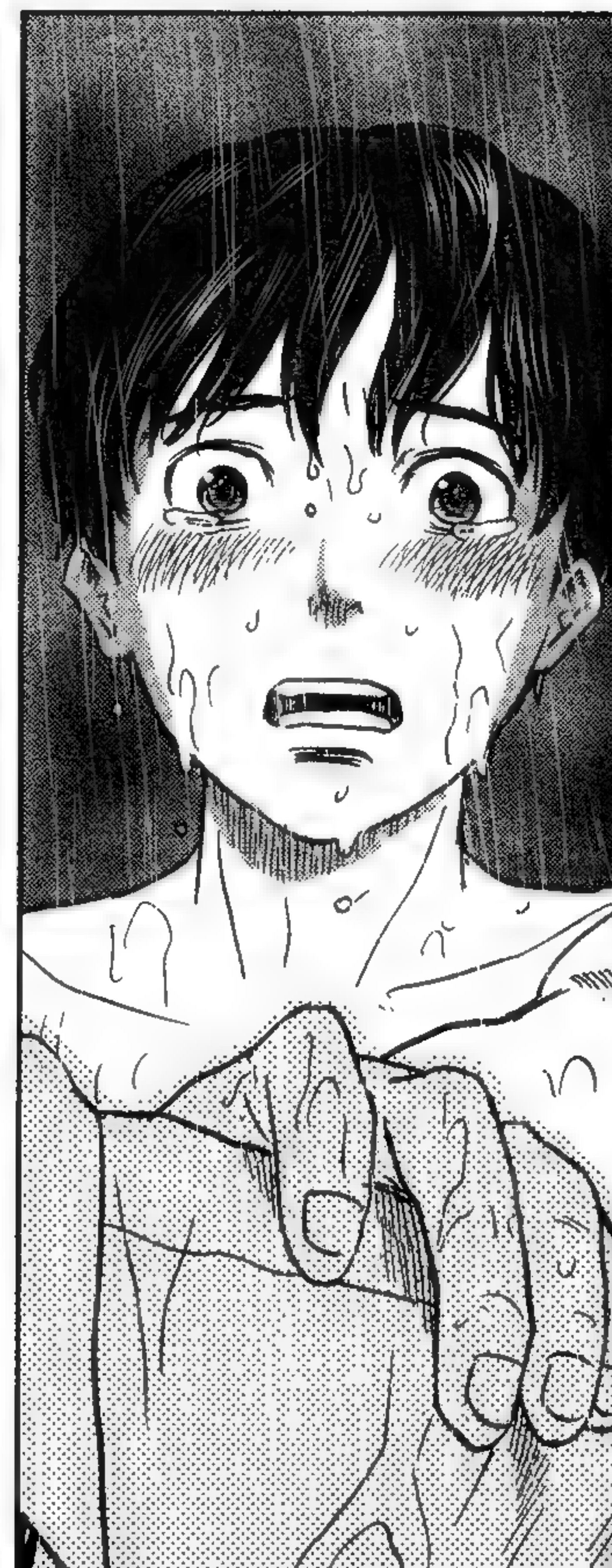
I told the designer about it, who very kindly sent me a bunch of layouts, but in the end we went with the simplest one, which is on the books right now.

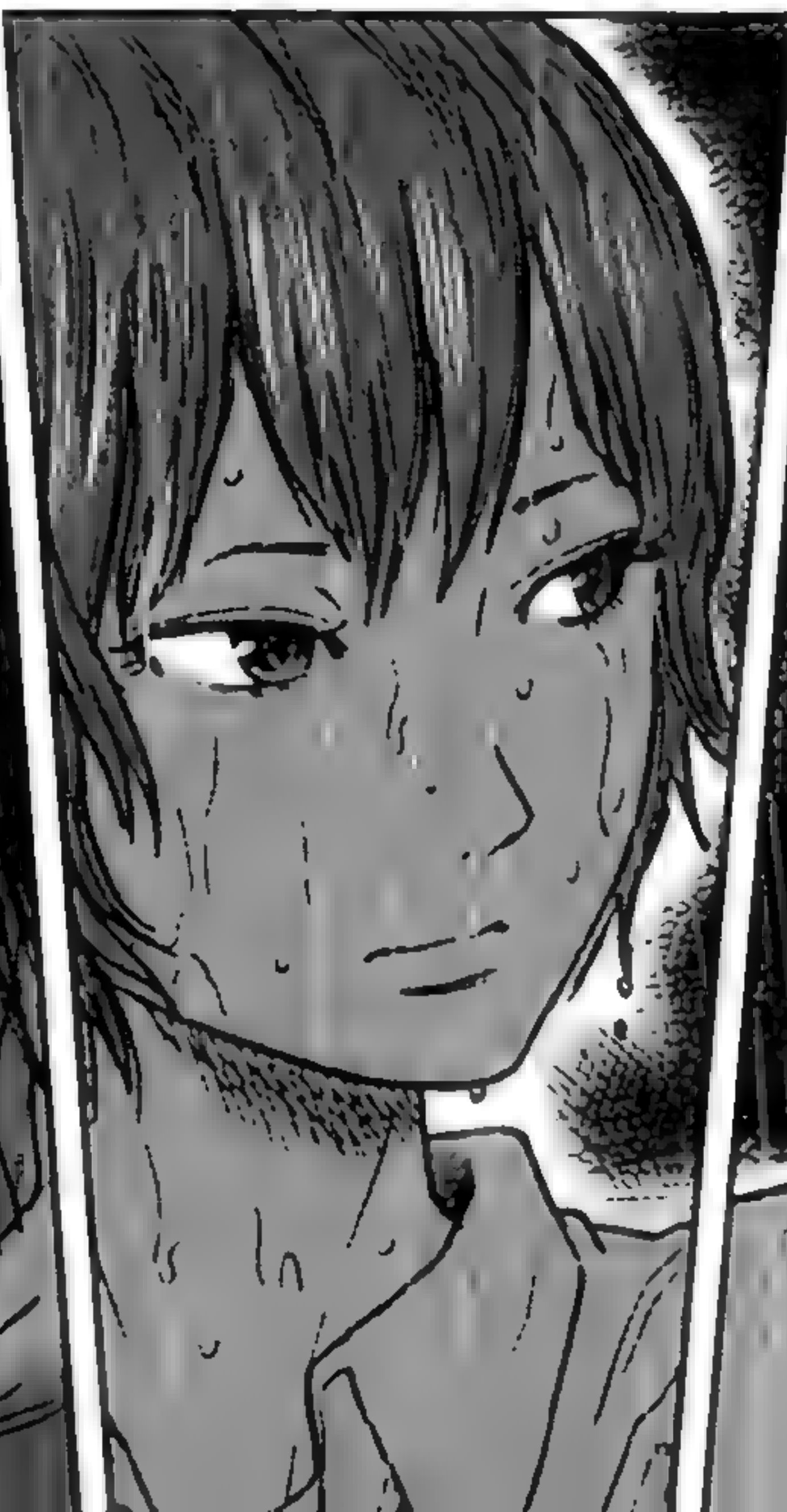


←
This is the first
rough sketch
I did.



Chapter 17: De Profundis



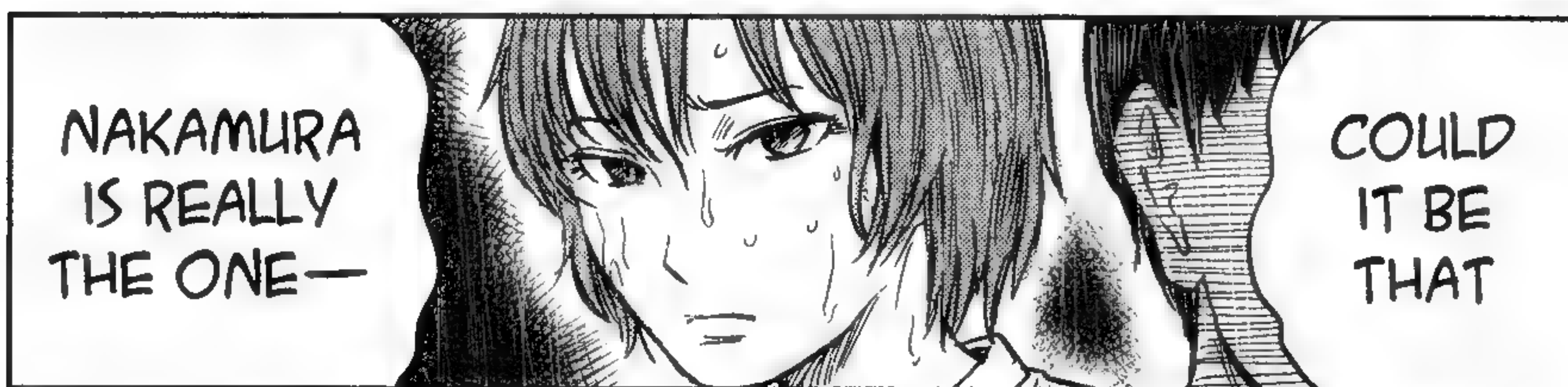






I
JUST
DON'T
CUT
IT?

NO
?



NAKAMURA
IS REALLY
THE ONE—

COULD
IT BE
THAT



IT'S
NOT
LIKE
THAT
...

MY
BODY
JUST...
MOVED
ON ITS
OWN
...

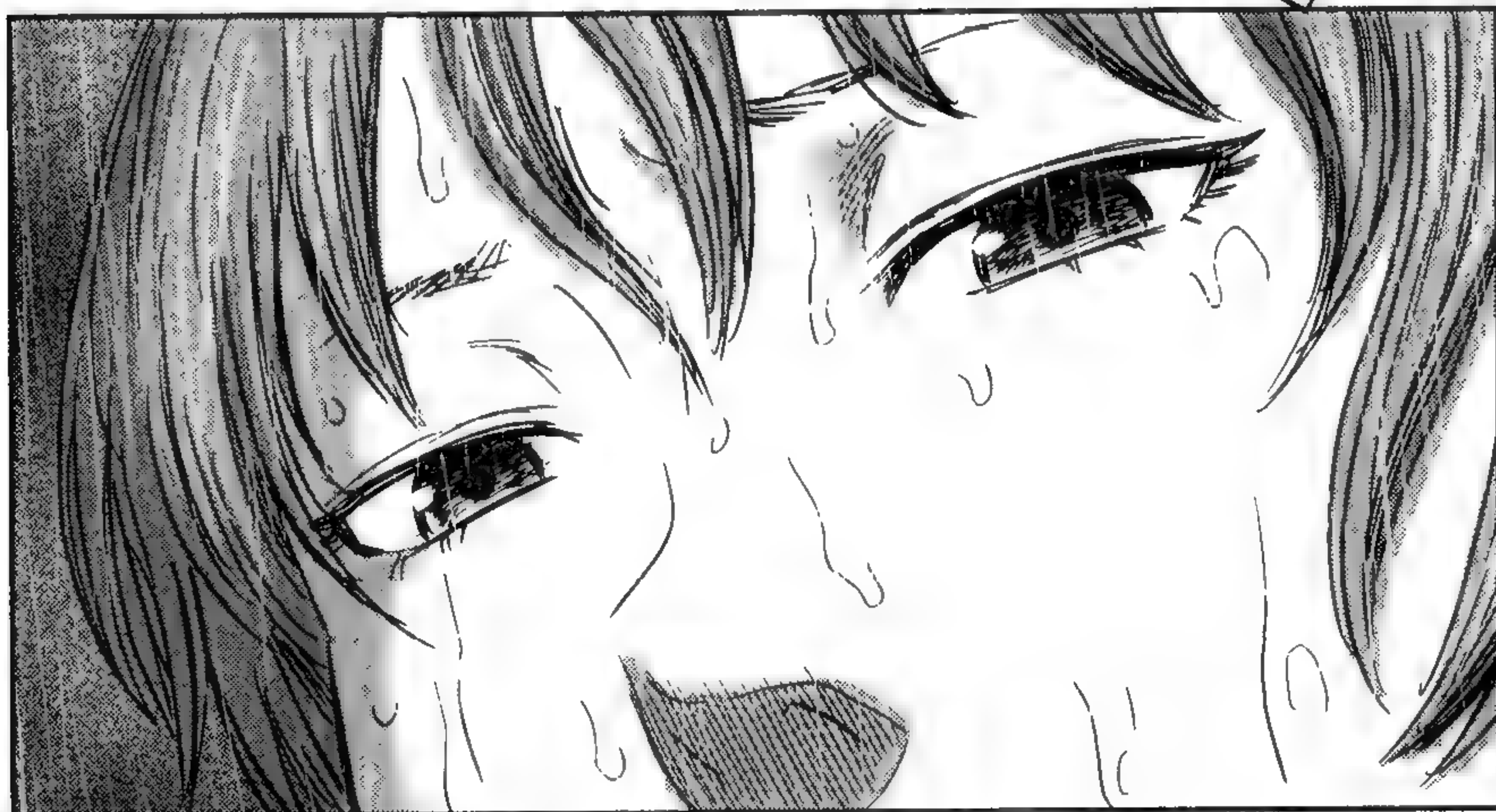
N-
NO!



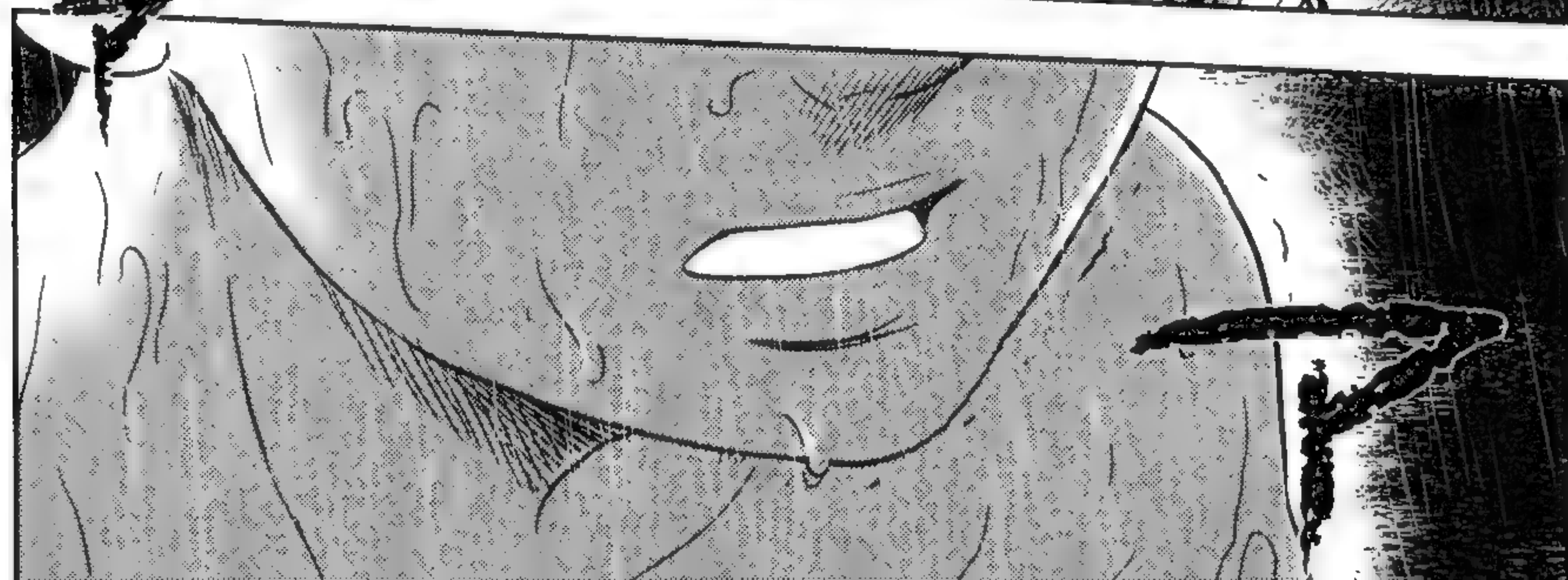
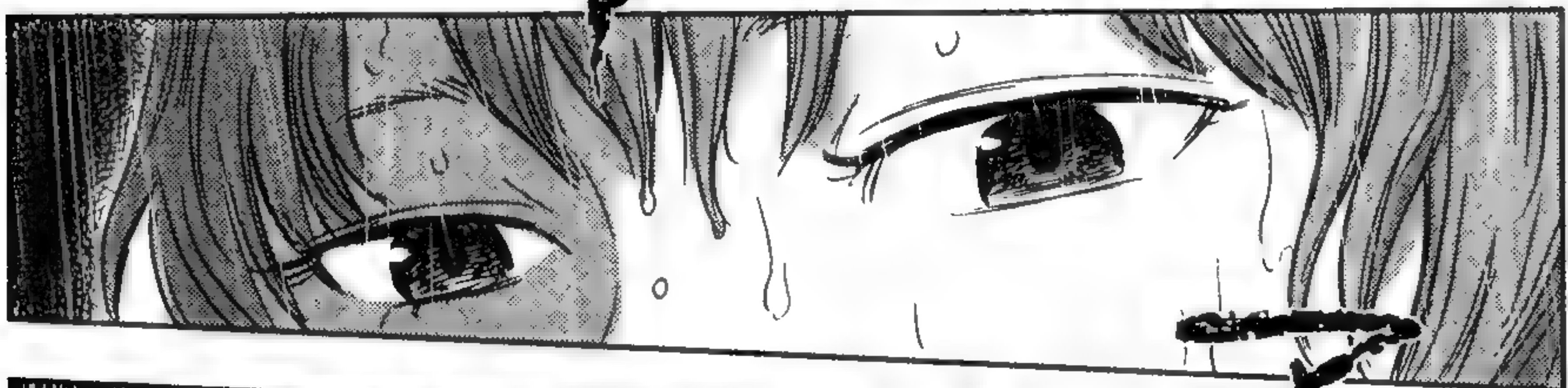
















BUT...
HOW?

I WAS
UNLIKE
ALL
THOSE
LAME
OTHERS.

I
WAS
SURE
I
WASN'T
THE
SAME.



I WAS JUST
GETTING
HIGH ON
MYSELF FOR
READING IT
...

BAUDE-
LAIRE
OR THE
FLOWERS
OF EVIL!

I
DON'T
REALLY
GET



WHICH
ISN'T
ONE BIT
SPECIAL!

MY
TRUE
SELF
...

I
WAS
TRYING
NOT
TO
SEE



TOTALLY
EMPTY
...!

I'M
...



CALLED
YOU MY
MUSE...
MY
ANGEL...

SAEKI
...
I
LOVED
YOU
FROM
AFAR...



I NEVER
WANTED TO
FACE THE
REAL YOU,
IN THE
FLESH!
IT'S TOO
SCARY!

AND I
WANTED
YOU TO
STAY
AN
ANGEL.



BUT...
I'M NOT
EVEN A
PERVERT!

I CAN'T
EVER BE
NORMAL...
I WON'T
EVER
KNOW
NORMAL
LOVE...



THERE'S
NOTHING
INSIDE
OF ME
TO
BARE!

I
CAN'T
BARE
WHAT'S
IN ME
...

I'M NOT
THE
PERSON
YOU'VE
BEEN
HOPING
I AM,
NAKAMURA
...



I'M THE
WORST
SHITBUG
OF
THEM
ALL!

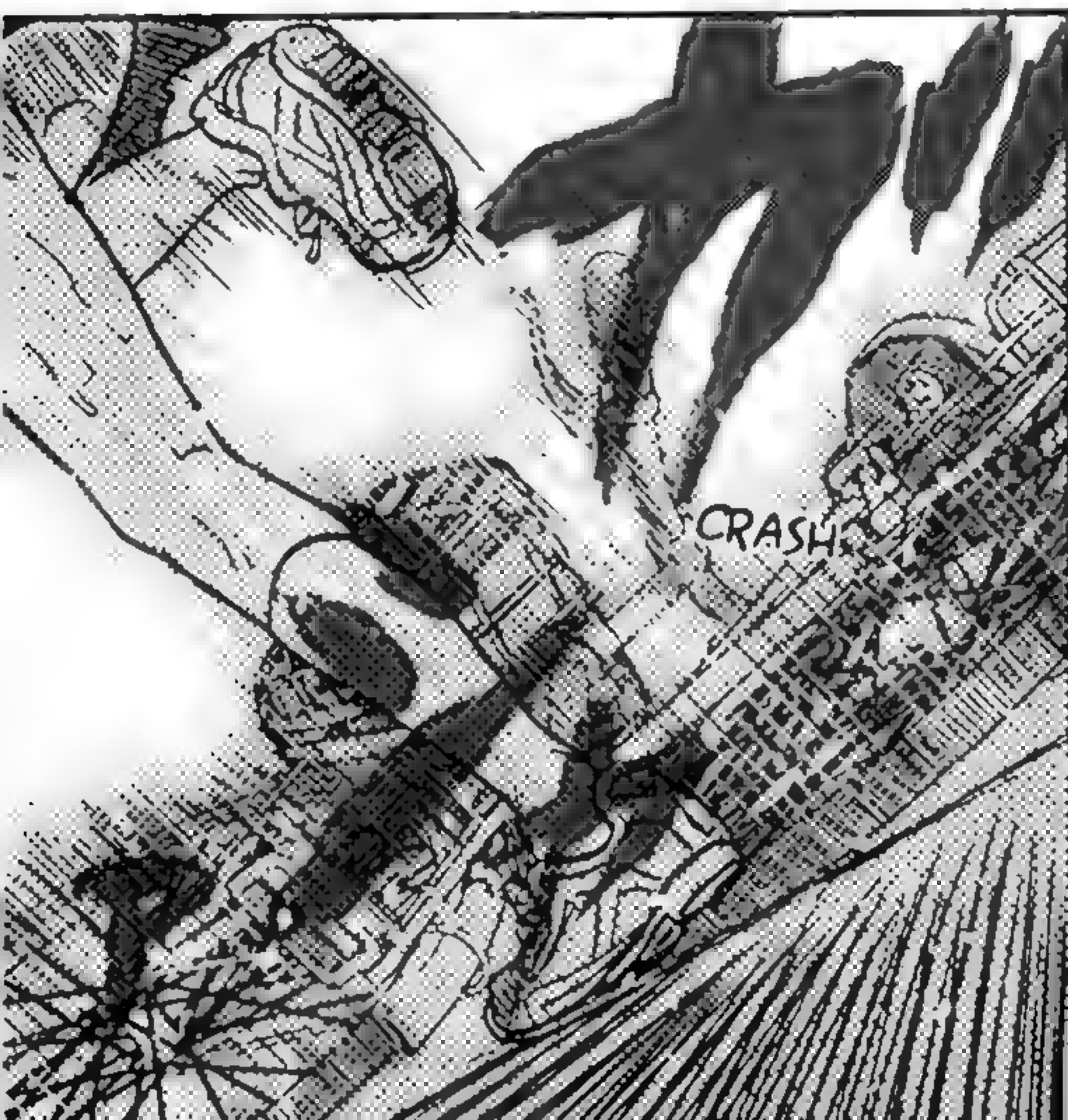
I'M A
SHIT-
BUG!



I DON'T
HAVE THE
RIGHT
!!!

I CAN'T
CHOOSE!
I CAN'T
DO SUCH
A THING!

















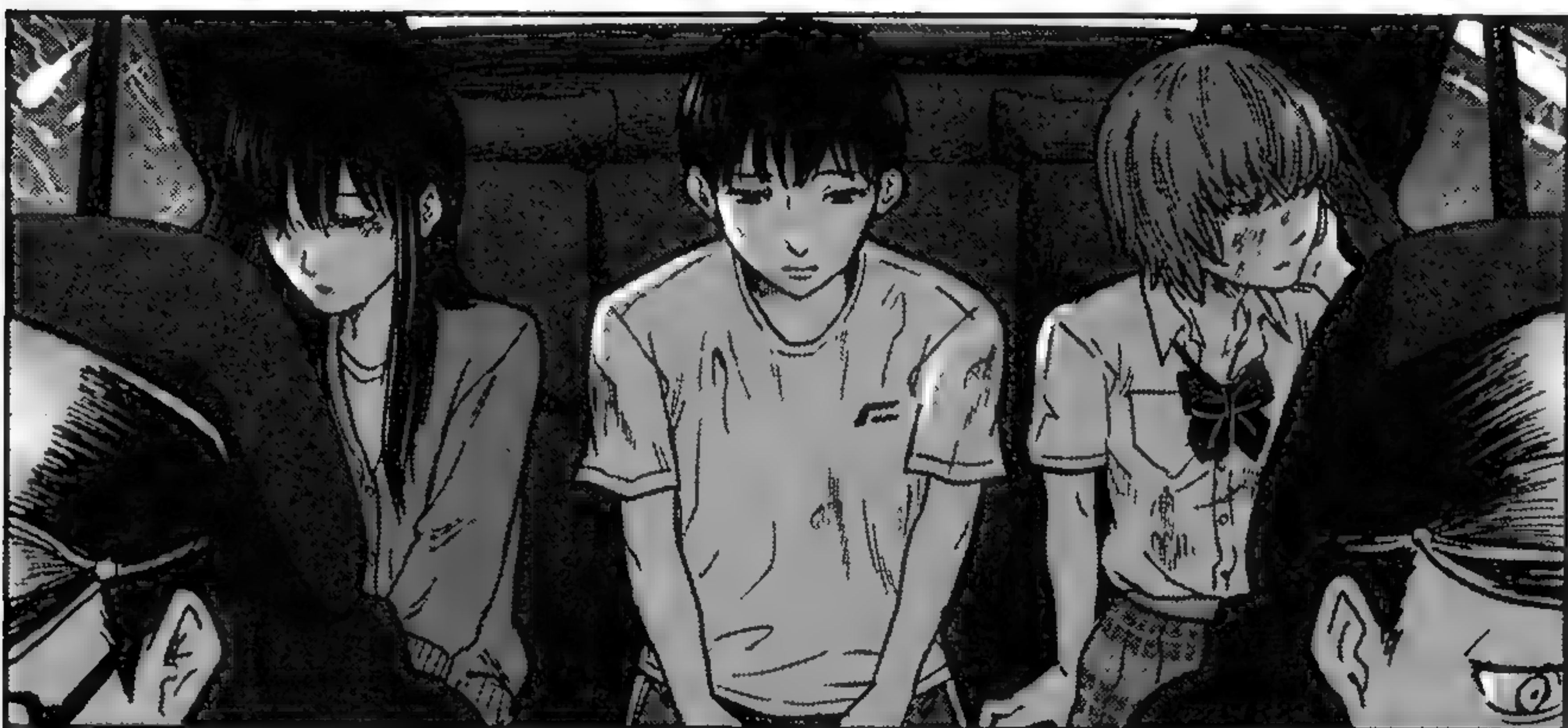


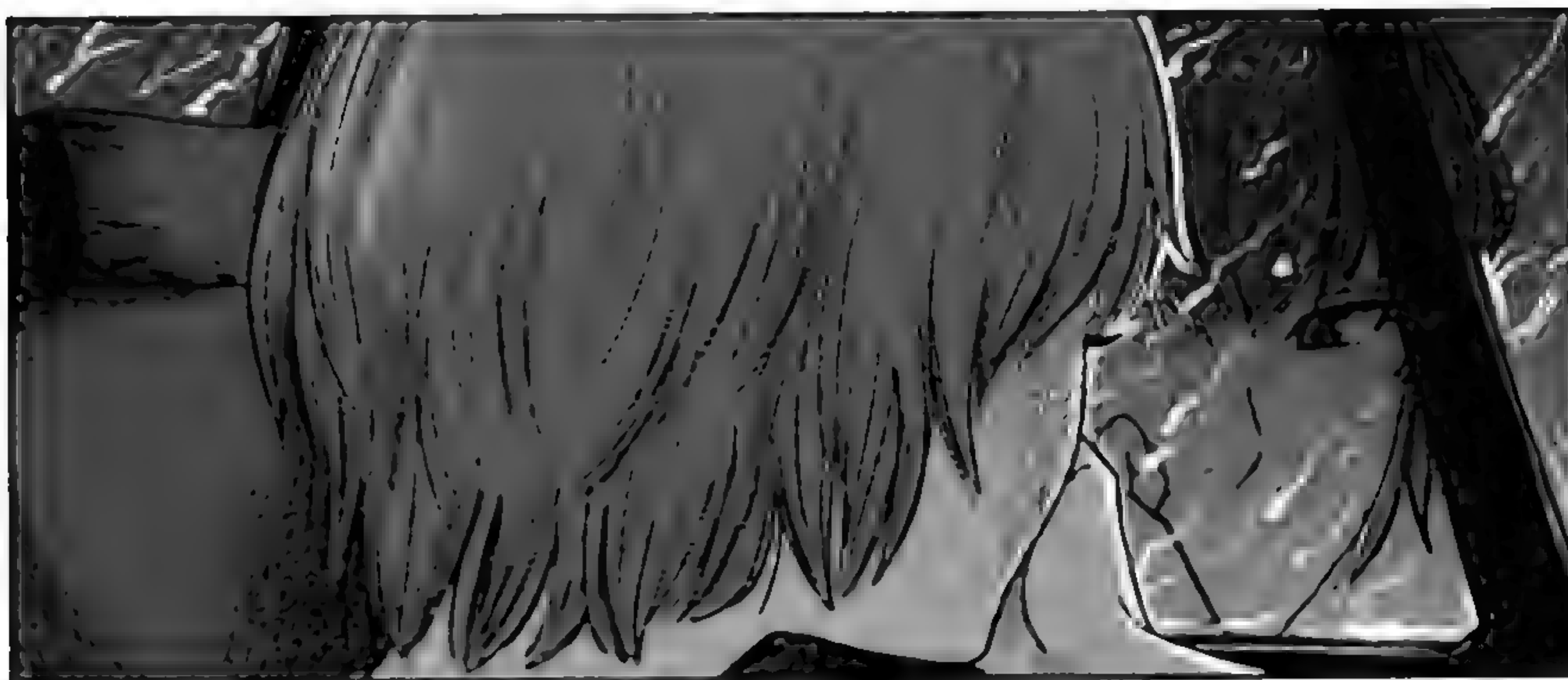
**Lemme
go, you
shitbug
!!**

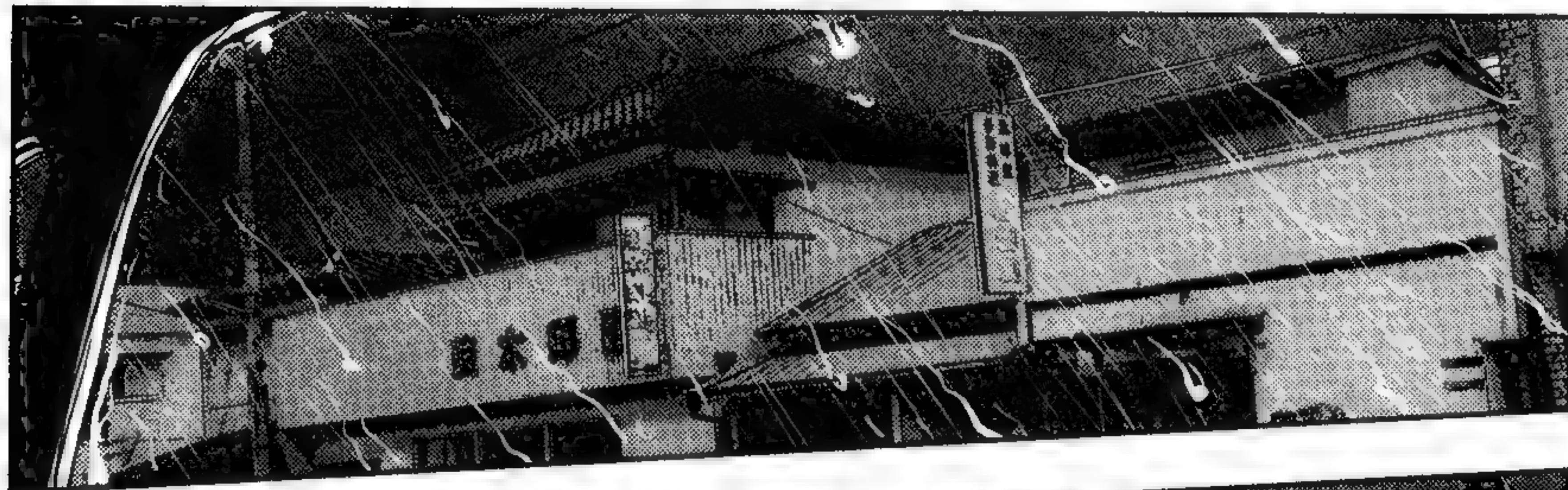
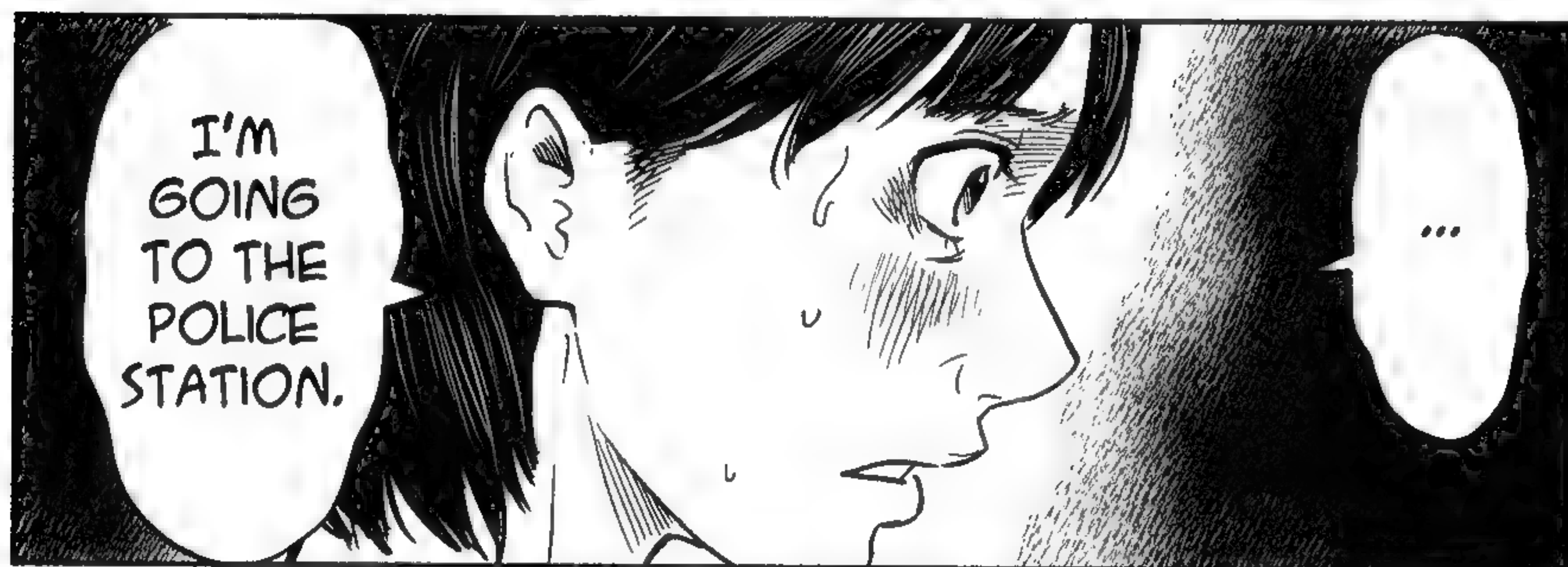
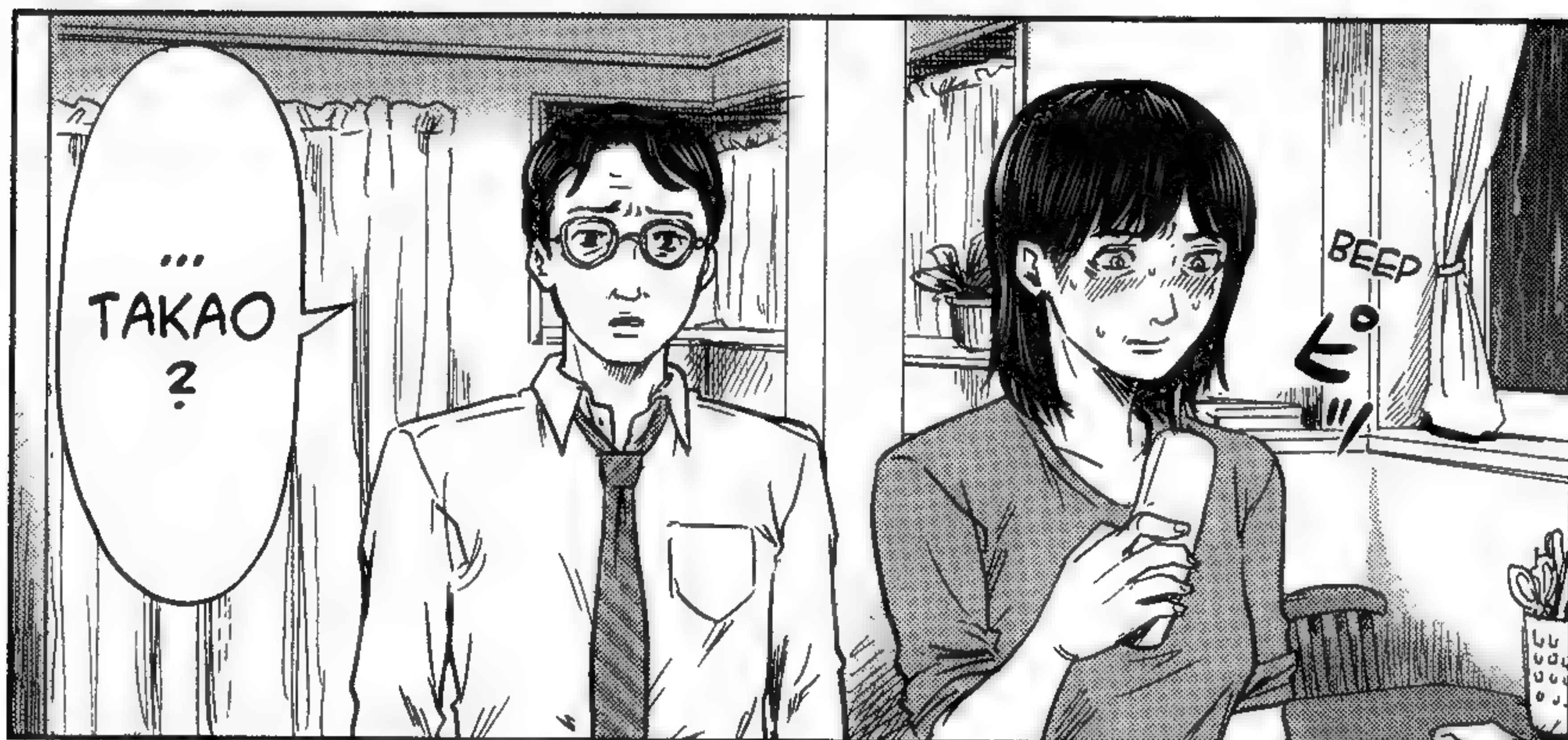
**Let
me
go
!!**



**A
a
a
a
a
a
a
h
!**









Afterword 5

When does adolescence end, I wonder?

I think "adolescence" covers that dark period between being an unthinking grade school kid and "adulthood," when you've gained discernment and slipped the chains of self-consciousness.

The beginning of adolescence is easy to mark. Secondary sexual characteristics start to develop—things like a lowered voice, the beginning of a girl's menstrual cycle, and the growth of pubic hair. These physical changes directly alter self-consciousness.

But the end is harder to see. There are many people who reach middle age, begin balding, and get wrinkles and gray hair who retain the self-consciousness of adolescence.

The onset hits you whether you like it or not, but the end doesn't come to you of its own accord.

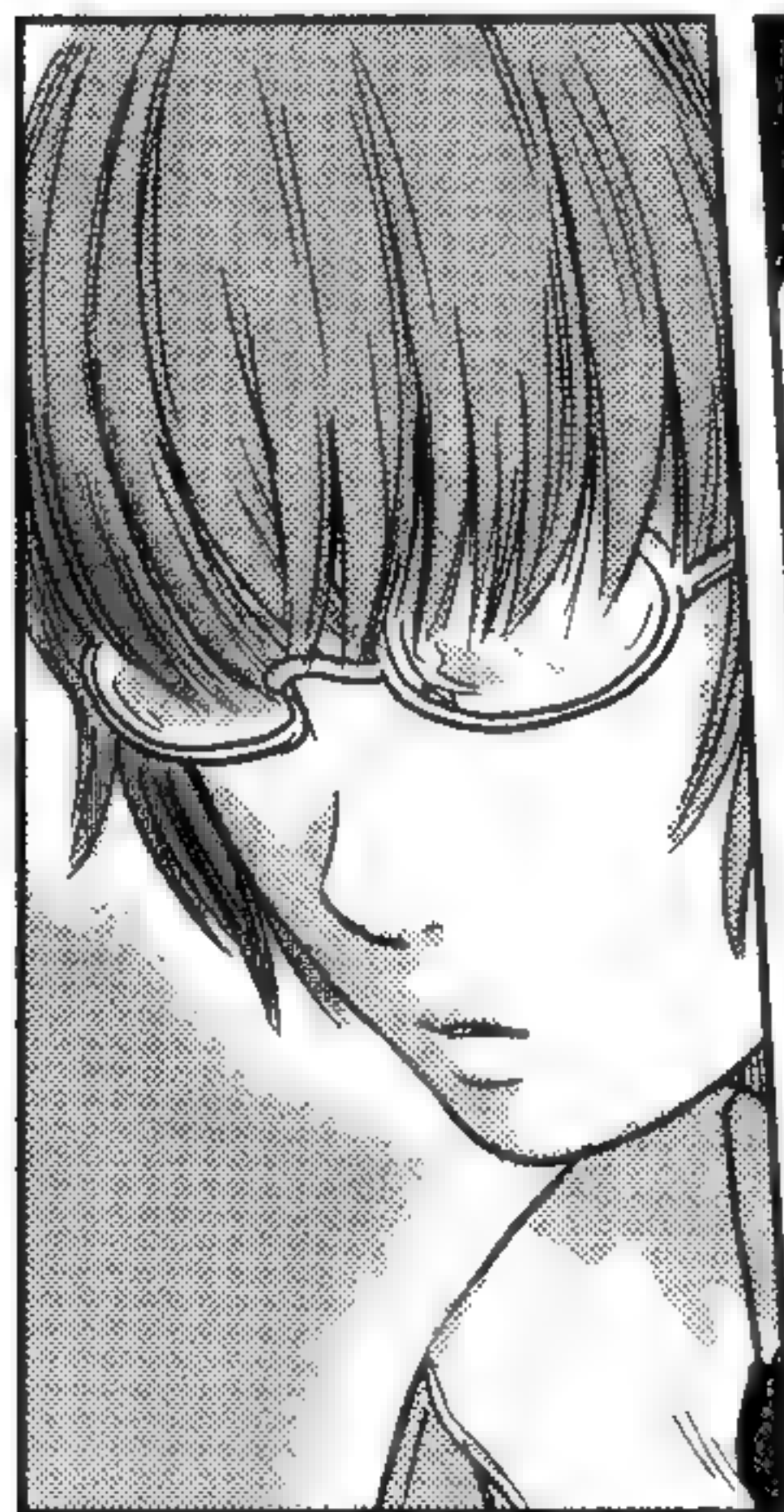
That's because it's something you have to find for yourself.

This comic, too, is about somehow discovering "adolescence's end."



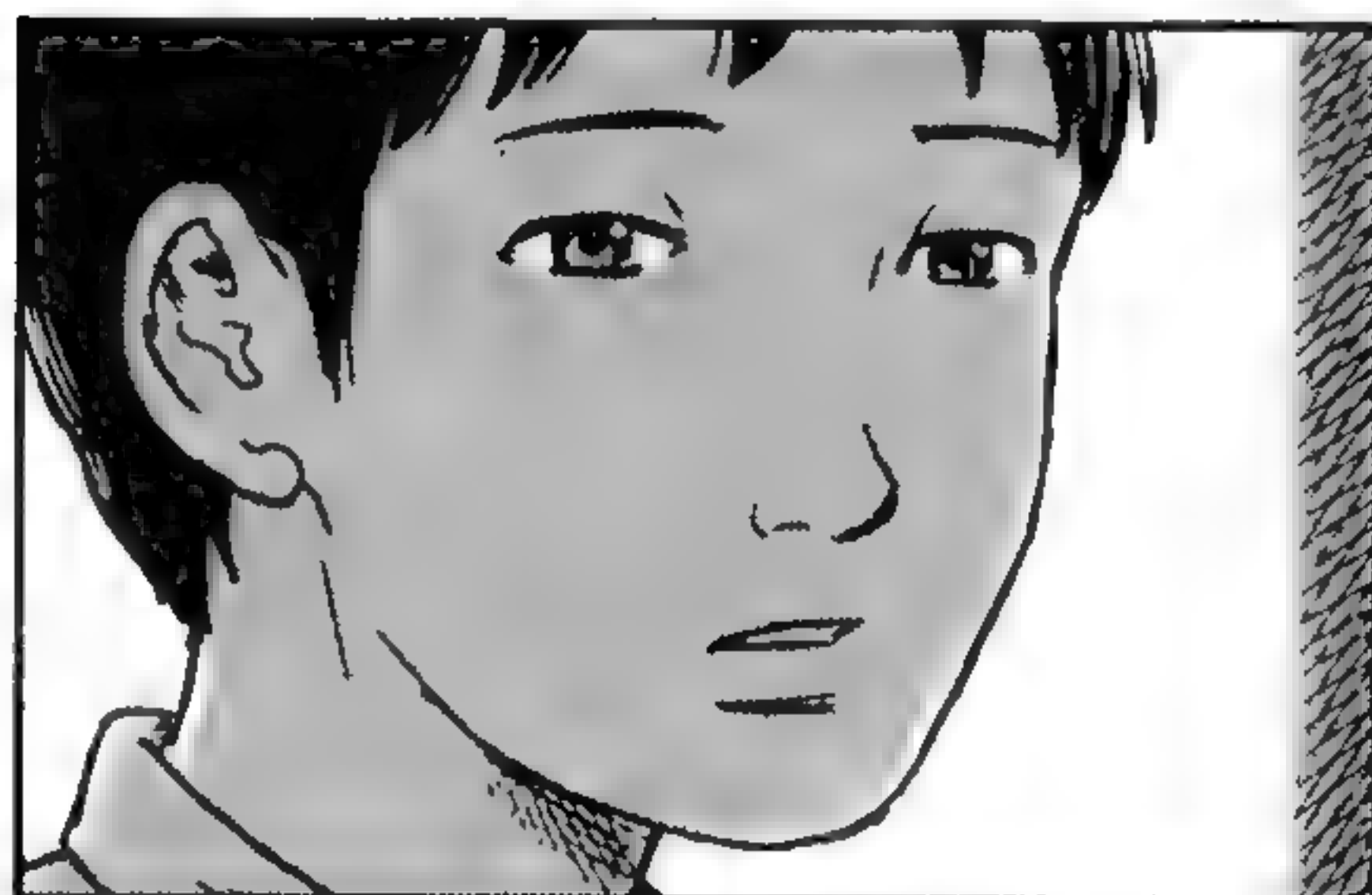
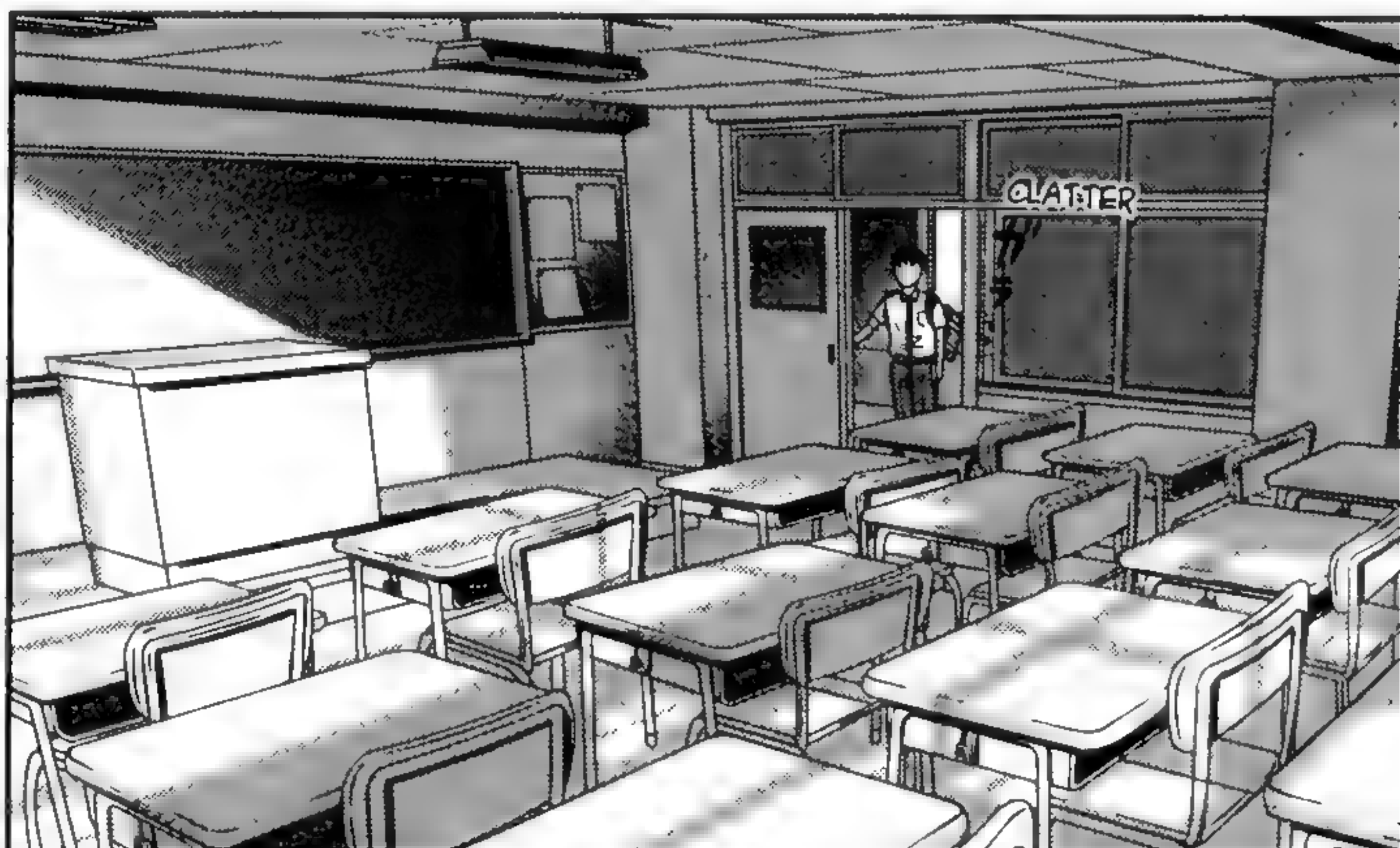
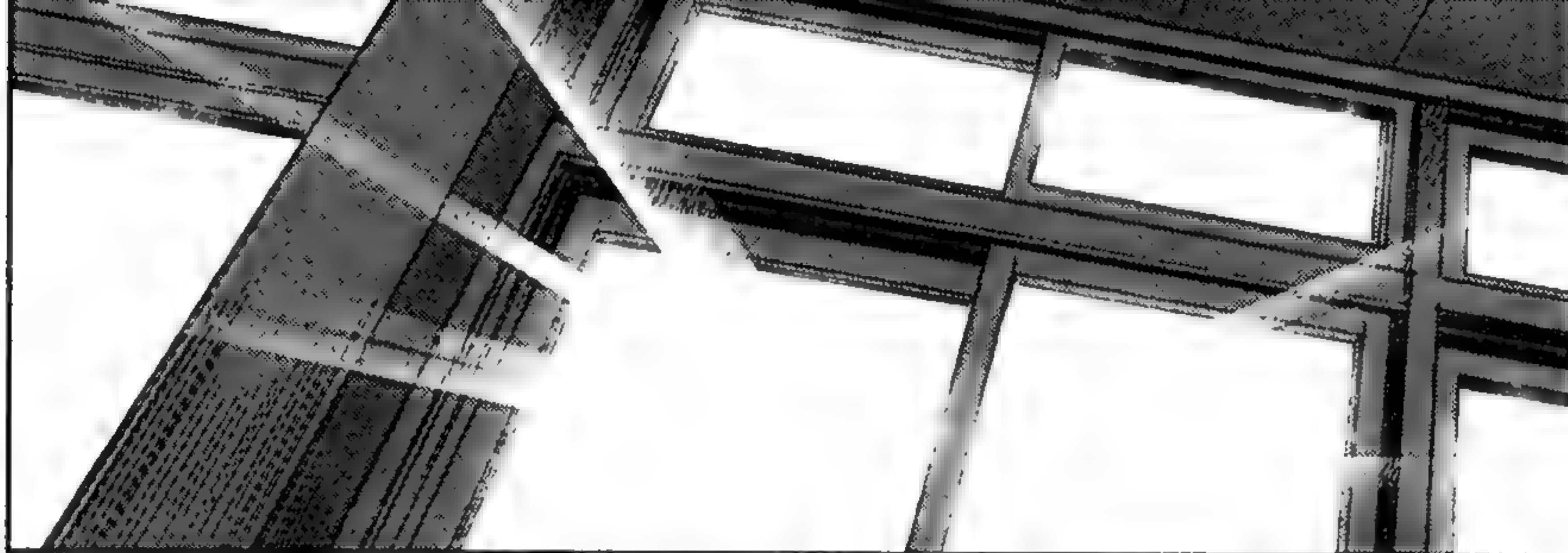
Special Episode

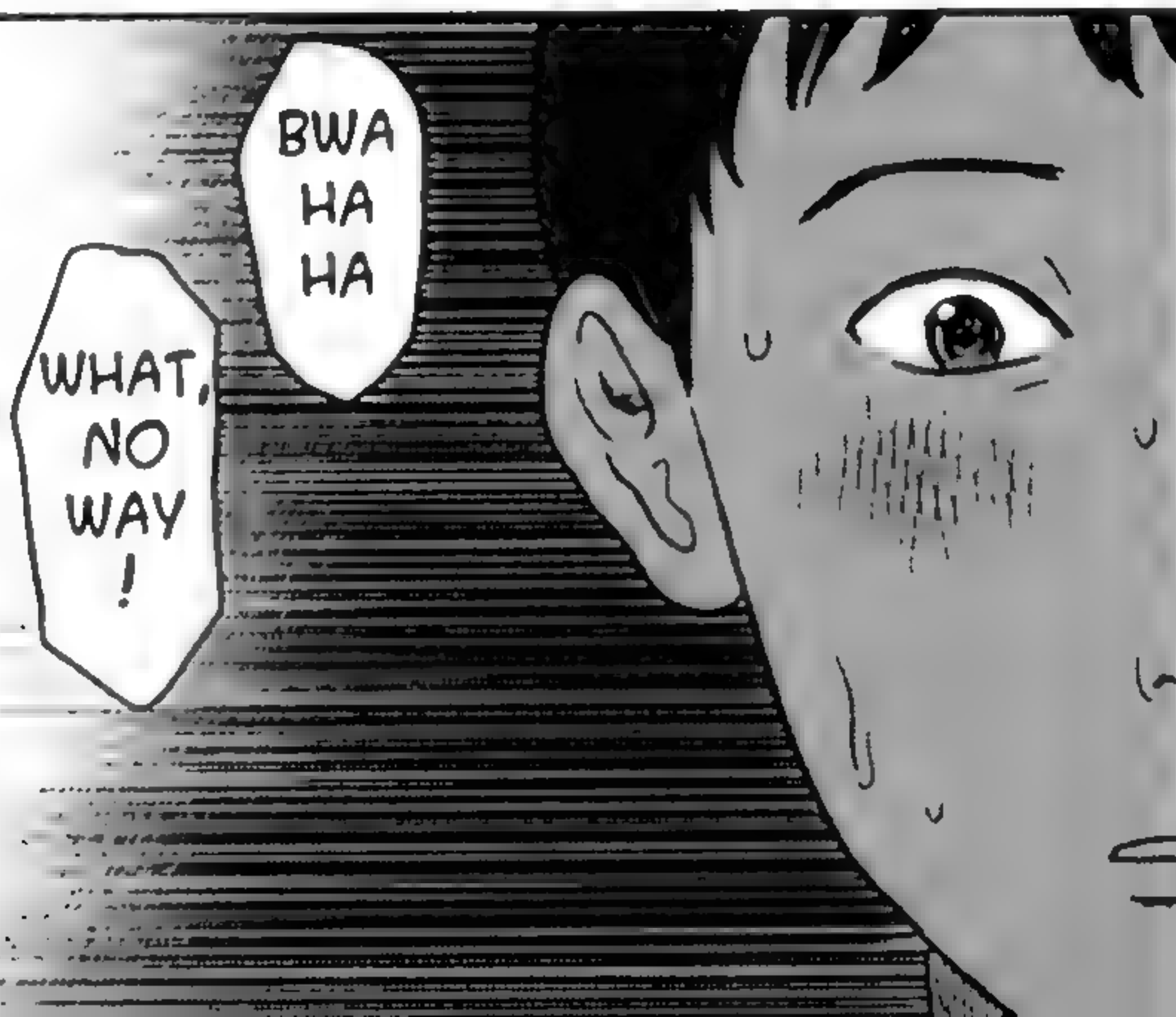
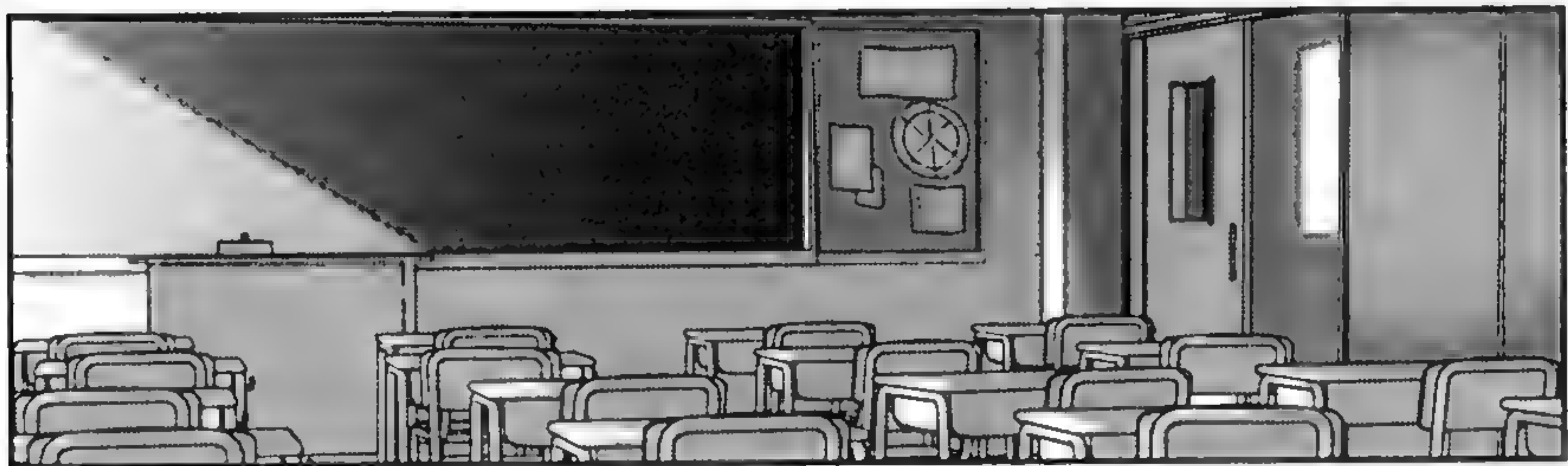
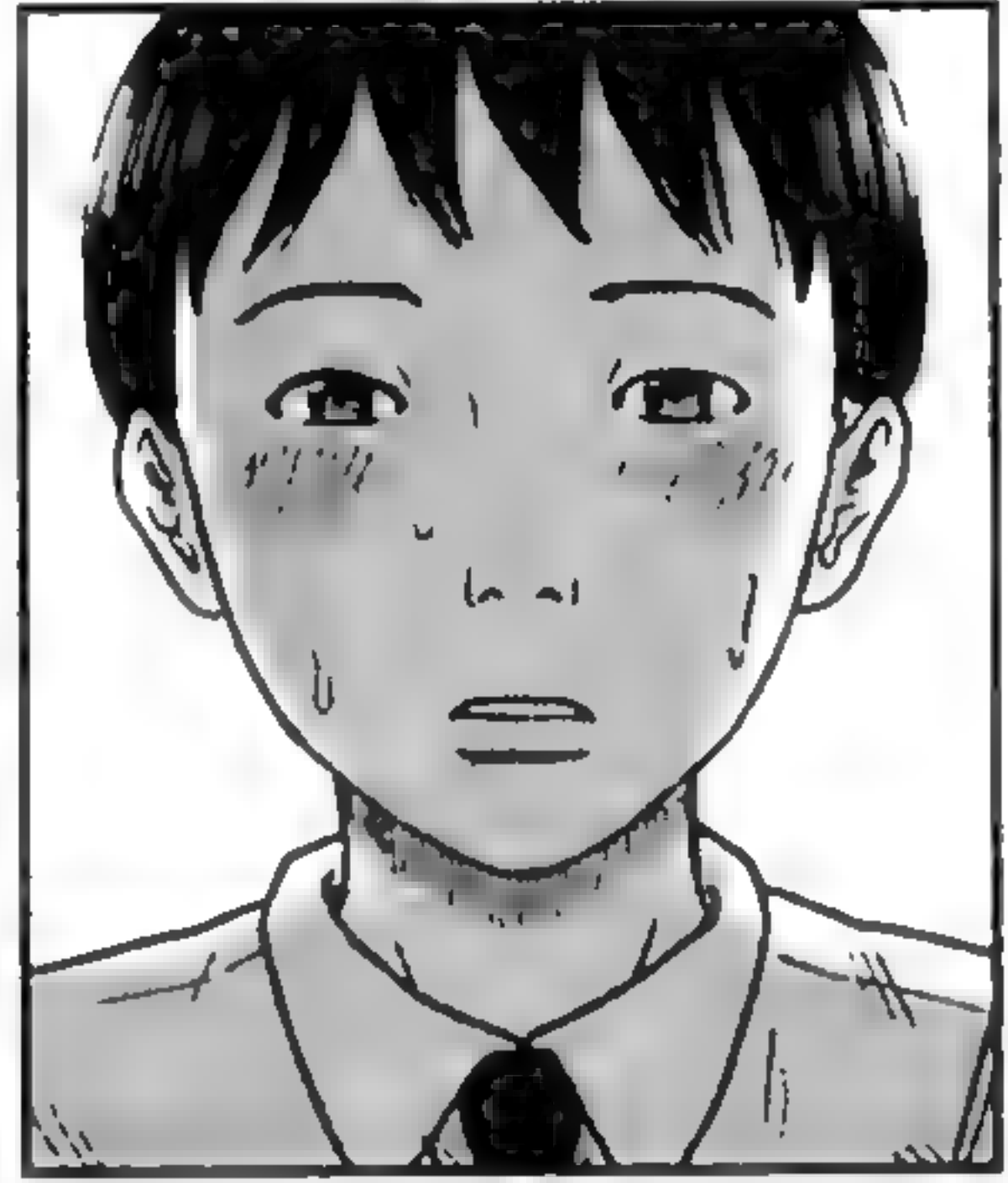
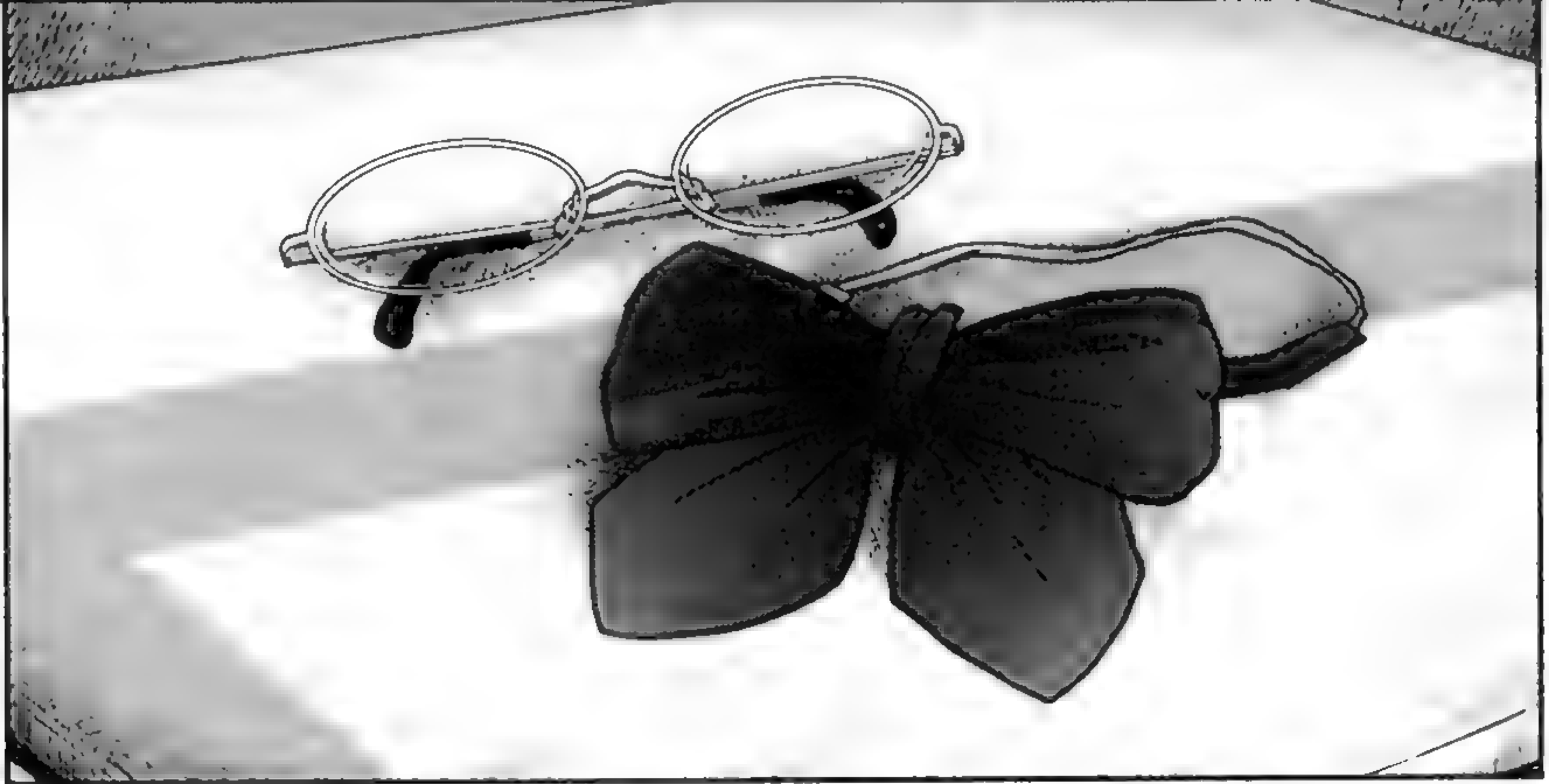














Oh, hey,
by the way
...

He acts
like
a kid,
though
...

He
does
!

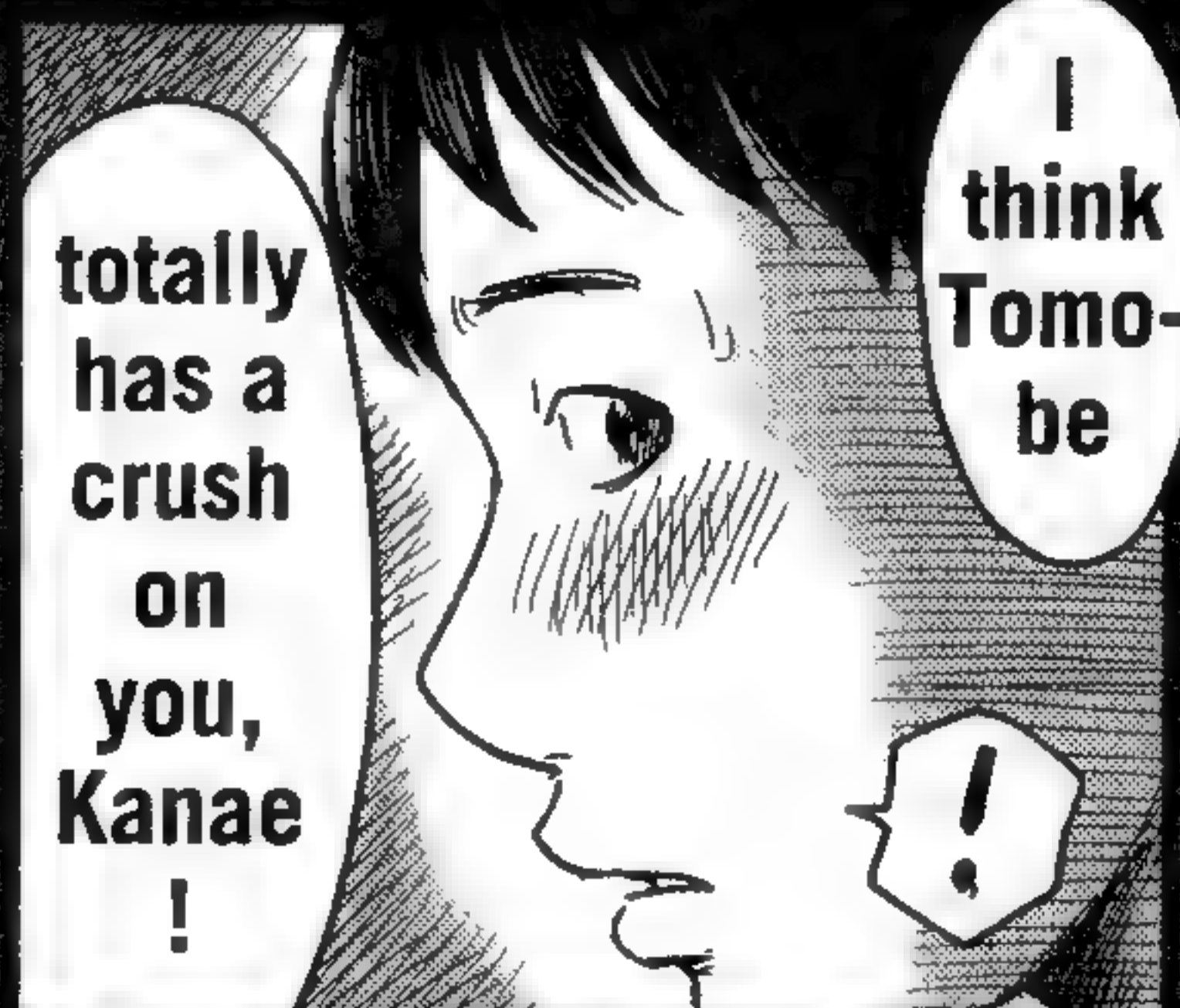


But
Koba-
yashi's
kinda
hand-
some.



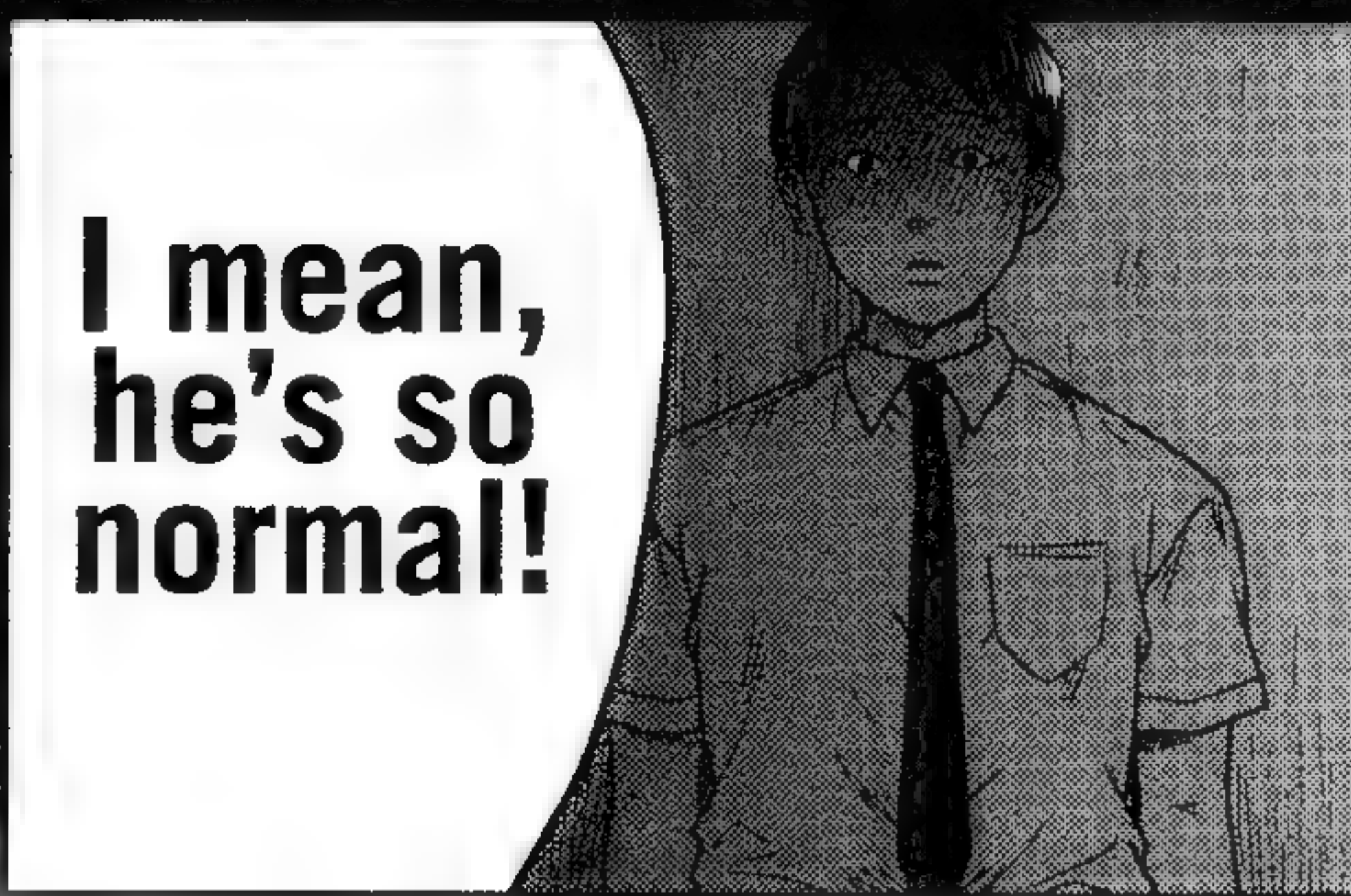
What
would
you do
if he
asked
you
out?

Uh
huh
...



totally
has a
crush
on
you,
Kanae
!

I
think
Tomo-
be



I mean,
he's so
normal!



Huh?
No way!
Never!

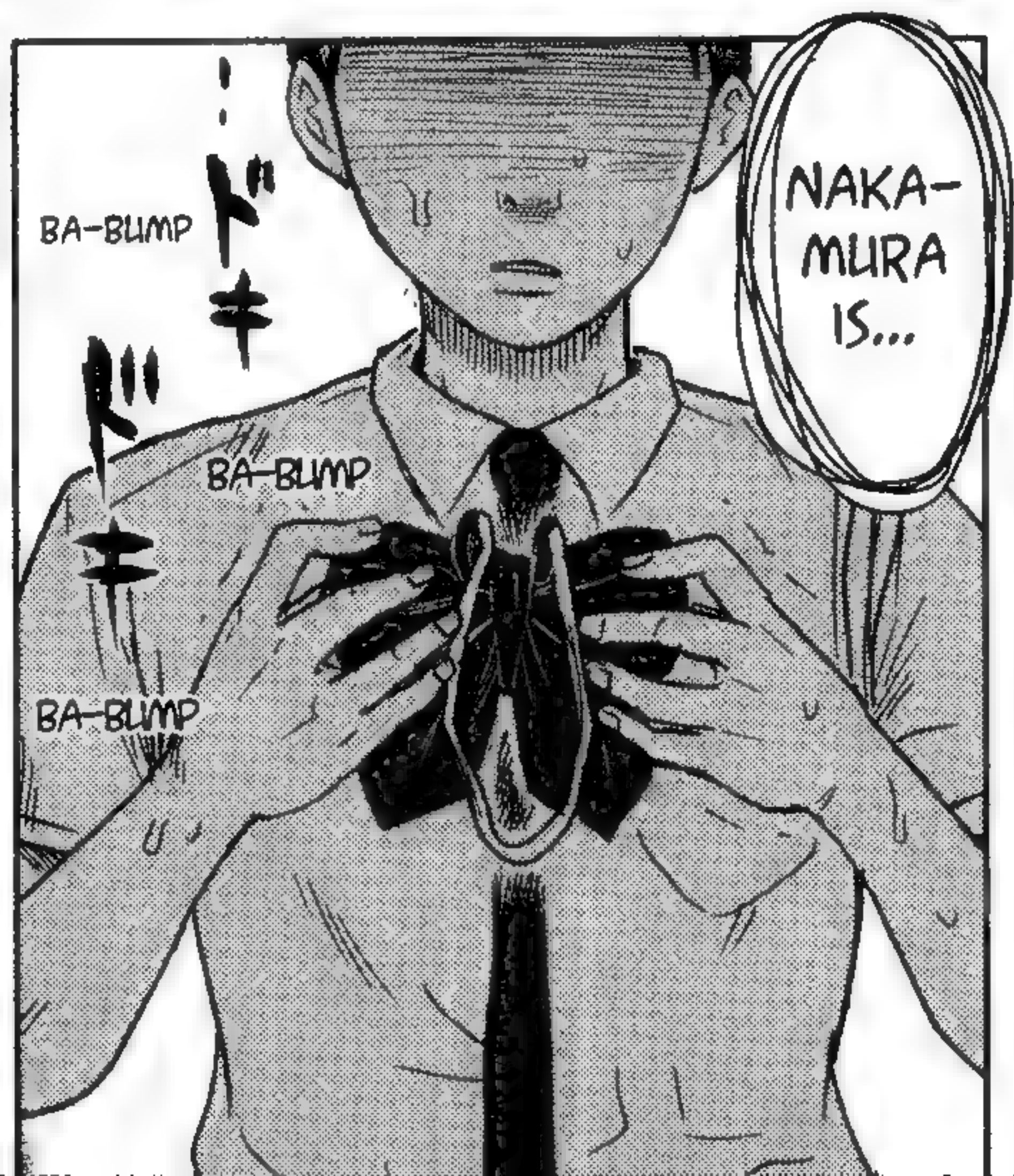
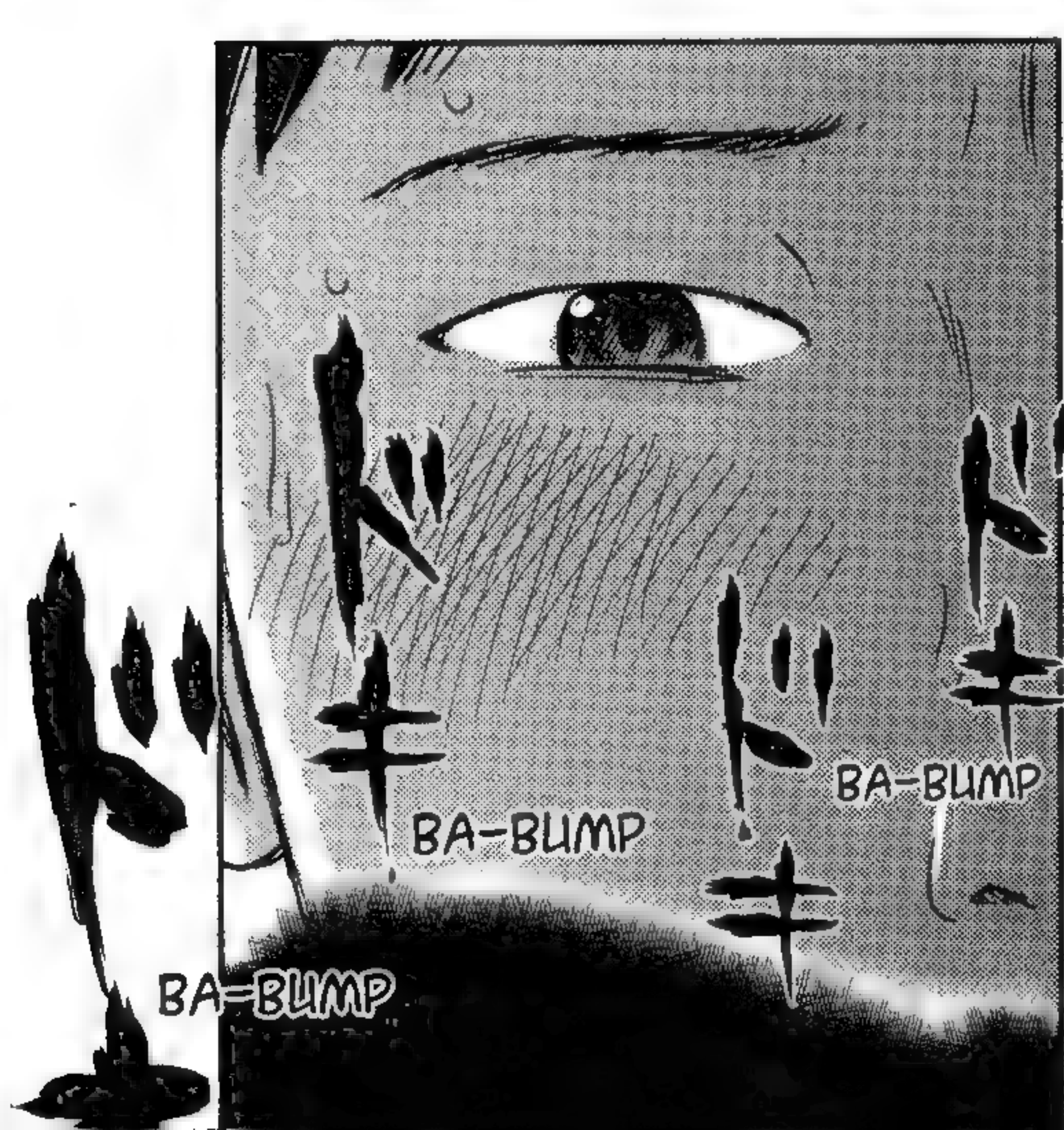
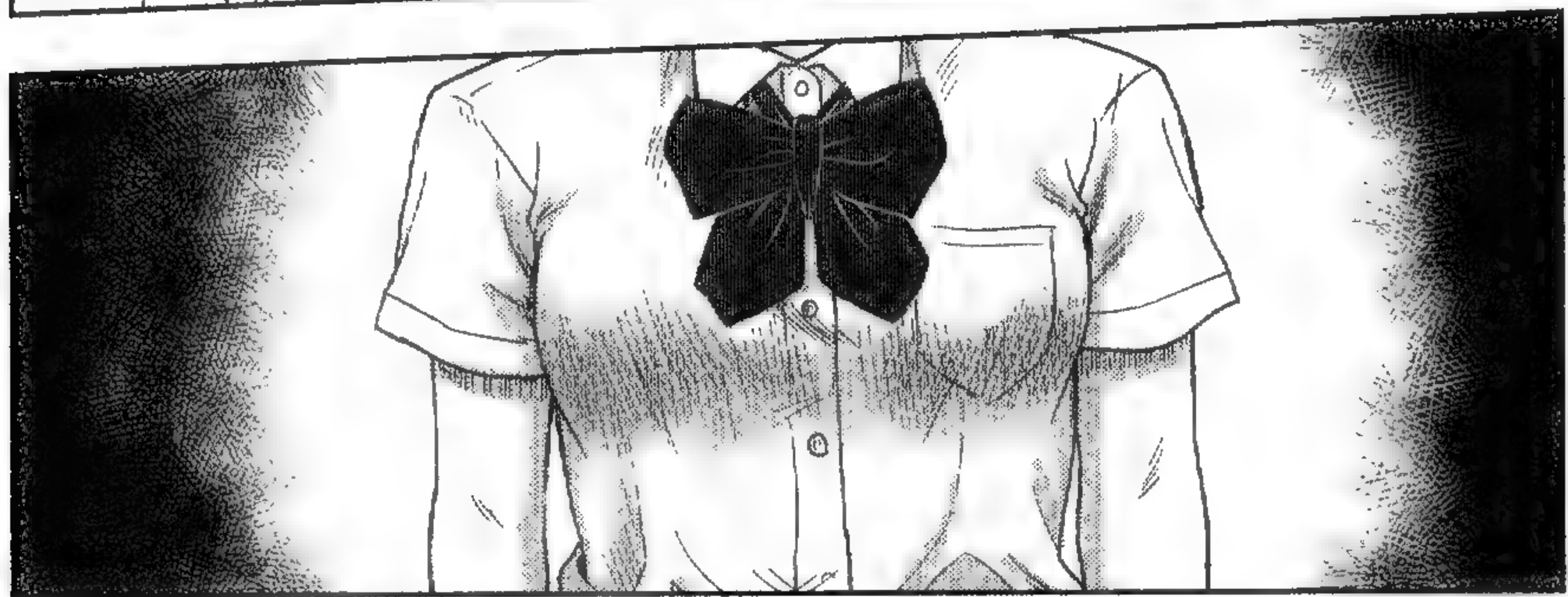
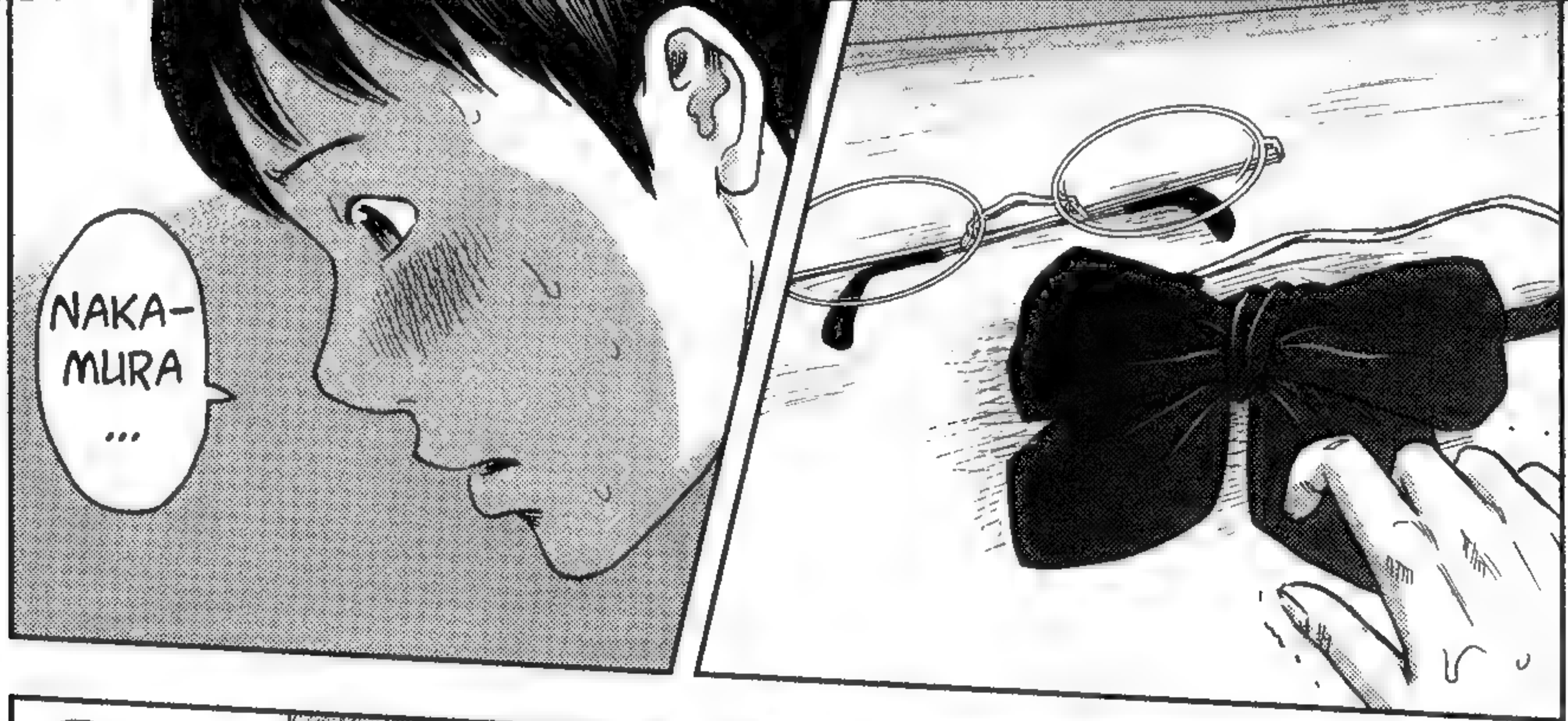


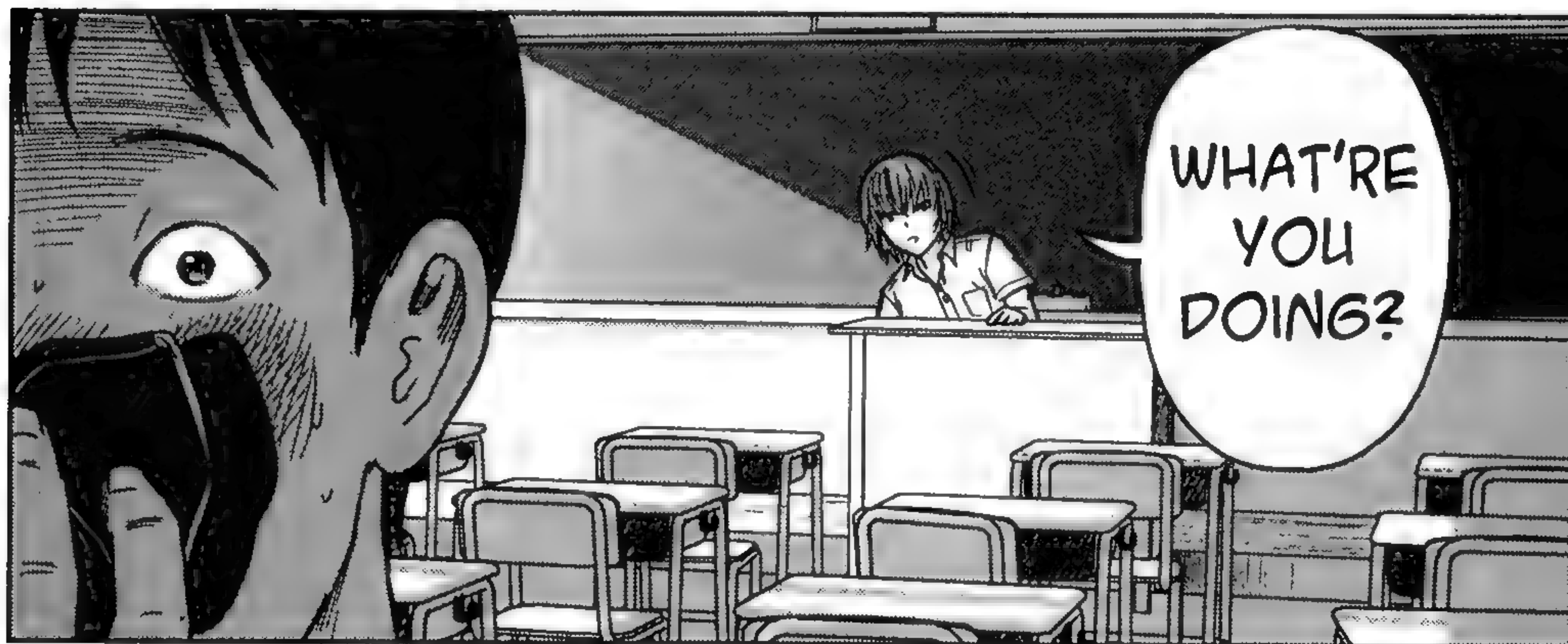
Normal,
normal.

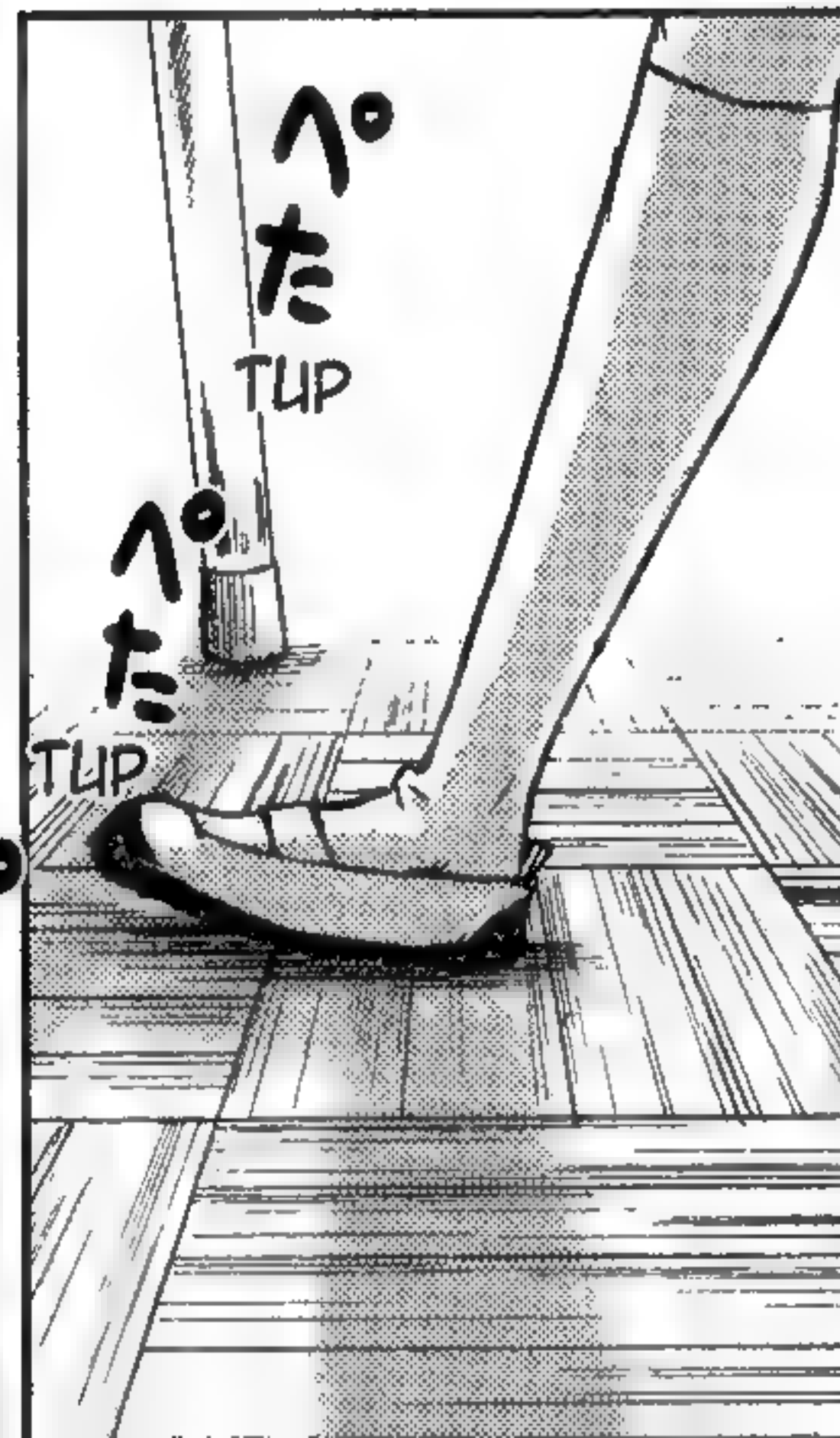
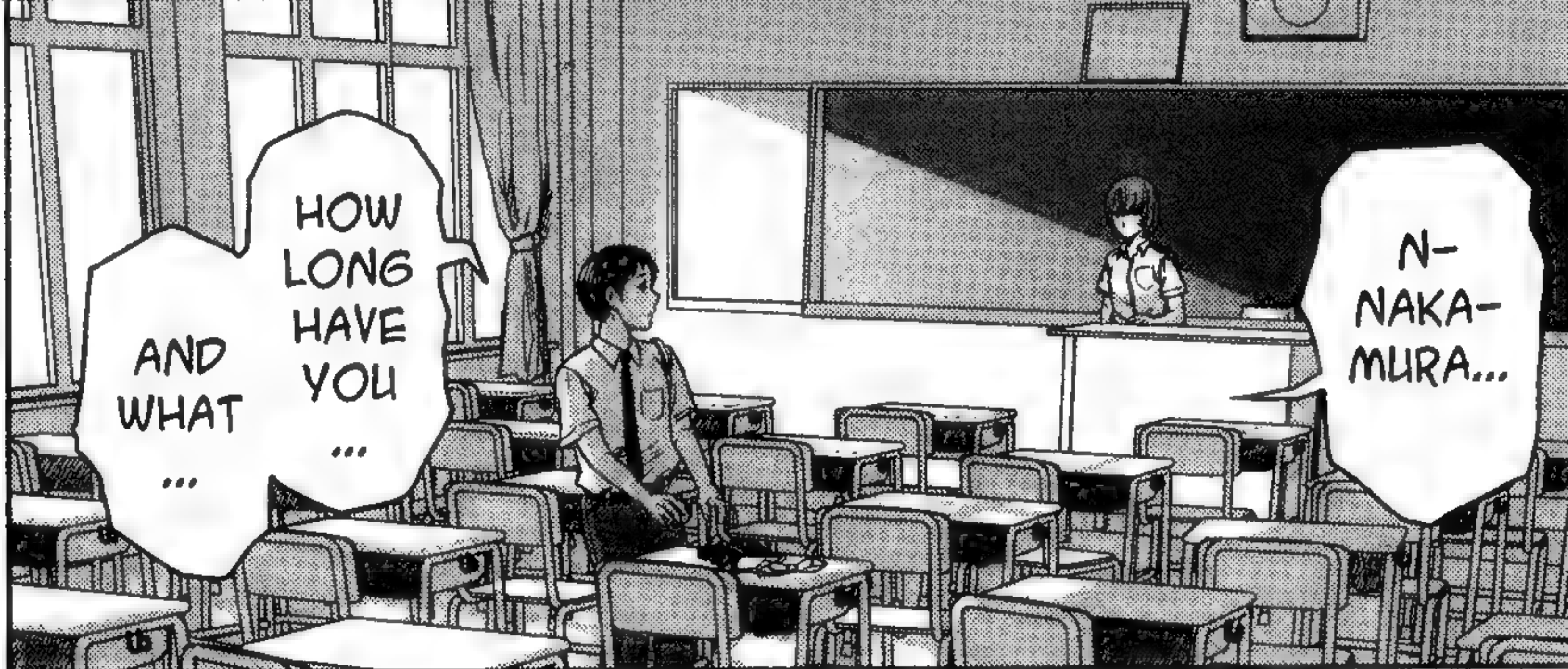
Right
?

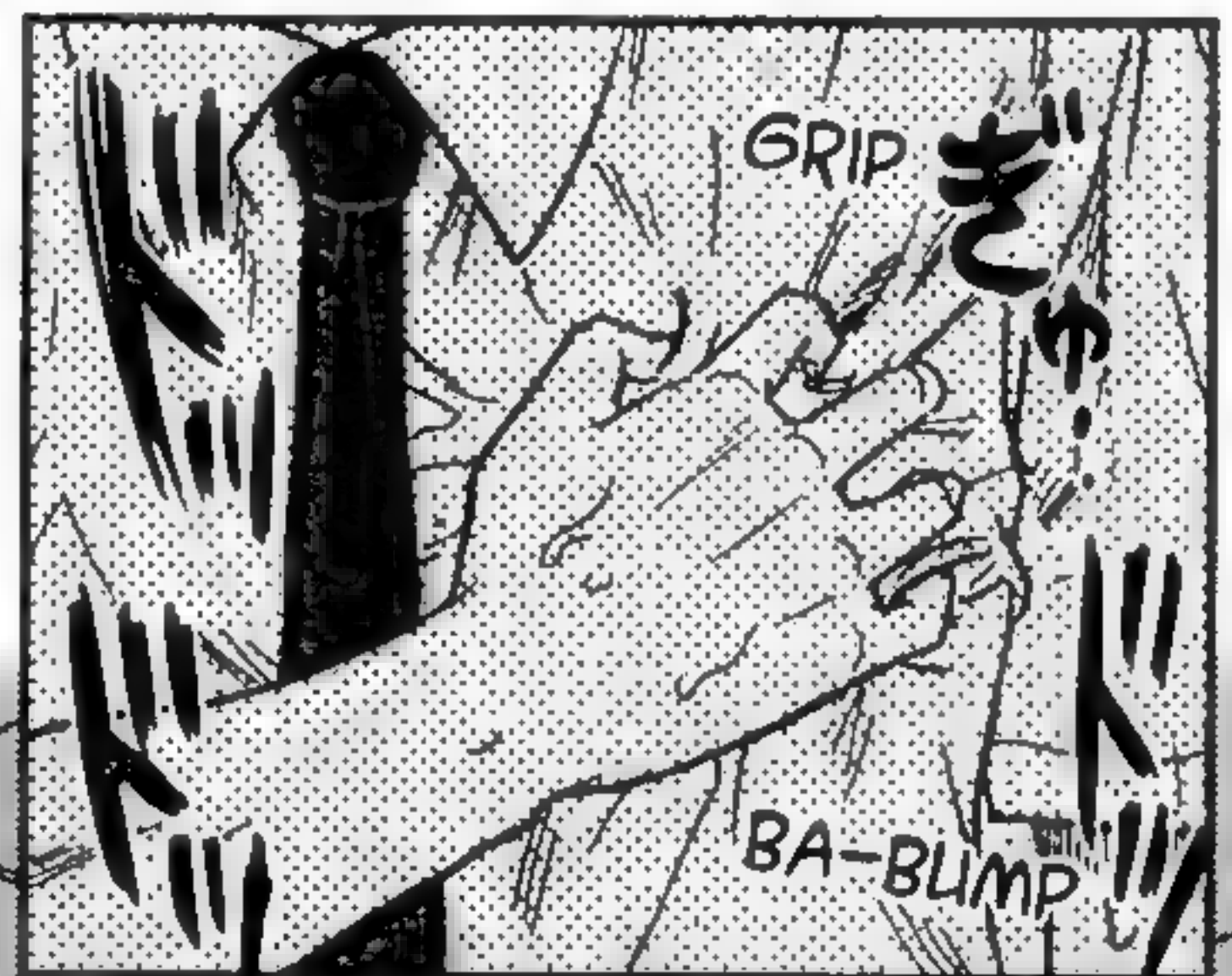
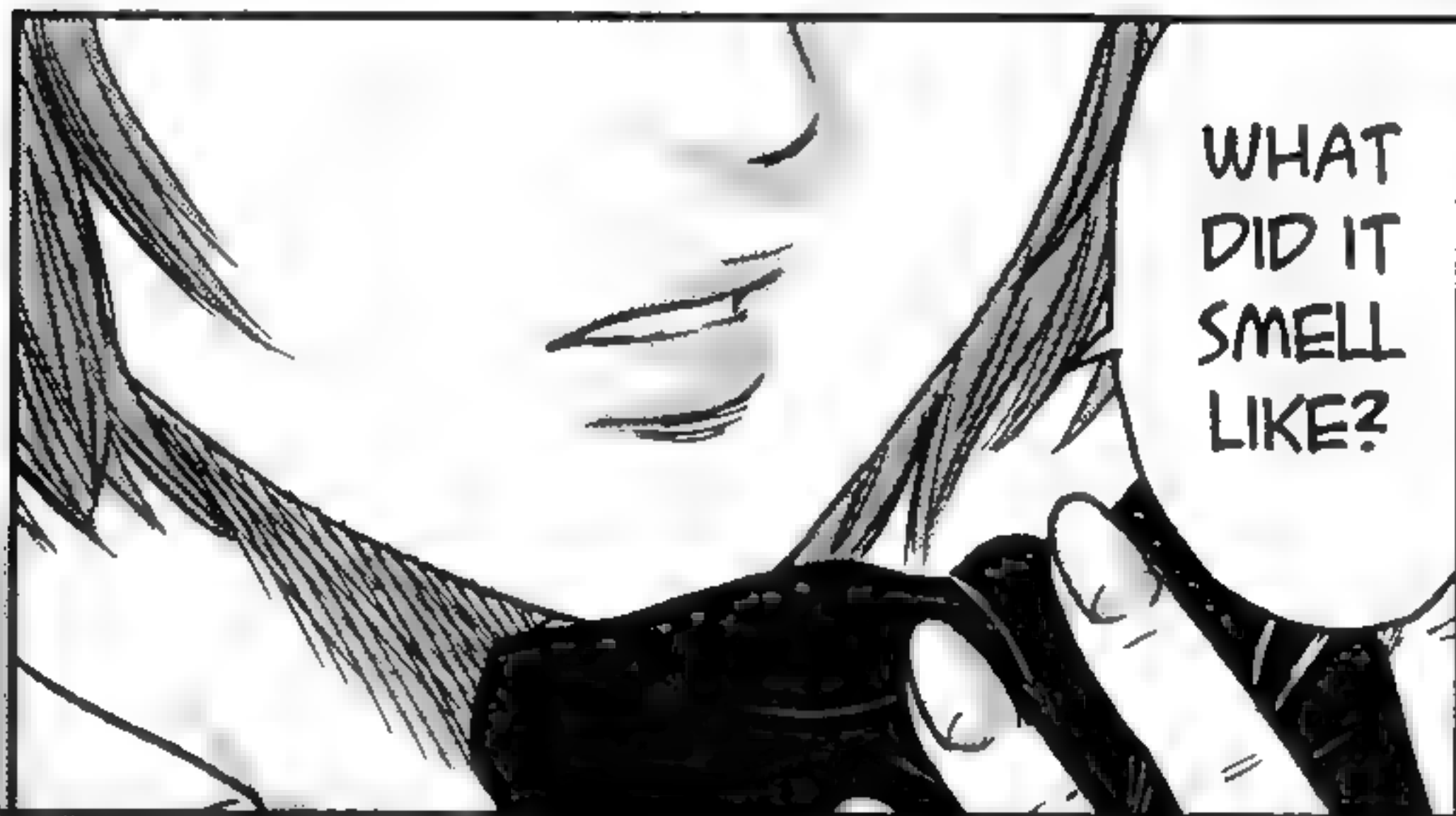
Mr.
Normal
!

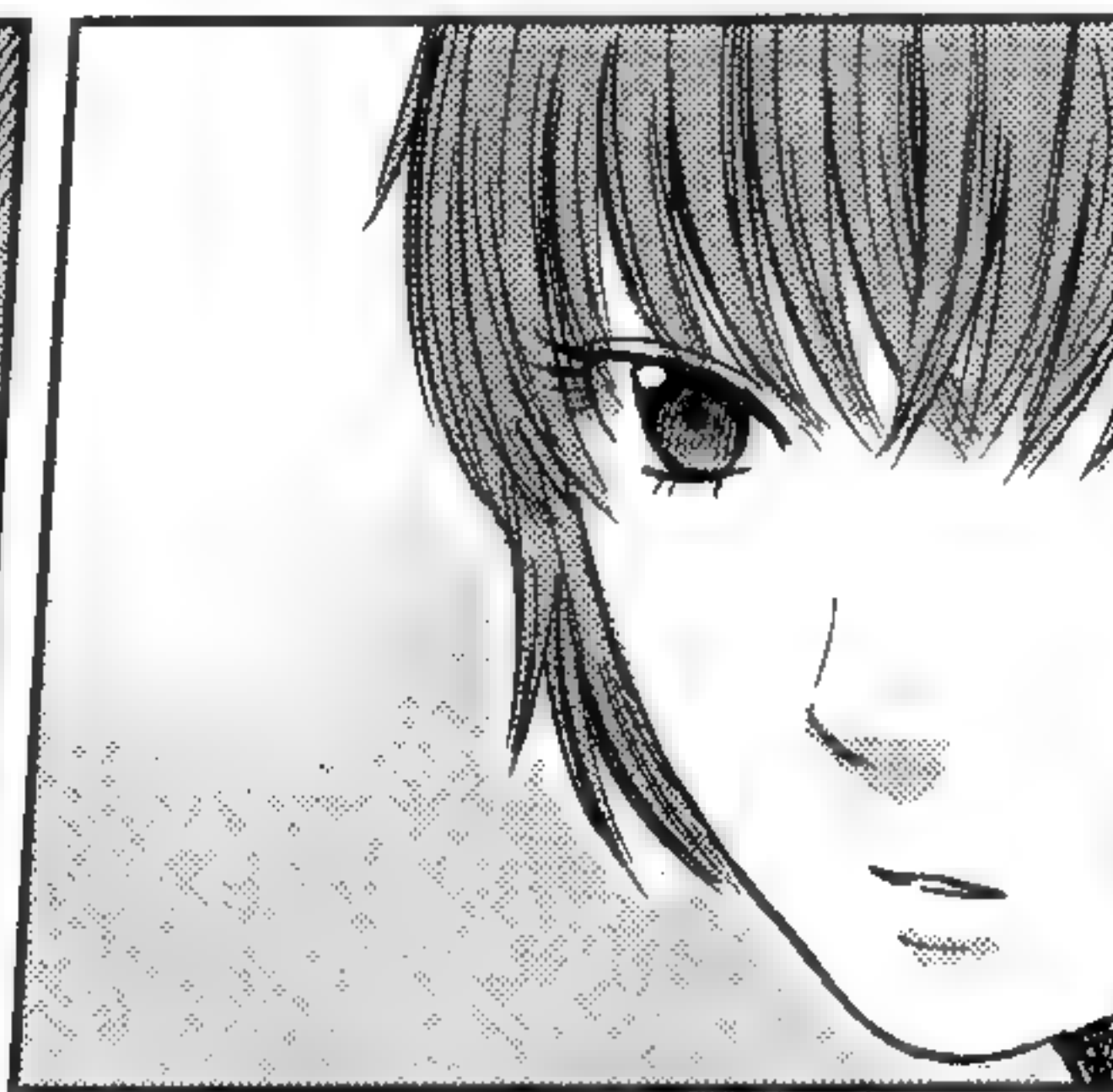
Yeah,
he so
is!



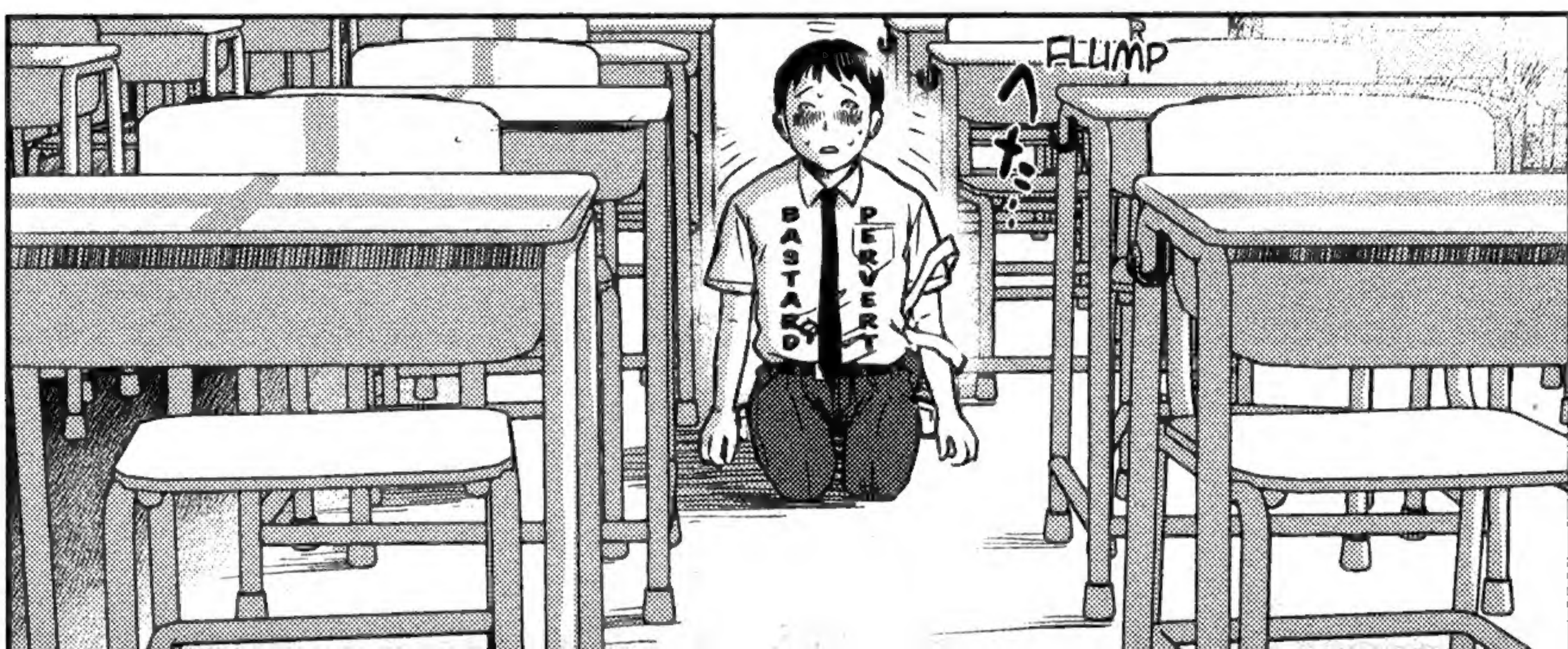












WHEN
I WENT
OUTSIDE,
THE
SUNSET
WAS
AMAZING.



TO
BECOME
A BIT
LESS
NORMAL.



I
FELT
LIKE
I'D
BEEN
ABLE

The End

The Flowers of Evil

The Flowers of Evil



EDITED BY TYPE IT UP
SCANNED BY KICKTHEKITTY

